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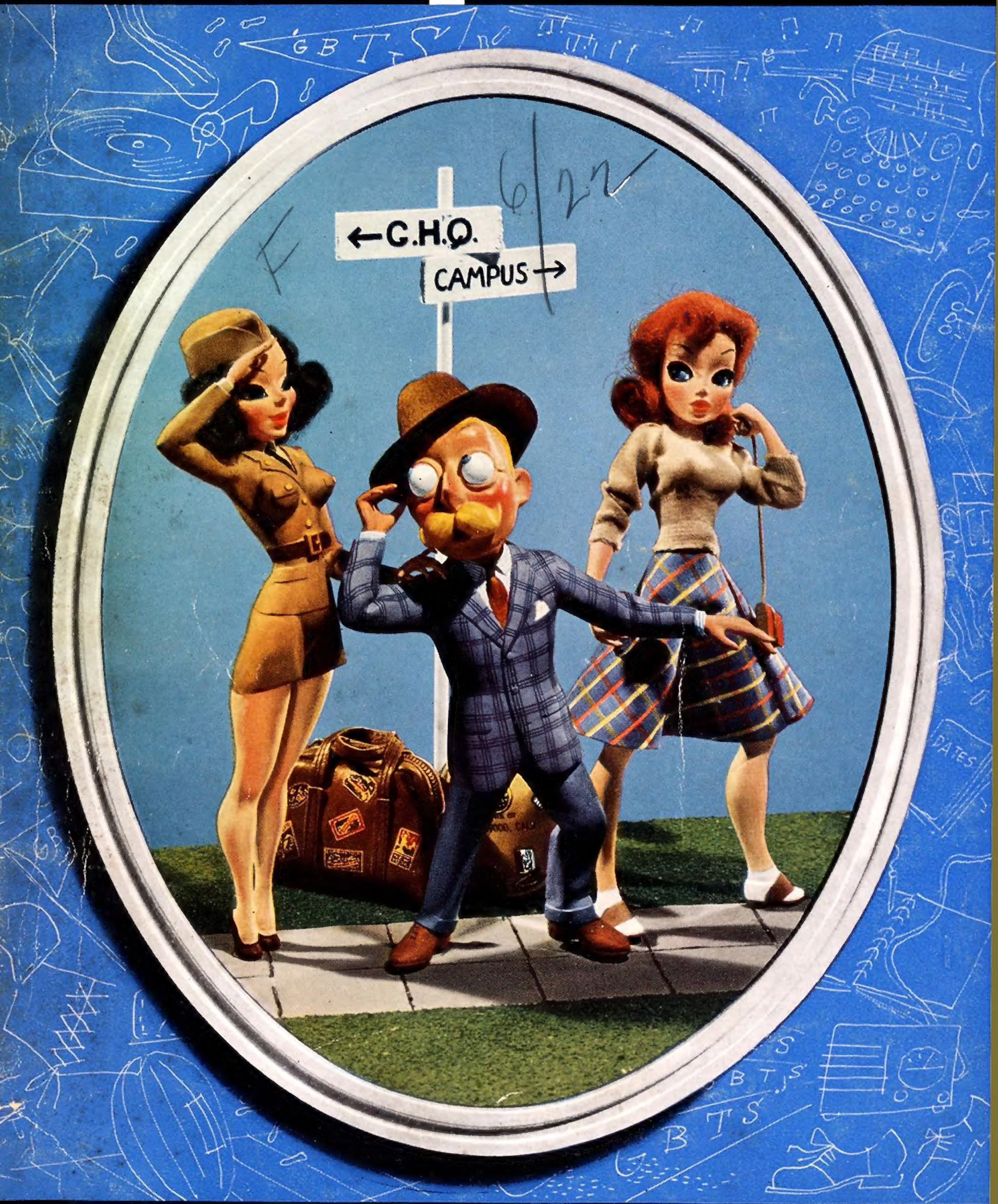
SEPTEMBER, 1941
BACK-TO-SCHOOL ISSUE

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



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FRED TUPPER, JR.
MARTIN TORRENCE
MARK ASHLEY
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DONALD HOUGH

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HENRI TROYAT
JOE ABRAMS
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BUDD WILSON SCHULBERG

ART

SIGMUND MENKES
WESLEY DENNIS

SATIRE

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J. D. SALINGER
PAUL T. GILBERT

SPORTS

FRANCIS J. POWERS
CURT RIESS
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ART COHN

VERSE

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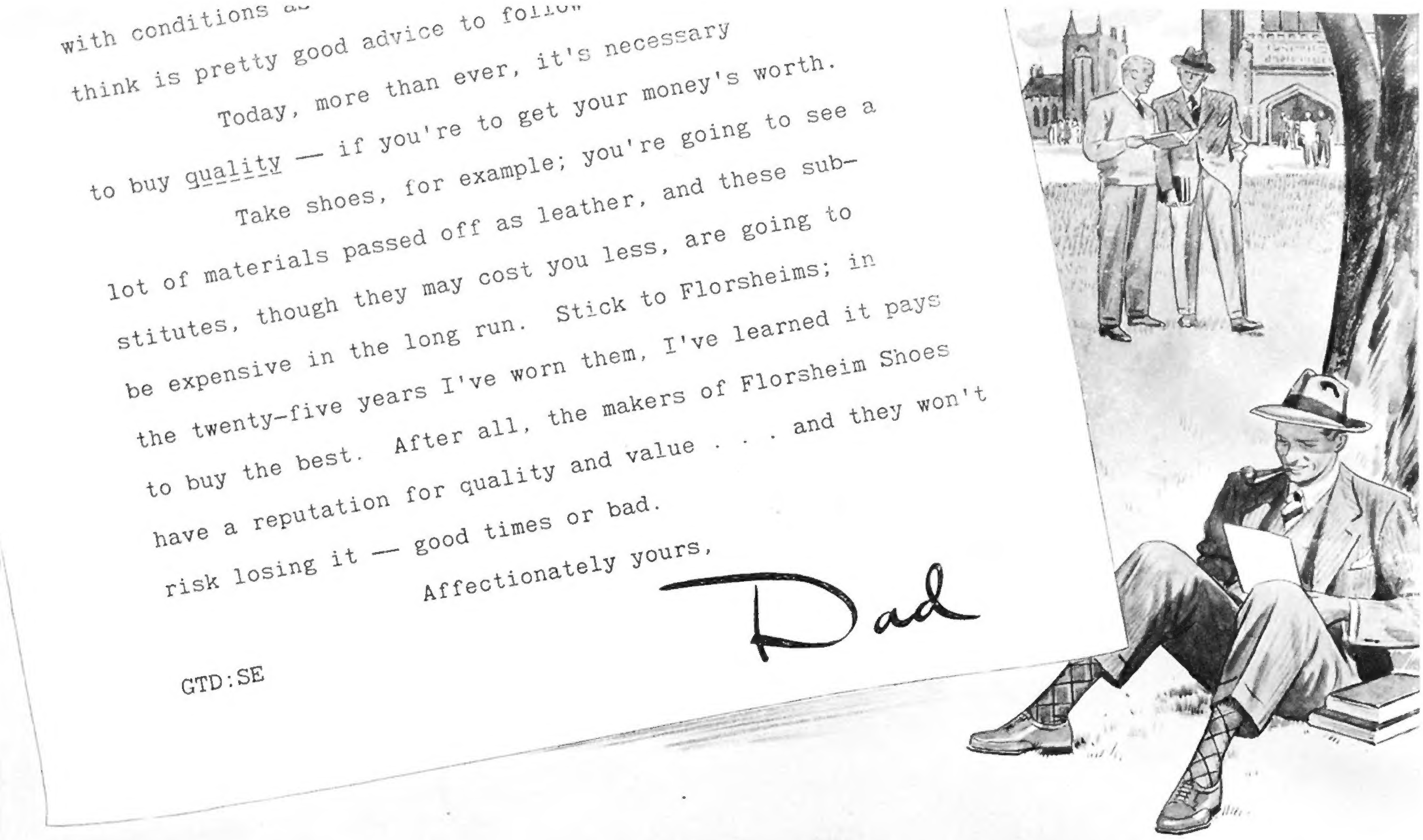

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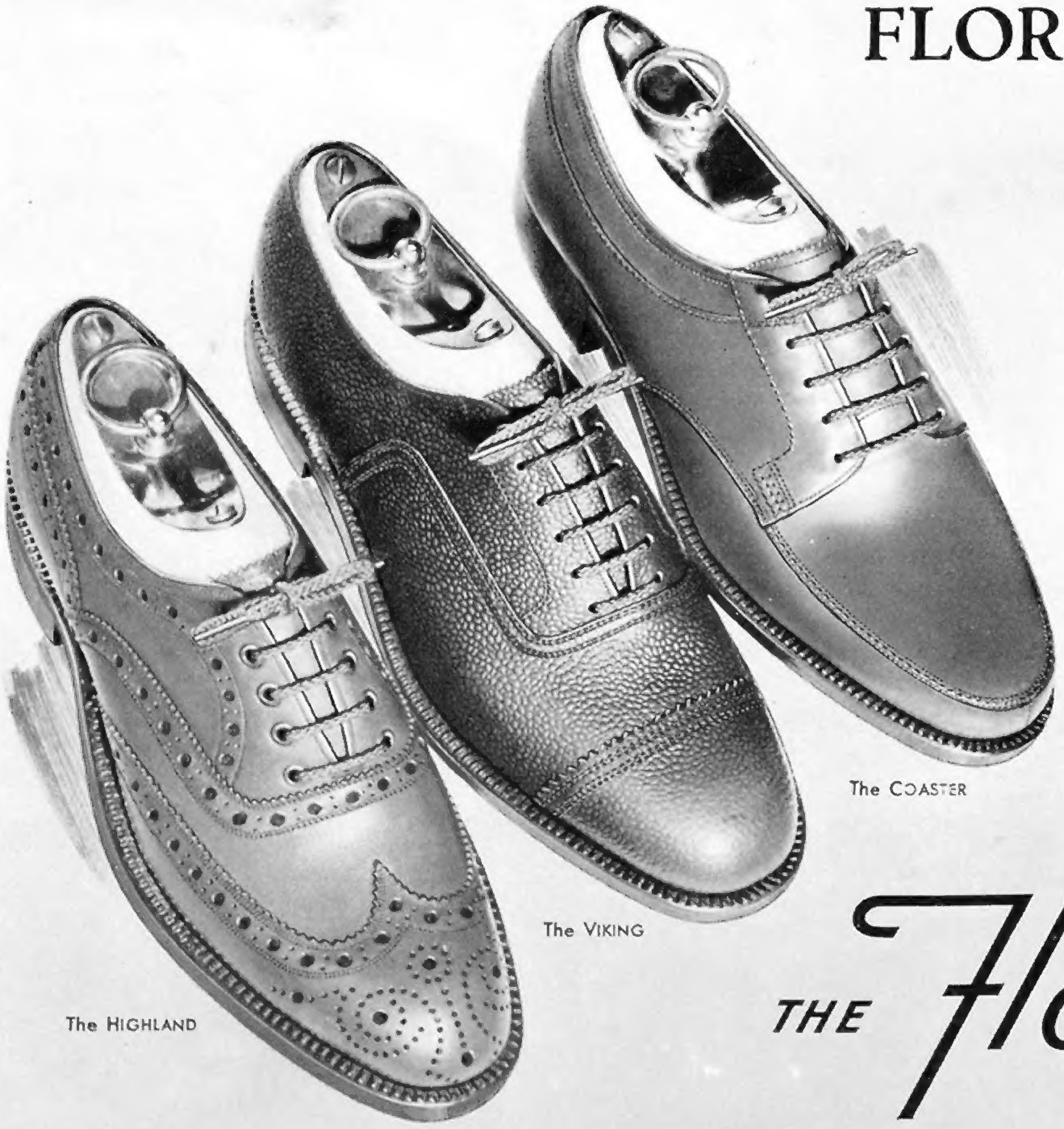

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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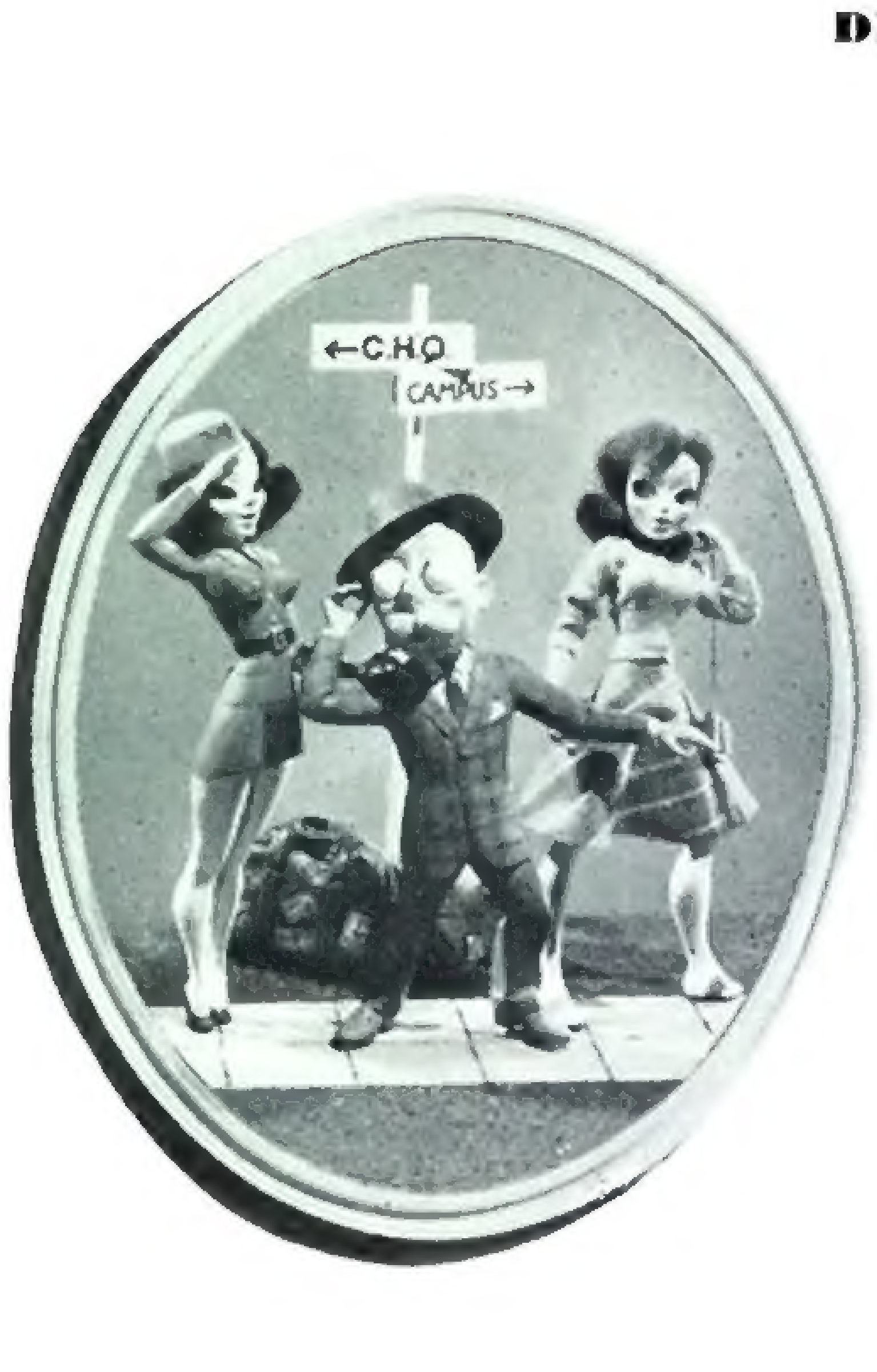

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ESQUIRE
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EDITORIAL: Assorted predictions, plain and fancy, from tennis to Hitler

Esquire for September is always a special issue. In part it's a special issue by design, but largely, as it turns out in practice, it's special by sheer happenstance. Habitually, as of the last five or six years, this issue is known, and designated on the cover, as the Back-to-School Issue. But its special features in substantiation of this billing are usually confined to the fashion pages and the Wearables Department. Glancing down the Table of Contents on the page preceding, you will note only two features specifically devoted to the subject of going back to school. Yet this is not an accident, nor is it uncharacteristic of our annual September Back-to-School Issue.

The reason for our seeming cavalier treatment of this special issue's special subject is simply a hunch, dating back to an observation we made in our own Bright College Years. We noticed, all through what the late Professor Wenley called our four years of grace, that it was only the country bumpkin, in the first weeks of his freshman year, who ever bought those monogrammed or initialed objects, such as a pipe with "U of M" in silver letters embedded in the bowl. But by the time he had combed the last hayseed out of his hair, he had also laid away any such too-collegiate object that he might have fallen for in the first fine frenzy of enthusiasm for college and things collegiate. Very soon he arrived at the stage where the very fact that things were too palpably designed to be, or seem, "collegiate" was enough to damn them irreparably in his estimation and make him shun them like the plague.

In our day, now dimmed by the passing of fifteen years off campus, it was as bad to call things "collegiate" as it was to call a fraternity a frat house. And, to us in our time, there was no more unutterable solecism than that.

The way, as we recall, to keep us from buying anything was simply to refer to it as a classy campus style. That was enough to make us shun it, even though, next day or next door, we might avidly snatch up its not-so-labeled duplicate.

And we vowed, there and then, that if we ever had to do with anything ever offered to the college trade, we would do our best to keep it from seeming so over-eager for the college man's attention as to alienate his interest.

Of course things may have changed since our now middle-distant day, but the fact remains that Esquire has now held its place through two college generations. As we recall, that never happened to various and sundry magazines that set out to snare what they fondly hoped to isolate as the college trade, under some such over-anxious title as College This or College That, and wound up capturing only the coterie of cowboys lounging about the crossroads corner drugstore.

* * *

And yet, as we started to say, our September issue always turns out to be pretty special. Apparently that just happens, but it's been true ever since our first September issue, that of 1934. That was the one made memorable by the debate between the literary gents over the use, in print, of debatable words. And the next year, too, the September issue was lifted above the year's average by the still remembered *Notes on the Next War*, with its even now still timely passages, such as:

> "Not this August, nor this September; you have this year to do in what you like . . . So you can fish that summer and shoot that fall or do whatever you do, go home at nights, sleep with your wife, go to the ball game, make a bet, take a drink when you want to, or enjoy whatever liberties are left for anyone who has a dollar or a dime. But the year after that or the year after that they fight. Then what happens to you?"

And this, like all our September issues as we look back over them in the file, seems to us to be measurably above par. Trying, as is our habit, to give our R symbol only to those items that seem to us, if your time for the issue as a whole is limited, to fall into the category of the things that we should least like to have you miss, we found our R supply much too soon used up.

For instance, we'd hate to have you miss a single word of Roger Treat's page, straight from life, out of the flying instructor's feelings as his student solos for the first time, or of Mark Ashley's report on the newest Bucky Fuller answer to the sudden emergency housing problem, or the sound sense set forth by Robert Marks under the intriguing title of *Rubber, Reason and Rot*. For that matter, we feel the same way about both of Carleton Smith's contributions this month, nor would we like to have you miss Iles Brody's "scoop" about the food on the navy's newest battleship. And Donald Hough seems to us to have topped his own high standard in his current interview with Ann Sheridan. We have a special fondness, too, for the story by Budd Wilson Schulberg, a chip recognizably cut from the same rock out of which he hewed his now best-selling novel *What Makes Sammy Run.*

And the September Petty Girl, for instance . . . well, look at it, for instance . . .

Although we flagged J. D. Salinger's *Heart of a Broken Story*, because it made us laugh out loud, still we'd hate to have you pass up Louis Paul's present slice of the life of Smoot, which we read with a recurrent-to-almost-continuous smile.

And although we gave our nod, for whatever it's worth, to the two tennis pieces by John R. Tunis and Art Cohn, because they both contain predictions and we're always a sucker for predictions even at catch weights on chance subjects, still we'd hate to let this occasion pass without recording our feeling that the other two sports articles, by Curt Riess and Francis Powers, are both clearly out of and above the ordinary.

So we think the issue's pretty special, all in all, even if it's not as specialized as the cover legend might suggest.

* * *

As for predictions, which we like, the way we like them best is neat, like Art Cohn's blunt pronouncement that Kovacs will win the National Singles title (in the tournament that will be played off shortly after this issue appears in print), rather than the mixed or blended type, such as that of John Tunis to the effect that McNeill will win again *if* Riggs doesn't, or *if* Kovacs doesn't.

We just don't like *iffy* things, that's all. We like our predictions loud and strong, if not good. Long ago we recorded as one of our publishing preferences a tendency to be entertainingly wrong on occasion rather than boringly right all the time.

Still, with Tunis and Cohn both experting their heads off on the respective chances of McNeill and Kovacs, nothing would tickle our perverse sense of humor more than to see our own old author, Frankie Parker, utilize his again newly remodeled forehand to turn both our experts bottoms up!

* * *

Any survey, however casual or partial, of this issue's contents would be glaringly inadequate if it failed to note that this issue contains one perfect title. Perhaps we should say, *the* one perfect title. You guessed it: *The End of Hitler*. Boy, wouldn't you like to see that one spread across and above eight columns of newsprint, instead of merely spanning over three columns of slick paper, over some organized hoping by Rupert Hughes?

And speaking of predictions, you will see when you read this article that Rupert Hughes takes note of the prediction that the astrologists made, and Pierre Van Paasen lately reported, to the effect that 1941 would indeed see the end of Hitler.

Now that's the kind of predicting we like! We'll like that one up to midnight of December 31, 1941 —and even the next day, too, for sheer thankfulness at how much more endurable it will have made the whole jitter-packed year, merely for being able to think of it.

Ourselves, we've always had a tendency to rank astrology next below phrenology and palmistry, both as a science and an art. But who knows? Come to think of it, we recall now that the astrologists long ago said that July 1940 would be a very bad month for Hitler. When that month came, with France just fallen and England badly shaken after Dunkirk, the prediction looked ludicrously out of joint. And yet, who knows? Our own hunch is that July 1940 *was* a very bad month for Hitler, in fact we hope and believe that it will yet turn out to have been a fatally bad month for him. We think he lost the war then. For that was the time when, for reasons that must have seemed sufficient to him at the moment, he held off the invasion attempt, throughout the one month when it might have succeeded!

Wouldn't it be funny if it should some time be established that the one reason he held off was that, in his often-reported superstitious fear of the astrologists, he hesitated to make a move of that magnitude for as long as they told him that his stars were unfavorable?

* * *

Just about a year ago, in our sister magazine *Coronet*, we read the kind of prediction we enjoy. At the time it seemed hopelessly wide of the mark. And, if you believe the experts, it still does. But listen to it, anyway.

It is one of those cryptic prognostications, dating from about 1660 and ascribed to a Friar Jehan, who is supposed to have said that it would come to pass in the twentieth century. It ran to the effect that the land of the Black Eagle (Germany) would invade the country of the Cock (France), and that the Leopard (England) would rush to the Cock's aid. The Black Eagle would claw its antagonists almost to defeat but would turn, before finishing them off, to attack the White Eagle (Russia). There would then take place a struggle more terrible than words can tell, where the dead would be piled in mounds as high as cities. But the nation of the Black Eagle (also referred to in the prophecy as the country of Luther) would at last succumb and, deprived of all its weapons, would be divided into twenty-two separate states. Then, at long last, would follow the true golden age of mankind.

Well, if this be wishful thinking—why not make the most of it and enjoy it? For, as *Coronet* commented editorially at the time, "There is no law which says that we must listen only to the prophets of doom."

* * *

This is written on Bastille Day, and while writing this we have just listened to one of the "prophets of doom" on the radio, saying that the end of the German-Russian war is now clearly in sight. Of course, prophets of doom have been a dime a dozen on the air for the last two weeks, since the morning of June 22 when that war began. Most of them began counting ten over the Russians' chances that very morning.

We would have been more impressed by this one if we hadn't just happened to remember that on June 22, 1940, as the armistice between France and Germany was about to be signed at Compiegne, he said "The British Empire has nine days left to live."

It was then that we decided to bet against the experts, as a means of trying to figure out what might be expected to happen next, in a state of affairs where only the unexpected seems safe to predict. As a system, we recommend it. It has already won us several small bets.

So, having just heard that the end of the German-Russian war is now clearly in sight, and fully aware of the fact that before this achieves print you may well have read of the fall of Moscow and Leningrad, we now cheerfully choose to devote the rest of this white space (for which, thank goodness, we are not charged space rates) to a climb out on the following limb: Based on no information of our own, and only the profoundest disrespect for the value of the information we have had to date, we hereby record our conviction and belief that both a Russian Army and a British Airforce will be fighting Germans, in Europe, on New Year's Day.

"Sa-a-y! Are you the new Surcoat that's rooming with me?"

"*I'd like to introduce myself* . . ."

"Forget it . . . any guy who wears a Surcoat is a friend of mine . . . Whip it off pal . . . I've got to make an eight o'clock!"

"*B-B-But, I was planning to* . . ."

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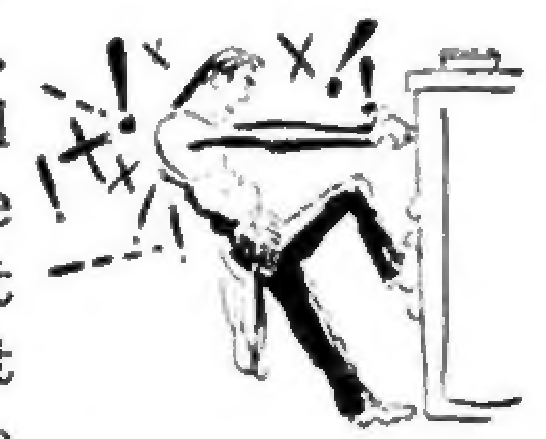
TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

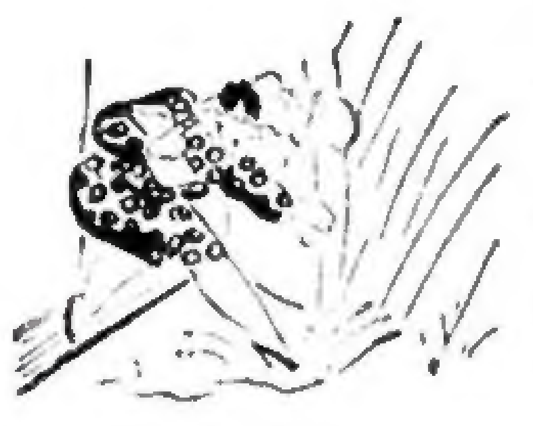
FAIR AND COLDER. Fair indeed to look upon is a round brushed aluminum beer or coke cooler. Six bottles go into as many holes around the circumference; ice in the interior puts the chill on them. It's carried by a decorative rattan handle, from which is suspended a corkscrew and bottle opener. A happy thought for summer's hottest days; an eminently receivable weekend gift.



THE STICKING POINT. Folks with colorful vocabularies use them most when confronted with stuck bureau drawers, zippers that won't zip, pipe stems that refuse to connect, unshuttable windows. A near-at-hand lubricant to remedy all these ills, therefore, is very much in the interests of refined speech. And here it is, in stick form. Used like a crayon, it comes in a metal container, is applicable on the offending object in a few quick strokes. Doesn't soil or stain, costs practically nothing. Great stuff for the home putterer.

FOOD THOUGHTS. Two widely assorted items epicurean, but each meritorious in its own way, appear on this month's menu. One's a wild pheasant giblet paste that's as luxurious-tasting as the name implies. Taken as is or mixed with a little mayonnaise, it is but very good. While on the other hand, if you're a calory-counter, there's a non-fattening salad dressing that, believe it or not, tastes fine—sort of tart, sort of sweet. It's made of mineral oil, spices, and vinegar. Even those who don't have to watch waistlines like this new lettuce-lotion.

PERMANENT MIXTURE. Shipping departments, art departments, are taking kindly these days to a new kind of lettering and marking pen. It's finding its way into the home, too, being handy for labeling everything from packages to glass or cellophane—for marking clothes, too. The "pen," unbreakable plastic, can be fitted with a choice of twelve felt nibs of varying sizes and shapes. It's filled with its own pronto-drying ink; leaves a legible, ultra-permanent mark.



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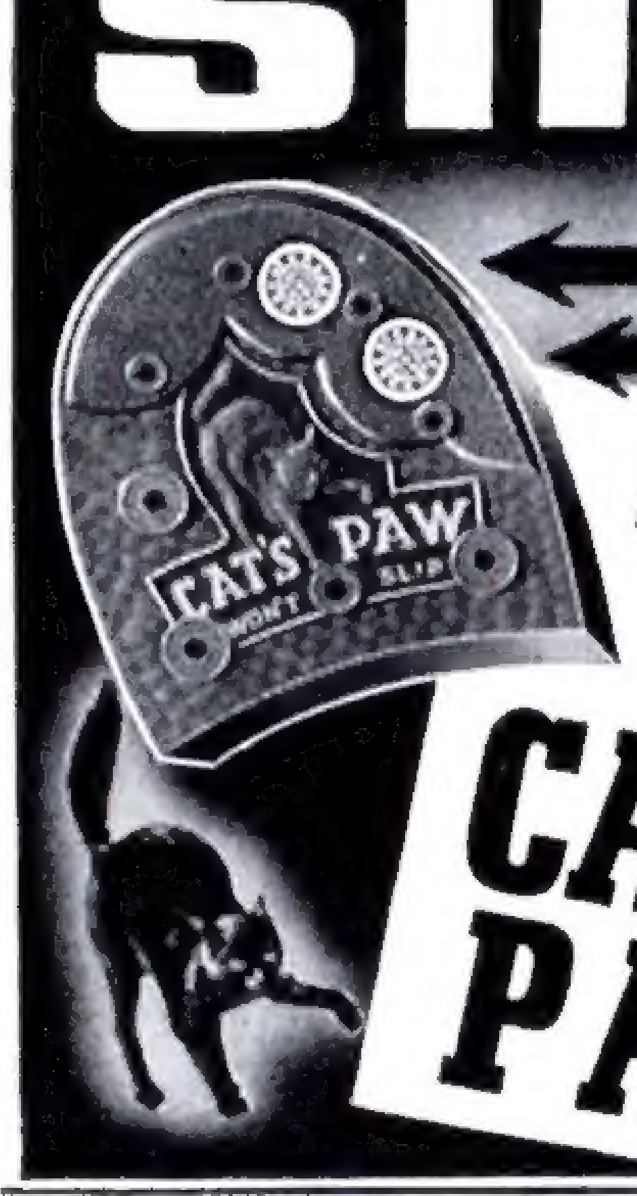
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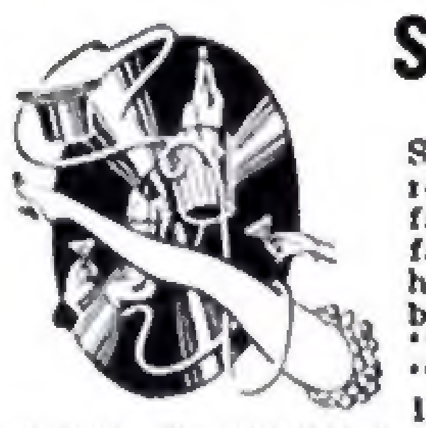
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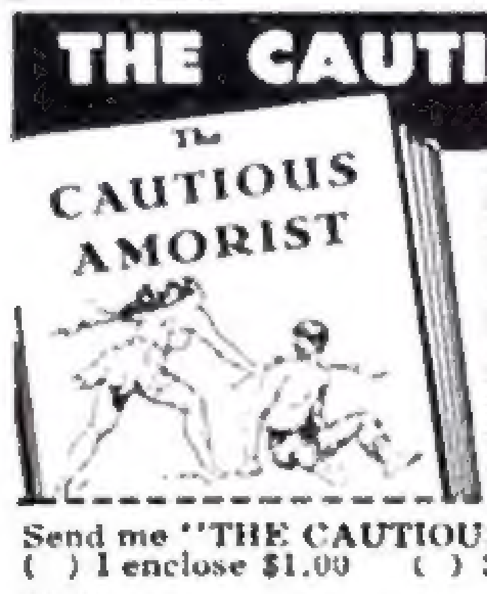
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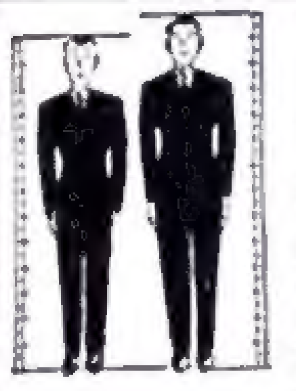
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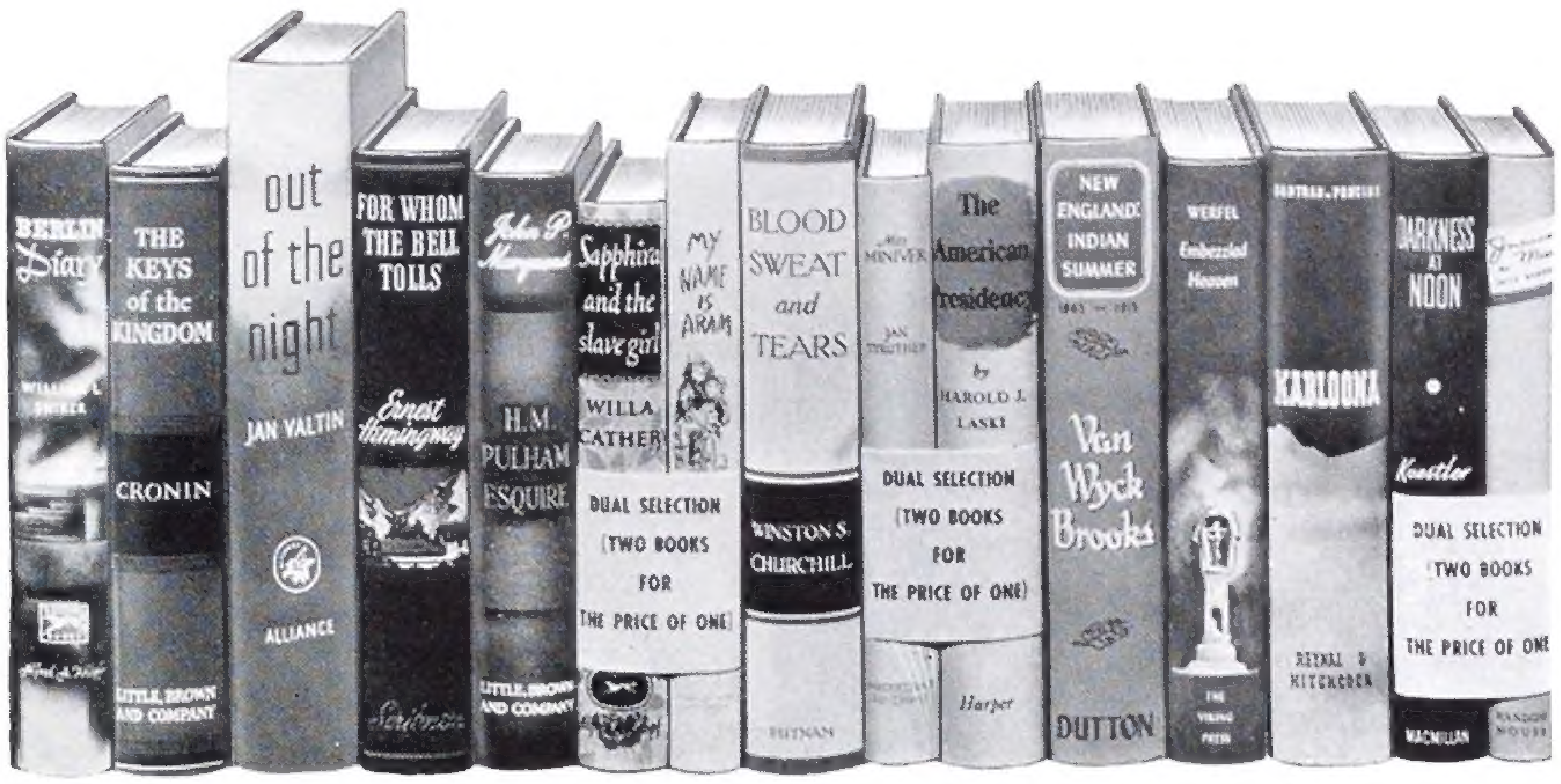
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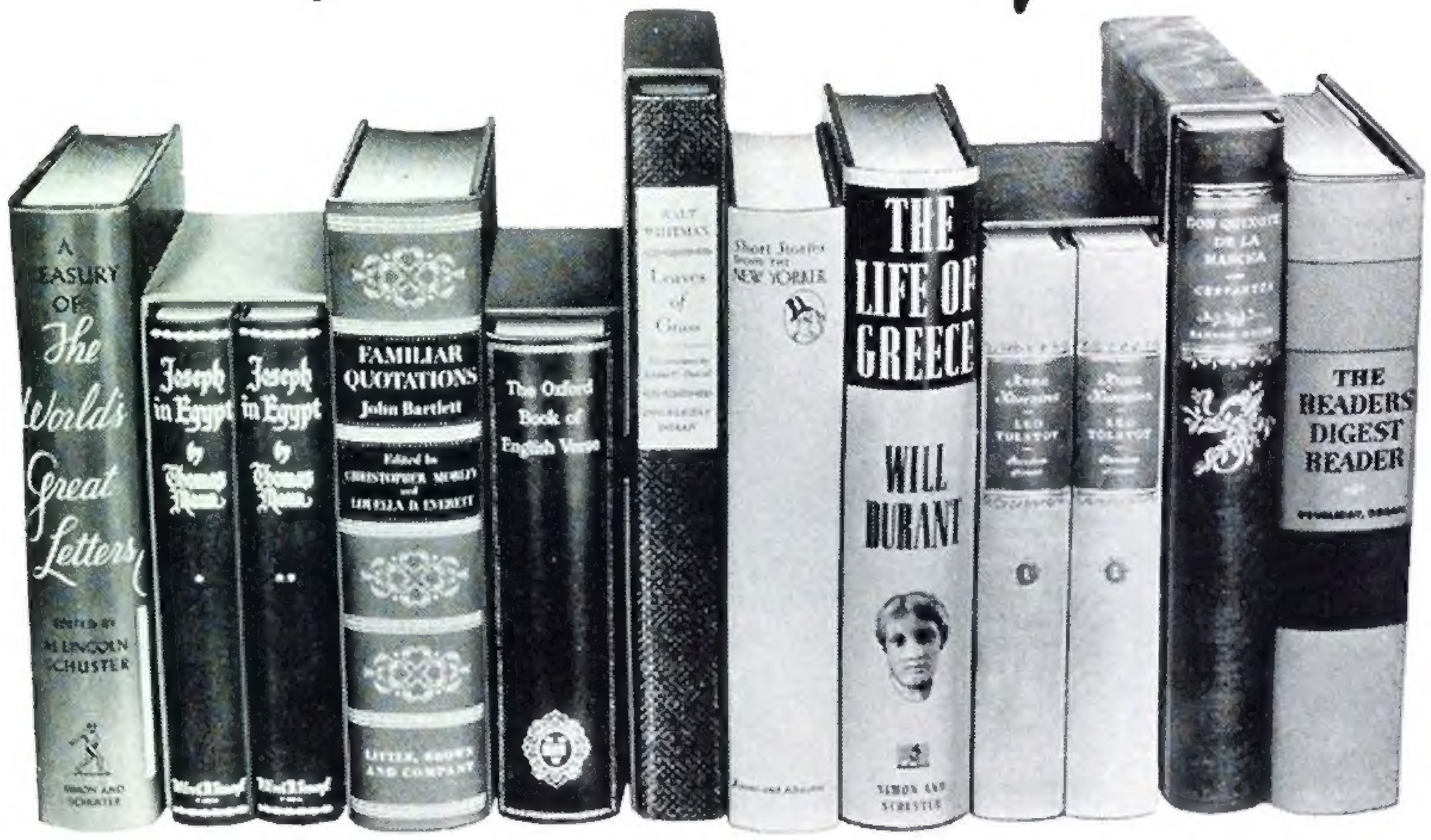
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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

ON SINGING OUT OF SEASON

A comparison of the present holocaust which has spread from Europe to Africa and the Near East, with that of the World War, leads one to wonder at the absence of war songs, and since having read your editorial, stopping protempore at the "five-minute intermission" then turning, per your suggestion, to Page 65 to read Gilbert Seldes' article on *Songs for Times of Jeopardy* returning after said intermission to finish the reading of your editorial. The World War produced many songs, such as *There's a Long Long Trail a-Winding*, *Tipperary*, *Pack Up Your Troubles*, *Good Mornin' Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip*, etc. These were sung by soldiers on the march, in the trenches, and in cantonments, as well as by those at home in community sings, etc.- It is apparent that in the present conflict few, if any, war songs have been published. Whether *Roll Out The Barrel* can be considered a war song it is hard to say. It has, without doubt, found much popularity with the rank and file of English people, but what of the fighting forces on land, sea and air? I doubt whether any soldier or sailor in this present conflict has any time for singing. This is not the trench warfare of World War days with "Over the Top" methods, it is a war which keeps every fighter constantly on the alert and, should they be fortunate in having a few hours relaxation it is safe to assume that those hours are spent in making up much lost sleep.

The Spanish-American War, I recall, produced some catchy war songs, the most popular of which was: *There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight.* We are all familiar with songs related to Civil War days which are sung at every patriotic gathering. The Civil War and the Spanish-American war, like the World War, gave the fighting forces time to burst out into song, but not so in this war of blitzkriegs and nerves, which moves so rapidly from one country to another, crushing like a mighty avalanche homes, communities, the lives of innocents, and razing in its wake historic monuments, hospitals, churches, costly libraries and works of art, and demolishing in a few minutes what it took centuries to create. What place, then, have *Songs for Times of Jeopardy* in this war—the like of which has never been recorded in the annals of the past? Only when victory comes to the democracies can we hope for music in which we shall feel the heart-beat of the British Empire beating in unison with that of the United States of America and her sister republics to the south of us, and which will grow in richness as time moves on, like Tschaikowsky's *Overture of 1812*.

Chicago, Illinois BENNETT TRELOAR

CHALLENGE TO DOWST'S DOLLARS

Have just read Mr. Robert Saunders Dowst's very technical article in August Issue of Esquire. Before I got very far into it I thought he was joking. Decided before it was finished that he was in dead earnest.

I have been a consistent winner on horse races for a number of years, I believe averaging around $1500.00 per year, I put very little time and study to the matter. Most of my time is otherwise employed. Most of that amount was won without access to a Racing Form. I possibly could by close application answer 25 of his questions, none of which are necessary for any one to know to be able to win money consistently. Certainly none of the other 15 would be of use to any one.

On several occasions when I did have access to a Form, my percentage of winners was higher. I can answer all of the questions that he asked that the answers are to be found in the Form. Not so long ago I was in Reno, Nevada. My winnings for two afternoons was $501.00. A few days before at Tanforan I won $90.50 in one afternoon, which was a better average than I make from this point where information is not available in time to be of use.

Living where I do, in Cushing, Okla. the only way I can play the horses is to wire my wagers to Bookies or track representatives in other parts of the country. Most of them to Bookies in the Middle West. I have before me a telegram from one, and it can be verified as genuine by Western Union. It is from one of the largest operators in the Middle West. It says "Do not want this kind of wagers." In connection with this telegram, $75.00 was returned to me that I had wired him on a race. Prior to the receipt of this I had won between $1,000.00 and $1,100.000 from him. "This kind of wager" was the same kind that had won this amount. This was the second one received from the same place. I have lost the first one. I also have on file a letter from this Bookie, advising why he refused. The gist of it is that he could not make any money for himself.

Enough information can be written on the back of a penny post card that will enable any one that can read it to win consistently. It will require some money and at times considerable intestinal fortitude. But if you do not have both of these you should not be playing the "Ponies". Ask *your* Mother if that is not right?

I will place in any bank Mr. Dowst may designate a reasonable amount of money against a like amount of his, that if he will follow my instructions to the letter for one week, that he will make a profit. The amount will depend on the size of his wagers. If it fails he may collect my deposit. If it wins I to have his. If his Mother allows him to play the races, she should not object to this.

Cushing, Okla. P. O. Box 823

R. H. I. PETTY

In this man's Navy we are taught R.H.I.P. (rank has its privileges) but when Petty put the cap of a commissioned officer on that nifty, July babe of his, he is breaking all U. S. Navy, Uniform Regulations. Quote: Caps, blue and white, (a) for all chief petty officers.

Chin strap—shall be of black patent leather ½ inch wide with brass eyelet at each end, fastened on the side with two Navy Standard 22½ line eagle gilt buttons; chin strap, shall have two slides of same material as the strap—Unquote.

And incidentally if it is as warm where that Petty babe is, as it is here at Great Lakes she could very easily dispense with that coat.

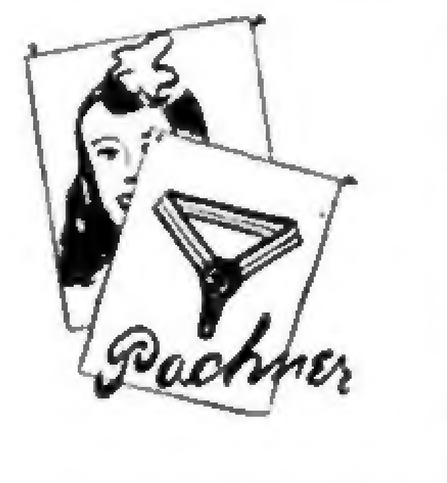
Sincerely yours,
ALBERT V. HEADLEY,
C. Ph. Mate, U. S. Navy
U. S. Naval Training Station
Great Lakes, Illinois

WHAT BIG EYES OUR READERS HAVE

In the July number of Esquire, in the article *The Prodigal Marquis*, p. 27, I believe you will find an error. The Petit Trianon was not built for Mme de Maintenon, but was constructed after her day, during the reign of Louis XV, the successor to the Louis whose morganatic wife she became.

Very truly yours,
Chicago, Ill. A. R. BENSEN

CHEERLEADING FOR W. PACHNER



Now that the Varga-Petty babble has subsided to a low murmur the time is ripe, thinks I, to sing to high heaven the praises of another of Esquire's talented art staff. I take a grandiose bow in the direction of William Pachner who, from my corner, looks like no slouch in the realm of art.

Perhaps it is because I attempt a bit of drivel with pen and brush now and again that I have an art viewpoint that is not fogged by the enticing curves of the female figure. I agree that Pachner is no Petty. I agree that he is no Varga. And I also heartily reiterate that Mr. Pachner is no slouch. Certainly, he doesn't excite in one the desire for close companionship with a modern Venus. Neither does he create a phony champagne existence . . . but he does do a mighty fine job of down-to-earth art work. His fashion sketches are skillfully handled in line and color and surely "Esquirish" in character. His quickly penned cartoons are full of life. Throughout, his work is spontaneous and highly individualistic.

Any artist who can bridge the gap between fashion drawing and story illustration without putting on Seven League Boots is worthy of more than a short round of applause! So come forth, Pachner fans, and add your epistle to *The Sound and The Fury.*

Sincerely,
La Crosse, Wis. WILFRED RUDOLPH

KEEPING SCOTT'S MEMORY GREEN

I should like to add my voice to the salutations that rightfully continue to be raised to the memory of Scott Fitzgerald.

Always, I shall remember the summer's day when I first discovered *This Side of Paradise.* It marked a turning point in my life that influenced it in many ways from that time on.

The name of Scott Fitzgerald will always remain a significant one to me. In whatever way I can I hope to help keep the memory green.

As a step in this direction, I propose that at least once a year, perhaps on the anniversary of Fitzgerald's death, that Esquire reprint one of his stories or articles.

Scott Fitzgerald was both one of the most revered and most maligned writers of our time.

Salute and Farewell!
Birmingham, Ala. JANE CARTER

ADDENDA ON SOARING

By chance I happened to pick up your June issue and read the article *Sailboats in the Sky* written by Ted Leitzell.

It was very interesting and as an old devotee of soaring, I was glad to hear that something is at last going to be done for that great sport.

However, I feel safe in saying that I don't believe your Mr. Leitzell has had much contact with gliding or else he would not have written an article like that.

He claims that a certain Gene McDonald is responsible for a terrific boost in the soaring sport. Perhaps he has and will. I hope so for it needs it. My point is this. The author has left out the name of the one man who gave more to this sport than any one person, the late Warren E. Eaton. Eaton was the beloved founder of the Soaring Society of America which was the first group of glider enthusiasts in this country, and it is this same organization which operates effectively today. Eaton gave of his time and money to promote this great sport, and finally he gave his life. He was killed while flying his sailplane for a newspaper demonstration in Florida.

No article concerning the birth of soaring should leave out a just tribute to this great man. Although I didn't know him personally, I have followed gliding long enough to realize just what he did.

Every National Contest since the first one 'way back in 1929 has been held in my home town, Elmira, New York. I have always followed the sport and can vouch for the beauty and thrill of it. That is why I have taken the time to write to you. I suggest that you get someone who is really qualified to write on soaring, such as Lew Barringer, Alexis Darydoff, Emil Lehecka, Stan Smith, Lloyd Sweet or any of the many oldtimers. Let them give you the real story of how it all started.

I hope I have not bored you with the details and I also hope that in the near future Esquire will make amends by some swell articles and pictures of the world's most thrilling sport.

W. STERLING REYNOLDS
Langley Field, Va. 18th Reconn. Sq.

EIGHT SKIDS UNDER STACK

I am full of sound and fury signifying business after reading, on page forty-three of the July number of Esquire, the insipid hogwash, which accompany the drawings of E. Simms Campbell.

Place my essence of pure undiluted Genius, printed below, in conjunction with the drawings, and I'll wager you'll shed vexatious tears of regret because you didn't have them sooner. Don't, as the latin fellow ses, continue to print this odoriferous debris de barnus yardus. Send some of Campbells' drawings to me. I'll do them justice.

1. Shed not, my friend, your poinant tears
   For Tent Show Troupes of by-gone years
2. The fagged-out Troupe, emerging from the train
   Were usually soaked in torrental rain
3. The street parade, in mud or dust
   Frequently proved an awful bust
4. And Little Eve gave us the frets
   For fear she'd shed her pantaletts
5. First *Elisa* had to hunt *Legree*
   Who skipped off on a guzzling spree
6. The lugubrious tones, from out the pit
   Got thunderous applause, when they quit
7. The squeals emanating from the "pipe"
   Always drew tomatoes, that were ripe
8. And the indispensable "melancholy Dane"
   Supplied adequate stew, for all, back on the train.

GEORGE HALLBERG
Sedro-Woolley, Wash.

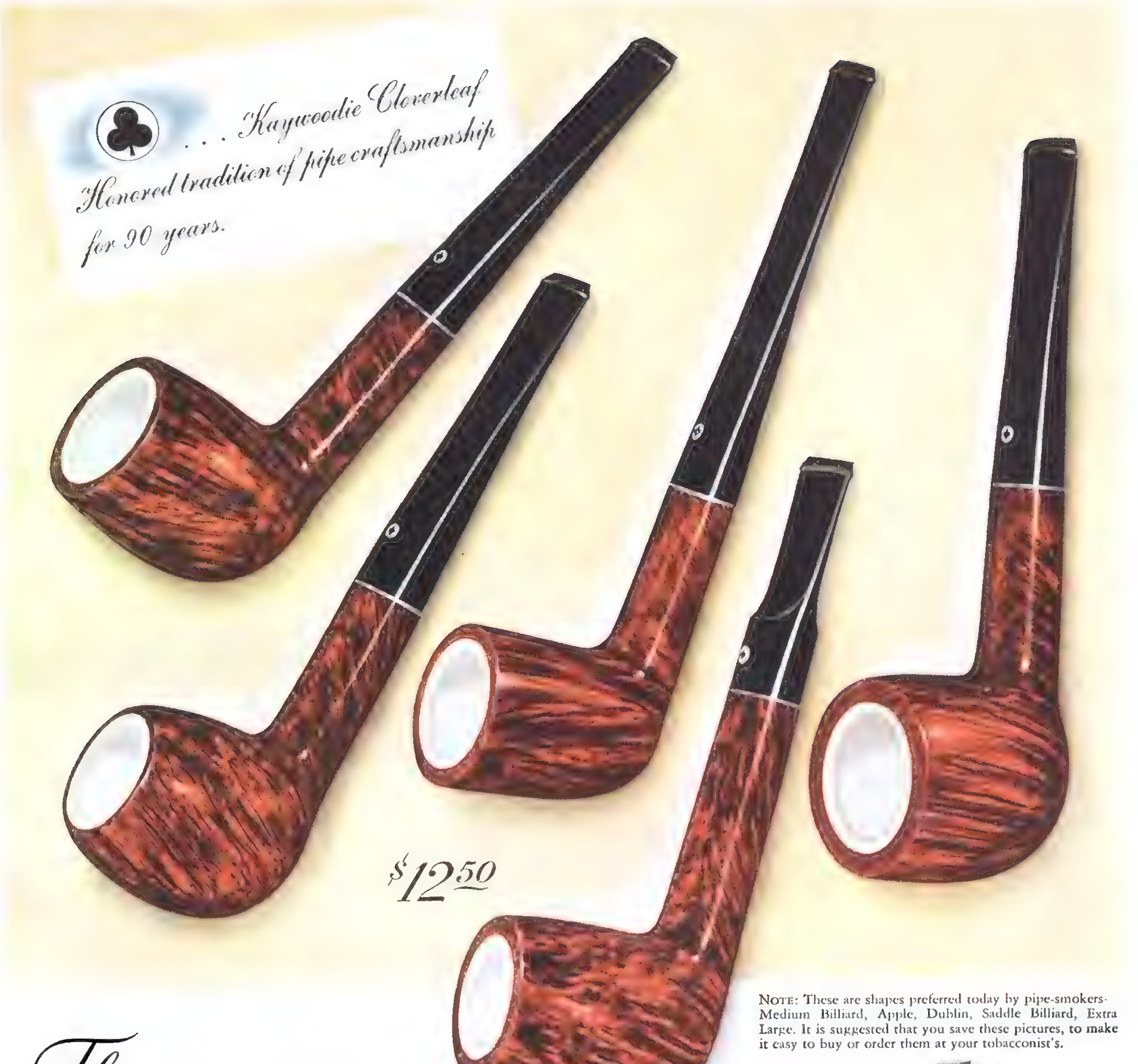
KEY WEST CREDO

While on a trip to Key West, I found this inscription on the wall of a tavern. It might amuse your readers as it did me.

The horse and cow live thirty years,
They never touch light wines and beer;
Sheep and goats are dead at twenty,
They drink no liquor—water plenty,
At ten the cat has lost nine lives,
On milk and water no beast thrives;
At five the birds are mostly dead,
They look not on the wine that's red;
Bugs a few days remain on earth,
They do not know the cocktails worth;
BUT
AWFUL WICKED RUM SOAKED MEN,
LIVE ON FOR THREE SCORE YEARS AND TEN.

MRS. E. C. WOODRUFF
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

Continued on page 12

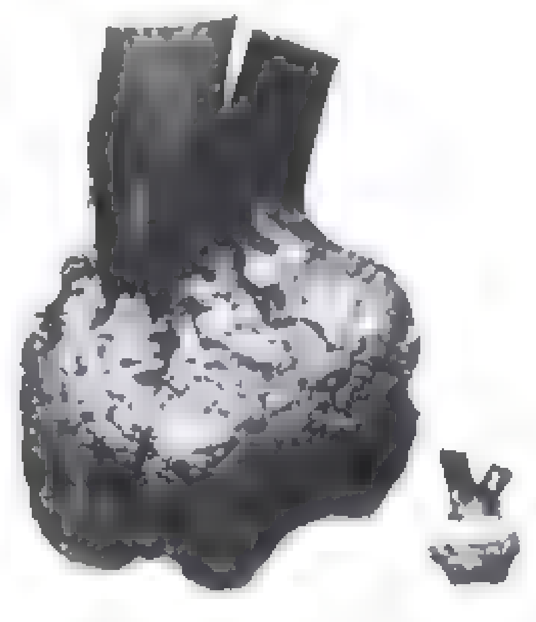

. . . Kaywoodie Cloverleaf
Honored tradition of pipe craftsmanship for 90 years.
$12.50

NOTE: These are shapes preferred today by pipe-smokers-Medium Billiard, Apple, Dublin, Saddle Billiard, Extra Large. It is suggested that you save these pictures, to make it easy to buy or order them at your tobacconist's.

The temptation is natural

The master pipe makers of Kaywoodie are in possession of the world's rarest imported briar, Flame Grain*. They are in possession of the costliest superfine imported block meerschaum. The temptation of these craftsmen to combine the virtues of these choice materials was natural. They combined the two, and by this fortunate union created the pipes you see here: probably the finest which gifted craftsmanship, given such materials, can produce. Received as a gift, these pipes instantly pre-empt the most-honored place among a man's personal possessions.

FLAME GRAIN KAYWOODIE
inlaid with superfine Meerschaum


Compare these burls

Observe the difference in size between the rare 200-to-400-year-old briar burl (the size of a large pumpkin) and the ten-year-old burl (the size of an apple). The greater density of the old briar accounts for its incomparably sweet-smoking qualities.

---

*Kaywoodie briar is dug out of the ground years in advance; so the war has not interfered with our supply.

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
Makers of fine pipes since 1851
New York and London
In New York, 630 Fifth Avenue

Yours for the asking:
The Kaywoodie Pipe Almanac which tells exactly *how to get the fullest pleasure* from pipe-smoking.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

VALIANT IS THE WORD FOR MARGARET

I am very glad you reprinted in your June issue your editorial of February 23, 1939 and that I picked up Esquire on the plane last week and read it.

The piece is noteworthy in its entirety, but I choose, deliberately, to attack where your line of reasoning is weak.

You say, "But an excess of nationalism constitutes nine-tenths of what's wrong with the world at this dark moment of its history. And if nationalism, now running wild at the expense of internationalism continues unchecked, then various nations will be competing with each other, not on the basis of their good qualities, but precisely the reverse."

EDITORIAL
Esquire

Then you cancel out that fine statement with the following: "Let Germany, for instance, compete with us on music and we must admit defeat. But just let them try to compete with us in mechanical mass production," you go on to say.

Well, now, just a minute please. We do not admit defeat on music, in the first place, though we do acknowledge that German and other European composers had a couple of hundred years head-start on us. But neither in the field of native folk music, from whose inexhaustible freshness great art music derives, nor in the products of our current crop of composers (I'll send you a list if Mr. George Antheil or your own Carleton Smith can't supply you) do we "admit defeat."

And then you fall afoul of your own line when, in one breath you abjure nations from competing with each other on the basis of their good qualities and in the same breath boast that we're tops in—what? No, not in the things for which men live, but in the mechanical tools through use of which they hope to live.

Well, let's drop that for a moment and take up where, after referring to German music, in precisely that nationalistic distinction against which you have just cautioned, you proceed to trip yourself up as follows: (Quoting someone?) "Never let anyone say Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms, being Germanic belong only to Germany." If internationalism is fostered by competition among nations on the basis of their best qualities, then deny not to Germany her German composers. If internationalism is fostered by an absence of all competition on any basis whatsoever, then boast not of American mass production.

Like the words, "Don't tread on me," music notes are only black on white, until translated into sound and fury by action. Therefore, Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms belong, like Democracy to those who can bring 'em back, alive.

Sincerely,
Margaret Valiant
Washington, D.C.

A HAND FROM THE OTHER SIDE

I have to acknowledge with very sincere thanks the safe arrival of your letter dated March 18th, '41 and the Varga Girl Calendar which I had asked for in an earlier letter of mine dated February 10th '41.

The Calendar, of course, arrived considerably later than your letter which you despatched via Transatlantic Air Mail. I am indeed grateful to you not only for troubling to send it to me but for being so accommodating over the matter of settling the account with you, not forgetting all your good wishes concerning the progress of the war.

When one is virtually 'buried'—so it seems—in some remote part of the globe as we are at the moment in this ship (if you remember, I remarked in my previous letter that the Powers That Be insisted that the name of the ship should not be divulged when writing abroad), a little courtesy and a few good wishes such as you send in your letter go a very long way to cheer one on along the, at times, very dreary path of life which is our lot at the present time.

Again, with very many thanks for all that you have done towards making life a little brighter for at least one of Hitler's enemies! At the same time, please forgive me for writing such a long letter, but I just wished to let you know how much I have appreciated your kindness.

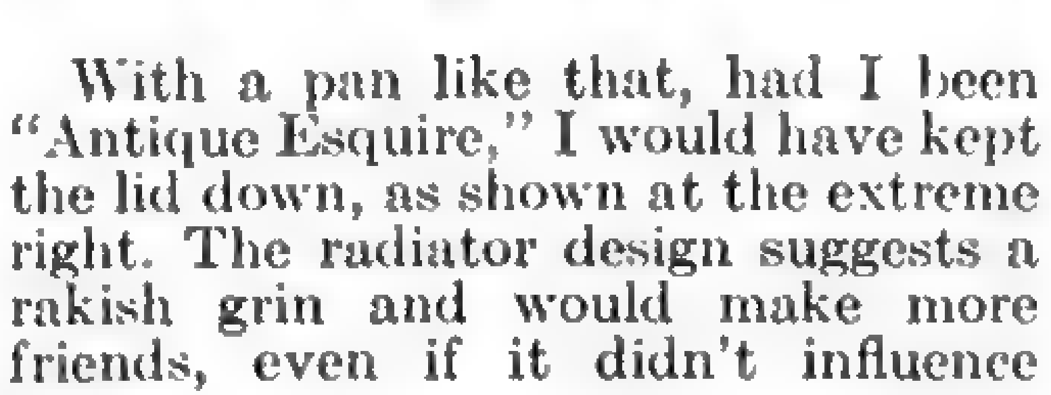
N.B. Just in case this letter has the misfortune to get in the path of a Nazi torpedo while negotiating the Atlantic, I am sending a carbon copy of it off to you a few days later so that it will catch another ship.

Yours sincerely,
T. Brooking Snell
Surgeon Lieutenant,
Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve
Kennel's Lodge,
Chorleywood Common,
Herts, England.

ANCESTRAL ESQ

Delving in a musty tome on heraldry I encountered these rare old engravings, which I hasten to send where they belong.

It is hard to believe that the first character—such a sourpuss—could be an ancestor of the genial Esky we know today, yet the old book pins it on him. "Antique" helps, of course, and there were several generations through which he could work off the dirty look.



With a pan like that, had I been "Antique Esquire," I would have kept the lid down, as shown at the extreme right. The radiator design suggests a rakish grin and would make more friends, even if it didn't influence people.

The portable, air-raid shelter designed for plain "Esquire," in the middle, is evidently a custom job, much more dressy for wear about town, and a snappy number at any time.

If you ever plan to work up something on "Esquire Through the Ages," these are the real McCoy.

With most cordial regards,
Carolus Antiquarius
Flushing, L.I., N.Y.

UNAFRAID, SO UNFORGOTTEN

Scattered throughout the states are many friends and relatives of the lamented Lauro de Bosis, who, I am sure, read with heart warming pride the article in your June issue (*De Bosis Unafraid*) by General L. R. Gignilliat, and his fine tribute to the brave and gallant sacrifice of the Italian youth. His Chicago friends will remember him as exchange lecturer for the Italy-American Society. He lectured in the summer courses at Harvard around fifteen years ago. His mother, Lillian Vernon de Bosis, was seventeen years old when she went to Rome, Italy, with her Methodist missionary father, Rev. Leroy Vernon. She married the poet De Bosis and has lived there ever since, at present with a married daughter in Rome.

Oak Park, Ill. Halla Vernon Lorenz

FAR-FLUNG ESQS

I consider Esquire the best magazine (in its field) printed! But before I continue with this raving, I must tell you a few things about myself.

For some unknown reason I became a prospector and gold miner some seven years ago. Since that time I have roamed up and down, all over the Republic of Ecuador. I have spent two years in the upper Amazon basin in the country of the "Jibaro" headhunters; two years in the jungle country of "Esmeraldas" (Pacific Coast) and the rest of the time I have been climbing around the high Andes.

With the exception of an occasional binge in the cities, I spent most of my time in the woods or in the frigid ranges. My last project (the most nutty one) is: trying to find a fabulous lake in which a ton or more of Inca plate was thrown (?) when King "Atahualpa" was executed by Pizarro! Some 250 years ago a Spaniard, Valverde, is supposed to have found this treasure trove, but "he hardly scratched the surface." Valverde, on his death bed, willed his secret to the King of Spain, leaving written instructions how to find the Inca gold that is hidden in the mysterious range of "Llanganati."

The Spanish Crown sent an expedition to Ecuador around the seventeenth century. This expedition was able to follow the guide, Derrotero, for its first two legs, and found all the landmarks given, letter correct! But on the third day of the journey the instructions became vague and enigmatic; the expedition lost its way, its leader disappeared mysteriously, and the outfit turned tail.

Since that time several attempts, more or less serious, have been made to follow Valverde's Derrotero. All of them failed to find the continuation of those first two legs of the journey. I seem to be the next prospective failure! But at least I will fail (if I do) in a grand way! I have followed Valverde's instructions over four legs of his journey, solved puzzling passages of the Derrotero, and established its versimilitude (that was invariably denied by all unsuccessful explorers).

Now I am working on the fifth and final leg of Valverde's trail, but seem to be up against a stone wall! How I came this far is a long story, I will only give the gist of it: I studied the history of all previous expeditions, avoided all the mistakes made by them, and set out to find "that damned treasure" in earnest.

I have made five trips in here, and spent thirteen months actually in these mountains. My exploring methods are rather orthodox, but seem to be efficient. I come in with 5-6 Indian porters carrying my equipment and supplies. They build me a hut and leave me there alone. They come back after a month or six weeks with fresh supplies, and if they find me still alive, move my camp to a new location. This way I have a chance to explore systematically the whole region, and use a sort of elimination system. Most of the expeditions went on the rocks because they depended on a large number of Indian porters, and to feed them in this unproductive and uninhabited region is quite a problem. Expeditions were usually forced back through lack of food or the mutiny of the superstitious Indians after a few days in the Llanganati.

I in turn have spent over 400 days right in the midst of this so-called "uninhabitable" range. It is only this way that I could find the further landmarks of Valverde. I even found the place where he camped the fourth night (broken pottery, ashes of fire, etc.). I also found fragments of an Inca road which he, no doubt, followed. But I cannot go into details; I have a few hundred thousand words written in my diary, and that's only the half of it!

Now I am at Camp No. 17, and I believe that the end of the trail is within a radius of only a mile from here. But although I have been here forty-five days, I have not been able to do any work! I have been snow and fog-bound (altitude, 14,000 ft.) ever since I arrived.

This, I am afraid, was a rather long-winded introduction, but necessary. Now I come to Esquire!

My equipment is the sour-dough kind, and my food supplies most frugal. However, before starting on a trip I always raid the magazine supply of my "gringo" friends; in this raid I keep my trained treasure hunter's eyes open for Esquires. I always bring about fifty lbs. of magazines, a most heterogenous collection. Esquire has the most to offer!

The Esquires I have are usually old ones, and it was a strange coincidence that I brought the September, 1939, copy. In it, I found an article, *Known Treasures Waiting For You* (Frank G. Presnell). This article mentions the Llanganati treasure and Valverde's Derrotero as one of the most authentic treasure stories. It also speaks of certain hair-raising experiences that Col. Brooks had while looking for the Valverde gold.

I know all about Brooks' expedition, I am only a few hours away from the place of his last camp. The stakes of his tent are still there, where his camp was washed away by the flooding of a crater lake (in 1913 or '15). Reading that article in my dugout, right on the location, made me think of "hunches" etc.

Of course I cannot carry my Esquires out with me as I leave them in my various camps for future treasure hunters. So you have your magazine scattered around the most inaccessible part of the Andes, five days' walk away from the nearest Indian 'dobe hut! And that reminds me: Once I went to see one of my faithful Indians, who was sick in his home in the little town of Pillaro (jumping-off place for the Llanganati). Imagine my surprise when I saw a Petty girl on each side of a smoke-blackened madonna print!

Well! This was a long and roundabout way to tell you that I like your magazine! But I have plenty of time to write, and "honest Injun" I will not get sore if you do not print this. But I am truly grateful for your existence. Esquire helped me to live through many miserable days, and countless long evenings (dark at 6 P.M. and no place to go!) If I do find Valverde's legacy, a good share of the credit will be yours.

My relief supplies are due. I will send this out to be mailed by my head-peon: "Mesias Gamboa." Keep up the good work! And you will soon have Esquire plastered on every mud-wall of Pillaro.

Faithfully yours,
Quito, Ecuador Richard D'Orsay
Cordillera de Llanganati
c/o American Legation

MAN THE KITCHEN POLICE FORCE

Dear Esky: I have been a reader of your swell mag for about 2 years. I've always enjoyed it and up until now have had no reason to write you either pro or con. I'm a cook in the army now and I feel you can help me. I would like to have a few of the good recipes that you dish out in your article, *Man The Kitchenette*. They would help a lot in finding ways to fix up the food I have to serve.

Sincerely,
Camp Shelby, Miss. R. G. Guthrie

THE COACHER, by Alligator, puts you "out in front" wherever dashing smartness in rainwear counts. In famous water repellent Galecloth, $18.50. Samthur Special Finish Cloth, $14.75.

Soggy classmen *try* to date her but the men who *win* wear ALLIGATOR!

You're "in" when you wear Alligator, undisputed rainwear style leader on campus, boulevard—everywhere! Designed and tailored with deft, fine garment care, Alligators bring you the ego-upping, flattering drape that makes for standout smartness in rain or shine. Completely comfortable, they assure you the dependable waterproof and water repellent protection which has made Alligator "the best name in rainwear"! The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

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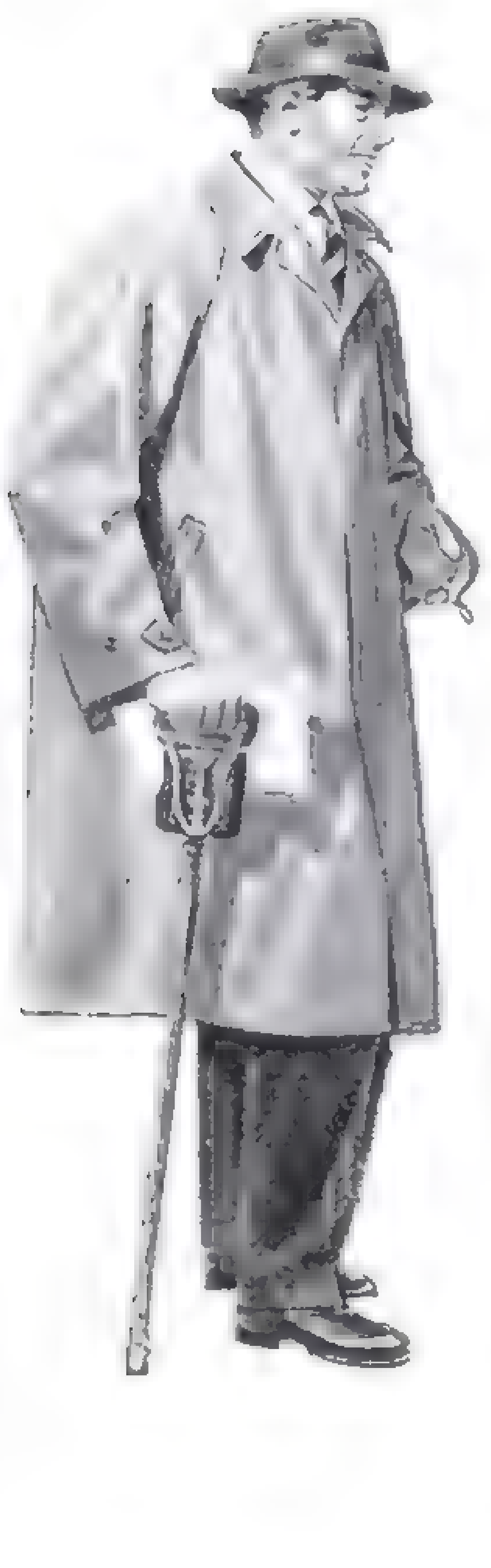
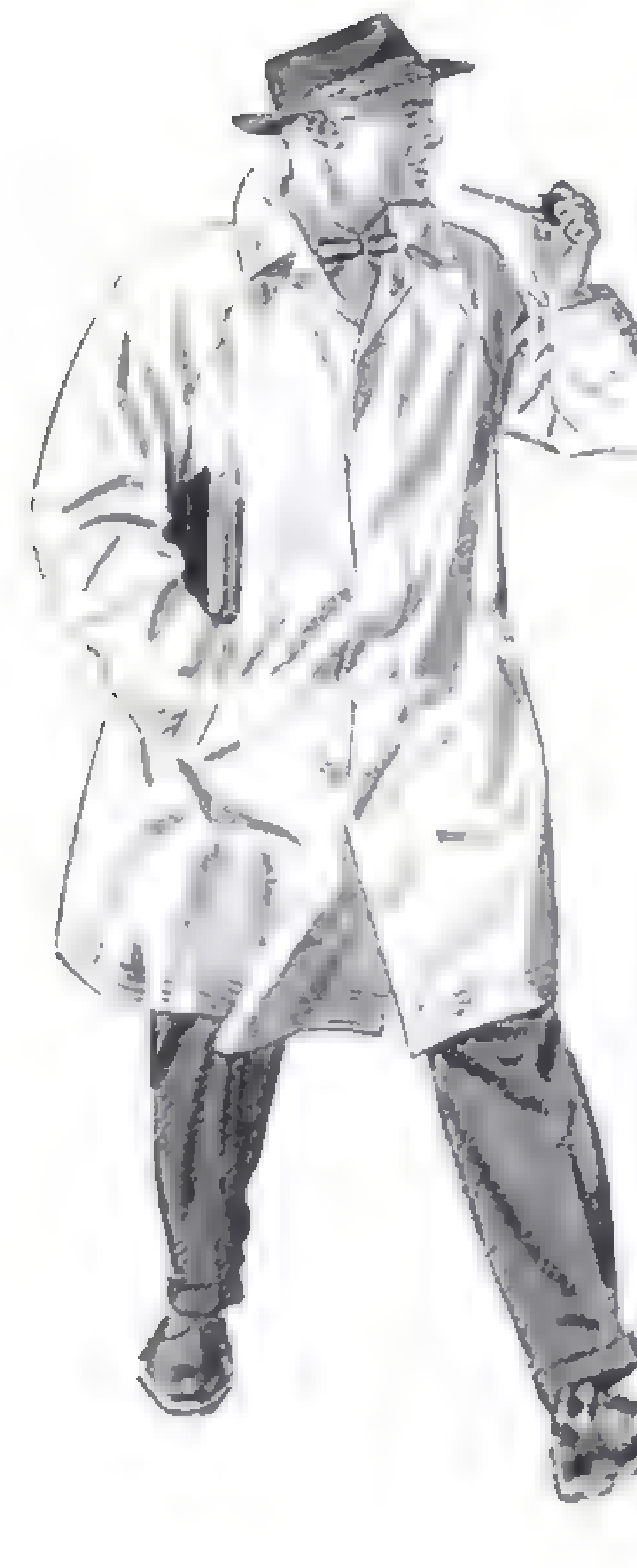
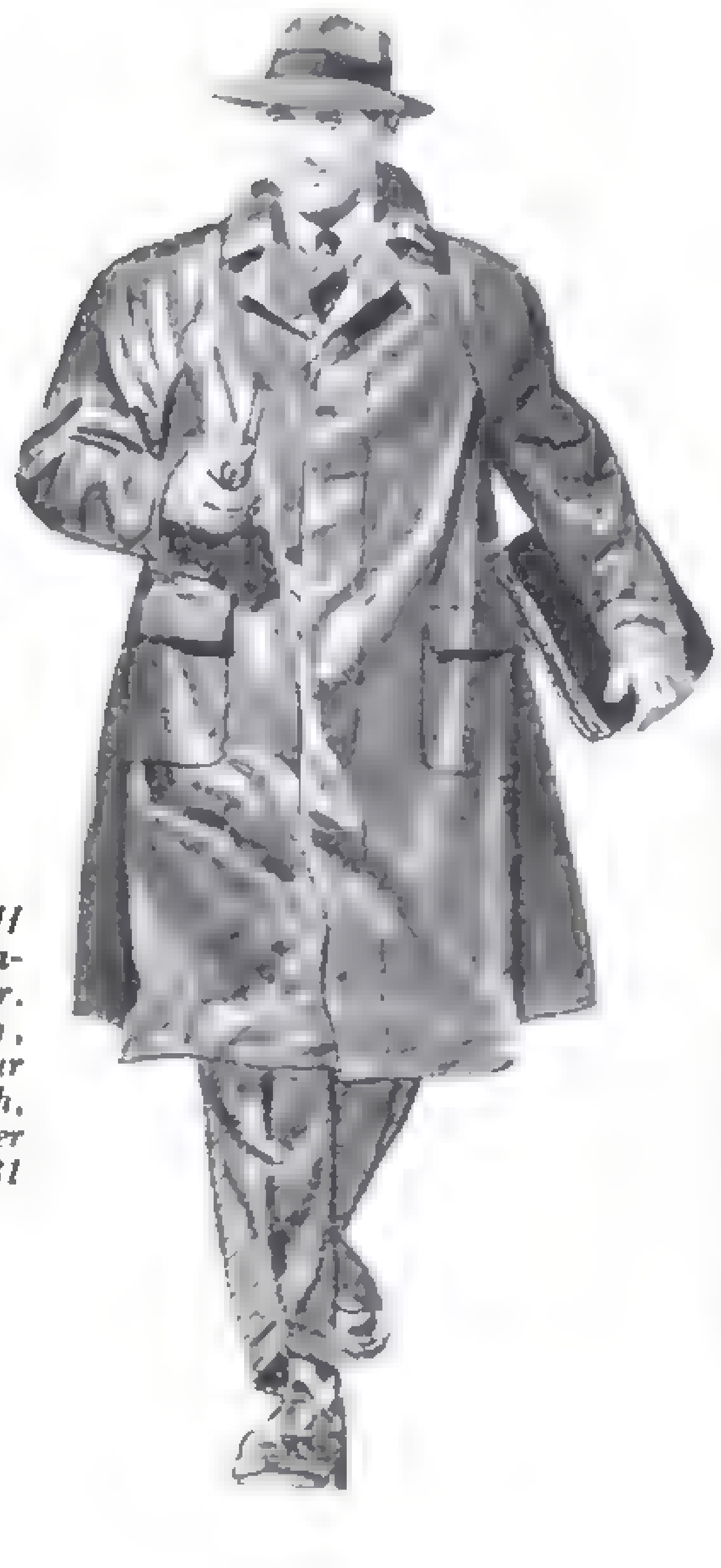
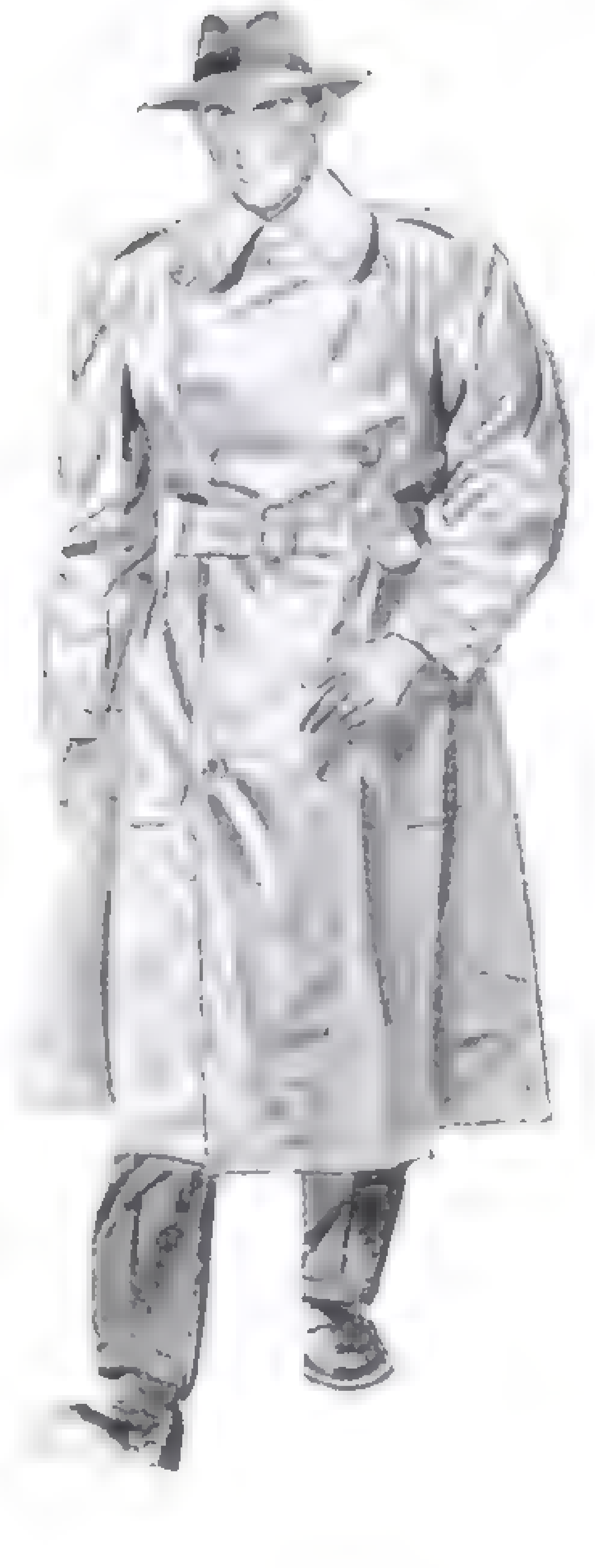


America's "Number One" water repellent all-weather coat, the GOLD LABEL, by Alligator, $28.50. Weatherstyle cloth, $23.50. In Surain Cloth, $19.50.



KNEE LENGTH COAT. A campus favorite, by Alligator. Stormwind Cloth, $10.50. In Samthur Special Finish Cloth, $13.75. Slide fastener front, either coat, $1 additional.





(LEFT) *UNIVERSITY COACHER, by Alligator, another campus style leader. Made of exclusive Alligator guaranteed waterproof fabric, you just can't get wet in it. $7.50.*

(RIGHT) *AUTHENTIC military model, that gets "attention" anywhere. For military, or civilian wear. In water repellent Stormwind Cloth, $12.50. Others to $28.50.*

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Extra Credit

Combination gabardine and sheer-weight suede, a favorite everywhere . . . about $15.00

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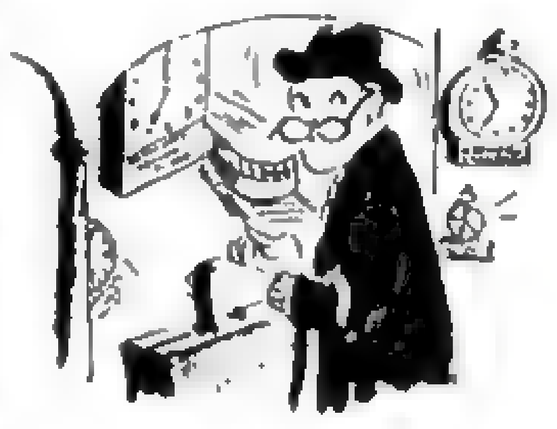
The roughest, shaggiest leather ever, in men's leisure shoes . about $7.95

At better stores

CASUALS, Inc.
224 East 11th Street
Los Angeles, California

KEEP THE RECORDS STRAIGHT. We're all for any practical means of lessening the filing burden of the record collector. Such as the record album whose contents can be known at a glance. Titles are typed or written and inserted in transparent sections at the top of each page, which are bound in such a way that twelve titles are always visible. Embossed leatherette, three colors, two sizes.



TIME YOUR FLIGHT. Many a good traveler has gone mad trying to figure out the difference between train and local time. Don't let this happen to *you.* There's a traveling clock to be had that tells both daylight and standard time simultaneously. You depend on the hands to give you standard time, while a red-figured disk in the center indicates daylight time. Top grain cowhide in saddle tan, it's small, packable.

BLANKET ENDORSEMENT. For the student's room—a hand-woven woolen blanket that combines his school colors with year-after-year durability. Lightweight but warm, these blankets measure 60 by 72 inches and are made to order by an American craftswoman. They are woven in solid colors with contrasting bands across the top—colors, of course, depending upon the individual's Alma Mater.

TABLE STOVE. If this keeps up, we won't have to have kitchens any more. Latest is an electric broiler for the table, whereby steak, chicken, chops—anything broilable—can be cooked before your eyes as you toy with your tomato juice. We particularly like the idea of making breakfast in it—takes eight minutes. This nifty is easy to clean, practically smokeless, decorative.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

Required Subject

Cable stitch, virgin worsted wool $6.00
Sleeveless vest $3.95
Sleeveless slip-on $3.50

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CATALINA SWEATERS
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The Saddle Hat in tan mix barley weave Shetland wool for on or off the campus . . . $3.95

At better stores

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The Rogue Rambler, leisure idol, whip-stitched in the Western manner . . . $5 to $12.50

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The perfect fitting shorts for every form of sport. Shown in gabardine. . . . $2.50 to $5.00

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315 East 8th Street
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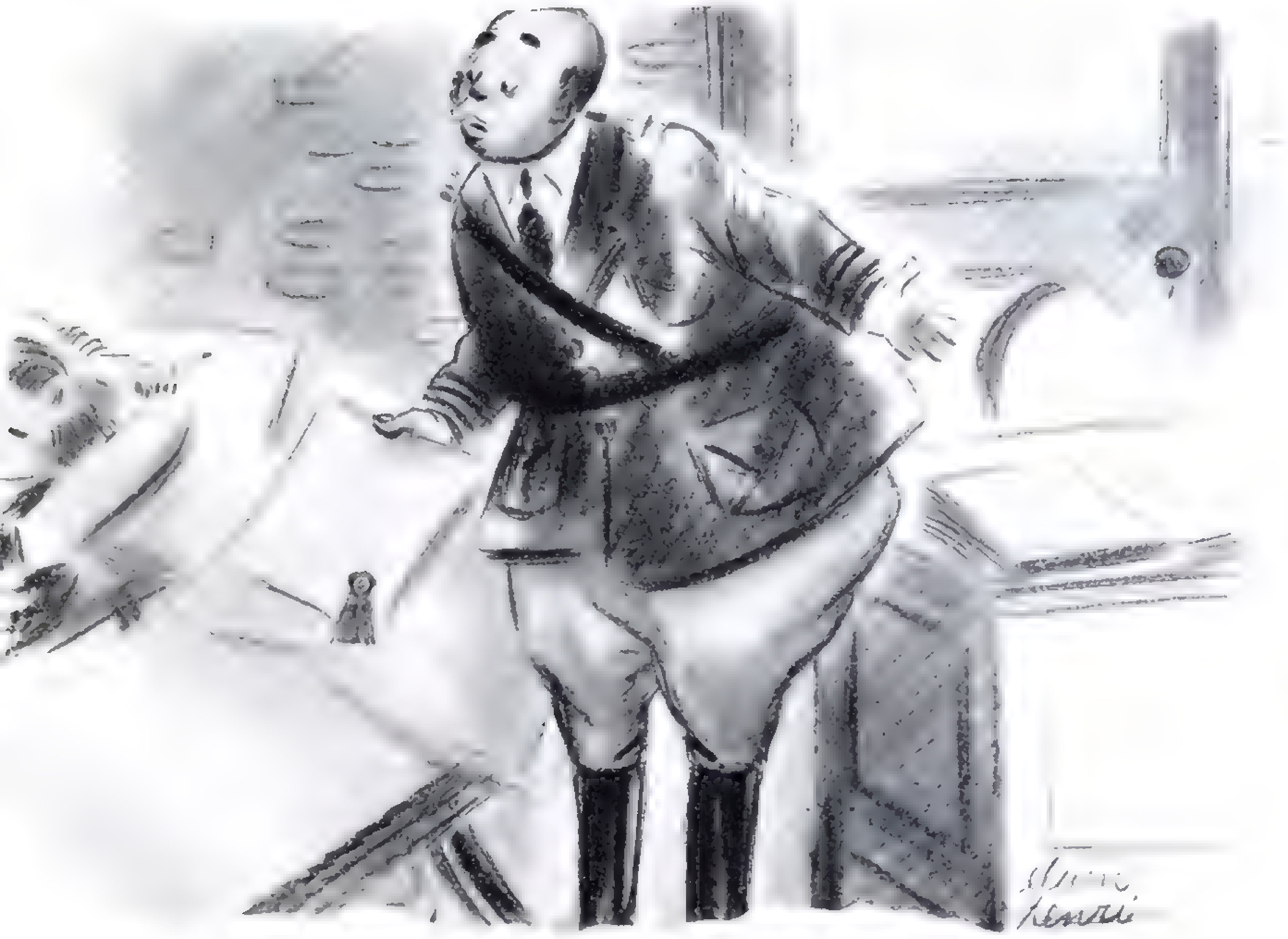
The MILITARY MAN

He's a mighty man of action . . . who'd fight at the drop of a bomb. He fought in the last World War, and at parties he tells of its glory . . . but downing a drink with a fellow or two, he reveals both bloody and gory tales. Today he claims our lads are soft, and that tent-life would do them good . . . but his luxurious home is a vivid denial of vigorous Spartan-like living. He lavishly entertains for the cream of society . . . but sometimes spends hours in dim-lighted unpropriety. Gruffly austere, he loves his life . . . particularly its precision and drill. And one thing sure—after a strenuous day's wear on the field or on leave, at the club or at home . . . he always picks up his deep-necked meerschaum and sinks solidly into his latest Esquire . . . to enjoy in relaxed and silent comfort a satisfying smoke and gratifying moments of reading.

For Esquire is "right" for his kind of man!

Esquire draws for every man a vividly precise and lavish map of the world of men . . . pointing out in color and for relief the most pleasurable spots in the theatre and radio, the most enjoyable among records and books . . . suggesting rare edibles, vivifying potables, and smart wearables, plus fashionable and practical places to go. In articles of worldly discussion it drives with sophisticated conviction . . . and in vibrant satire, it snorts with humorous compassion. It's the magazine of masculine style, of definite proportions and fitness . . . affording complete satisfaction to every masculine model of perfection. In short—Esquire serves all men with a masculine dignity and a man-sized purpose . . . to make men more conscious of life's pleasures and more certain of enjoying them.



"We're petitioning the Government for absolute necessities only—what else do we need besides Esquire?"

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

GOING PLACES WITH ESQUIRE

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BILLY BAXTER
CLUB SODA • SARSAPARILLA
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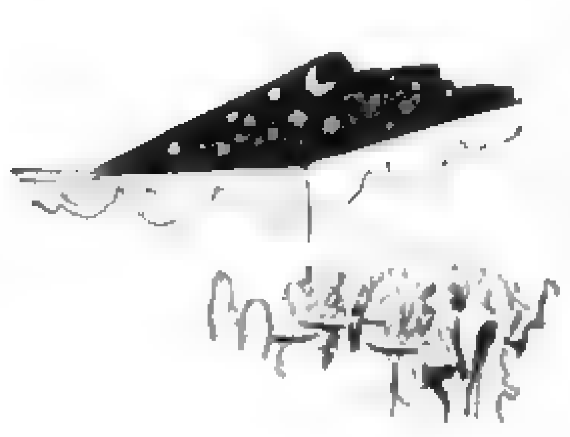
RED RAVEN CORPORATION, CHESWICK, PA.

Trans-Hudson trove.—About as tall as ceiling crowder Robert E. Sherwood, with blond hair, and shoulders wider than Jack Dempsey's, is Maurice Chovel, operator and greeter of Red Coach Tavern on the County Road at Closter, New Jersey, some ten miles N. W. of the G. Washington span. To the international set who knew him as the possessor of a lordly château in Brittany and a tidy villa at Villefranche on the Riviera, where he was vice-president of the Cannes Yacht Club, and also French Naval attaché at Washington till Vichy came into the picture, he explains, "I'm selling steaks. Could I interest you in one?" Which is but a faint description of a Red Coach Tavern Chateaubriand, served with soufflée potatoes and Béarnaise sauce delicately pungent with tarragon plucked fresh out of Monsieur Chovel's herb garden. Mme. his wife presides at the cash desk; the assistant manager is René Dreyfus, automobile racing champ of France. Food, wines and liquors are superlative. The guests are the same that you see in town chez Felix Ferry and Gene Cavallero.



Ben Marden's duck-souper-colossal Riviera (some call it River-Eyrie because of its cliff perch) has the slick rhythms of Pancho and his men, served up on a turntable bandstand, fronted with what looks to us the comeliest set of prancing damsels (24 of 'em) that Chester Hale has ever picked and trained. When the sliding roof opens, it not only lets in the star-gleams but lets out the ahs! Eats from the vast kitchens are ministered under the guidance of maitre C. Bonardi (one of the great). Nor is the whimsically adorned Bar neglected. If you relish statistics you can feast on the fact that this season wine-and-dineage has been running at the rate of 9,000 patrons weekly.

On Route 23 at Cedar Grove, Frank Dailey's Meadowbrook is mob-scened by the jive jeunesse—indoors on rainy evenings, outdoors on the dance esplanade under the trees othernights. Sonny Dunham, trombonist and trumpeter, directs the musical fray . . . Mushrooms are slow growers compared to Pals (Prospect & Eagle Rock Aves., West Orange), which began 9 years ago as a wurst stand—and now try to fight your way into the large handsome Pine Room (with piecrust bar), or the muraled Tap Room, or any other part of this rambling, rollicking establishment, which now feeds 9,000 a week, nearly half of whom consume Pal's steaks, tender cornerstones of the biz . . . Supper clubman Bill Naue's Chanticler (Millburn), glitter kennel of smart setters, is summering in typical style with the music of magnetic Mace Irish. Sly songsters Bigelow and Lee are in full repertory amid the lounging in the Serpentine Bar salle . . . Rod's (Northfield Road, W. Orange) keeps its hold as a hangout of the collegiate hungry and thirstish . . . Werner's, newly installed on Main St., Orange, in a 172-year-old house that has been a tavern most of that time, combines a modern bar with old style dishes, especially pot roast and potato dumplings which the cook, Werner's sister, will let you watch as it burbles in the pot . . . Social and gourmet interests join forces at the Moresque (111 Prospect Ave., W. Orange) under the amiable hosting of Aïda Perona and her husband, Maurice. The guinea hen Moresque is something! And the cellar is lovely. Dancing, too . . . Aïda's pater, Emil Perona (brother of John Perona of El Morocco), purveys princely rusticity out in the scenic lake and hill region of Andover, N. J., with swimming pool, Spanish dining and dancing pavilion, famed kitchen, home smoked hams and bacon, and a barn of 80 blooded Guernsey moo-moos as background. Ducks pressed while you wait, on a silver wagon. Patrons who hate to break away can stay overnight, bunking beautifully.

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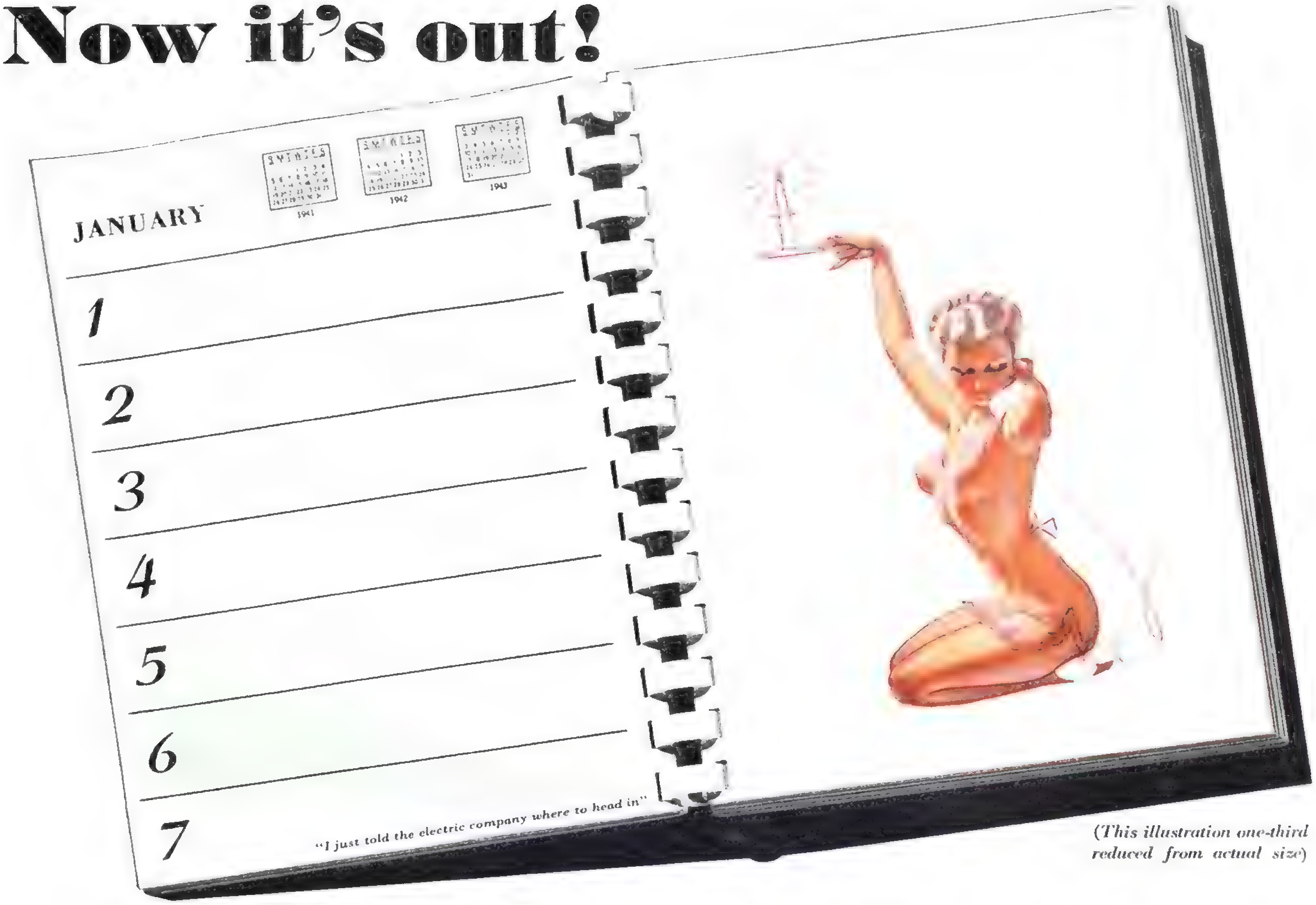
JANUARY
1941
1942
1943
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
"I just told the electric company where to head in"

(This illustration one-third reduced from actual size)

The long-heralded book of Petty Phone Numbers—

with the thirteen all-time favorite Petty drawings, reproduced in glowing color on ivory-like board, in a six-year diary and date book—all for 50c

We trust, that, like Lady Godiva's groom, you have set yourself for this occasion; for, as he said, when he helped Her Grace onto the saddle, "At last all is known."

In short, the Petty girl, the girl of a thousand nuances, of faultless stance and fluid poise, has stretched her taut, lithe, languorous body into the future pages of your life.

She comes to you, now, in a gentle book, succulent as a fig; knowing, artful, and cherry-ripe—and feckless, gentlemen, as a filly in clover. For she presides now, in thirteen ways, over a little book—a book to remind you of gay hours of bell-ringing, a book of undulant *dolce far niente*.

Like the strange *Kama Sutra*, the exotic *Nunga Punga* and Sir Richard Burton's fabulous *Scented Garden* (which Lady Burton discreetly burned), the Petty girl's book is a treasure cove of delicate data—a many-sided manual of manny-palaver.

For here—unlike the average date book or diary, which must be laid away after a year no matter how far from filled, you have a six-year book, as useful in 1946 as now. Thoughtfully provided too, in the book's sixty-four pages of text, is an ample repository for your own little list of phone numbers. All this and Petty too!

For, speaking of numbers, Petty has selected the thirteen best numbers he ever drew, so voted by the legion of loyal and ardent Petty fans, for preservation in the pages of this book. These are bound into the book as quick-demountable inserts, printed in gorgeous full color on a heavy high grade board, so highly finished that it looks and feels like ivory. They can be taken out if desired, but hardly for framing because they will stand alone, without need of frame.

Thus here you have, in one little book, a veritable gallery of Petty drawings in gemlike reproductions rivaling the perfection of those eighteenth century miniaturists who had to paint *their* ladies, so slowly and so expensively, on real ivory and by unaided hand.

It will fit in a selectee's pocket or a pretty's purse—or both. Use it to remind you of particular pleasures, primarily, for the contemplation of the Petty pictures will inevitably distract you from dull duties. It is, perhaps, the most devastating device for the banishment of care since Pippa passed and Stukas dived. If the R.A.F. had dropped *this* last year, instead of leaflets, the war might already have been won.

You'll probably want two, but get one now while the getting is good—for the impetuosity of Petty followers is proverbial, and soon may be too late. The price is only fifty cents—but the time is now!

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

ESQUIRE, Dept. 1, P.O. Box 1719, Chicago, Ill.

It's a date, Esquire! So before I forget, here's my order for the new 92-page **Petty Phone Number and Date Book**, good for six years, as pictured above. I understand this attractive, 5" x 7" plastic-bound booklet features full-color reproductions of the thirteen most popular Petty numbers of all time...and that it provides ample space for memos, dates, phone numbers or even diary notes! (U.S. orders only.)

Send me________books @ 50c each, for which I remit $________in full.

*My Name*________________________

*Address*________________________

*City-State*________________________

☐ I am an Esquire Subscriber ☐ I am a newsstand buyer

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OF
LORDS
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The Largest-Selling Imported Dry Gin in the United States

100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS 86 PROOF

The World's Finest!

PARK & TILFORD
IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Visit the 'Riviera of America' for dinner or supper. See the country's outstanding talent with 30 of America's Loveliest Girls. 3 Orchestras
3 Shows—8, 12, 2

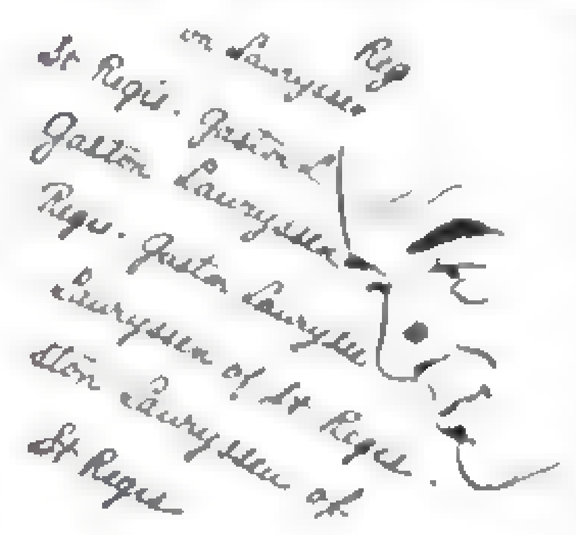
Ben Marden's
RIVIERA

BEN MARDEN'S RIVIERA

JUST about every dining and drinking spot advertised in this issue is glad to serve you
NATIONAL PREMIUM BEER
Maryland's greatest contribution to nice living. Costly but really worth it.

brewed by
THE NATIONAL
BREWING COMPANY
Baltimore, Md.

Tall athletic-military-bearinged Gaston Lauryssen, executive director of Vincent Astor's St. Regis, doesn't aim to make this super-sumptuous Fifth Avenue hostelry *homelike* but rather a place of smooth perfections such as the human spirit dreams of but rarely finds—an establishment where every conceivable wish is intuitively anticipated. Whether your home be staffed with five servants or ten, they are functioning under limitations which don't exist here. For example, you'd hardly call up your butler on a Sunday evening to inform him you are arriving back at your town house with 1 doz. guests for dinner so have the chef prepare brook trout en papillote and squabs Véronique. Nor could you name any fine wine at random and expect your cellarer to basket or bucket it forthwith. Under Lauryssen auspices, however, you not only may order as you please, with fulfillment assured, but in addition you enjoy the benefit of admirable suggestions from gifted experts. For nothing about this hotel is humdrum routine: your personal tastes and requirements are individually catered to. Gaston Lauryssen sees to it that they are, he happening to be a fellow who *knows*.



Belgian born, he gave up a law course to learn hotelling; interrupted by the previous World War, he was decorated for bravery as a cavalry officer; then came to America, adopted our citizenship and eventually proved to be the answer to Vincent Astor's prayer. Affable yet utterly unpushing, he plays the continual rôle of the observing guest, dining nightly at ringside with his charming wife and noticing any possible flaw in the service. Although possessed of six assistant managers, he deals personally with any situation that needs attention anywhere in the hotel. A new waiter whose technique isn't irreproachable will find himself seated at a table the following morning and waited upon by the grand boss himself. And somehow the lesson is remembered. As for wines—well, Lauryssen is American president of the worshipful Chevaliers du Tastevin.

Don't expect sand in your shoes at Fefe's Beach Club, new annex of his seasonally shuttered Monte Carlo of East 54th. The lush décor, including a Bar motived with oversize bananas, is by Franklin Hughes. Rhythm bandier John Kirby, acquired from Café Society Uptown, supplies the musical entertainment—if you can hear it above the welter of chit-chat. And Gene Cavallero rules the gastronomy department with urbane mien, occasionally rescuing an incoming dowager from being trampled on in the stampede for sit-places.

Though the Met is mute at this time of year, we don't miss it, what with Eddie Davis singing his arias at Leon & Eddie's in his treasured Rabelais-rouser manner, and cartoons on the walls thereof giving us our French. Even the ladies of the ensemble will do as well as the ones in *Il Trovatore*. Or better . . . Gramercy Parkers have the run of additional shrubbery for cocktail purposes at the Hotel George Washington's sidewalk café, Lexington & 23rd. (No relation to Martha.) . . . Host artists Margot and Cy operate interlocked pianos at their "Cloop," neatly shoeboxed beside Tony's of West 52nd . . . Dire would be the fate of a stuffed shirt that wandered unsuspectingly into Club 18 when drollsters Jack White, Frankie Hyers and Pat Harrington were in full wackihood. A case of cream puff meets sledgehammer . . . Prexy Frank L. Andrews of the Hotel New Yorker is entitled to order himself a Frozen Flame Continental (brandy bonfire of fruits, ice cream, cake) on the strength of his current ice show, headed by sensational blonde whirly ballerina Belita, with assorted star teams and solo stuntists in her wake. For color, variety, dash and concerted precision, this glide revue garners the jackpot.

ENJOY THESE ENTICING LONG DRINKS FROM THE TROPICS

For out-and-out *taste appeal* you'll find there's nothing like a Planters' Punch or Rum Collins, mixed with this original *dark* Jamaica Rum! For wealth of flavour —

The Rum must be MYERS'S

"Planters' Punch" Brand
100% FINE MELLOW JAMAICA
97 PROOF

PLANTERS' PUNCH
ONE OF SOUR (1 part fresh Lime Juice)
TWO OF SWEET (2 parts sugar)
THREE OF STRONG (3 parts Myers's Rum)
FOUR OF WEAK (4 parts ice and water)

Add a dash of Angostura Bitters. Serve very cold in a tall glass with cracked ice. Add a cherry.

★

Write for FREE Recipe Booklet
R. U. DELAPENHA & CO., INC.
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Knowing Hosts Choose . . .
BAR-X
For Better Drinks
"THE PERFECT LEMON MIX"
BAR-X COMPANY Des Moines, Iowa

★ ★ ★ NEW
PARTY RECORDS
(Not for goody-goods)
Album No. 2 of songs by Dwight Fiske rivals our famous first album. Songs saucy, sophisticated, wickedly clever! Titillate your friends with: **The King and the Queen, Molly O'Toole the Fan Dancer, Columbus and Isabella, Africa Whispers, Mr. Seven, Mr. Webster, The Colonel's Tropical Bird, and the Last Cure.** In special Rabson Album $5.00 (4-12" records). While in the Rabelaisian mood order also Dwight Fiske Album No. 1, containing 8 hilarious, slightly scandalous ditties on 4-12" discs, $5.00. We Pay U. S. Postage.
FREE—Write for Party Record List
RABSONS MUSIC SHOP
111 West 52nd St. Dept. 161R, New York

STOP
IT'S WONDERFUL!
LEON & EDDIE'S
33 W 52 ST NEW YORK

RELAX *and* RIDE
No need to worry about directions. Get The Hull Streamline Auto Compass Built-In Compensator *Only* $2.95 *at Your Dealer.* Write for Literature
HULL MFG. CO., P. O. Box 246-69, WARREN, O.

The Little Red Schoolhouse is just a symbol . . .

FEW of us actually went to a little red schoolhouse or were taught to the tune of a hickory stick. These things, to most of us, are just symbols that help us evoke our own schoolday memories. Remember those busy days when we were getting ready for school?

Most of us had much the same experience. When we were moppets in grade school, Mother was our full-time purchasing agent. Gradually we had more to say about what was bought for us. But the final arbiter of our back-to-school purchases was usually Mother. She inventoried our needs and saw that they were satisfied. Often when we had our heart set on something special but didn't consider the family exchequer, Mother somehow made sure that we got it. Remember?

Today, as yesterday, Mother's usually the central and dominant influence in the back-to-school market. Whatever you sell, don't forget to tell her. Better yet, tell the whole family: youngsters who will use or wear what you sell . . . mothers who will buy or help select it . . . fathers who will pay the bills. In New York, concentrate in *The Sun*. Over 300,000 families in the average-and-above income brackets—mothers, fathers, school-age children—*depend upon The Sun!*

The Sun
NEW YORK

N. B.—In the world's greatest market, merchandisers concentrate more [illegible] advertising in The Sun than in any other New York weekday newspaper and have for years!

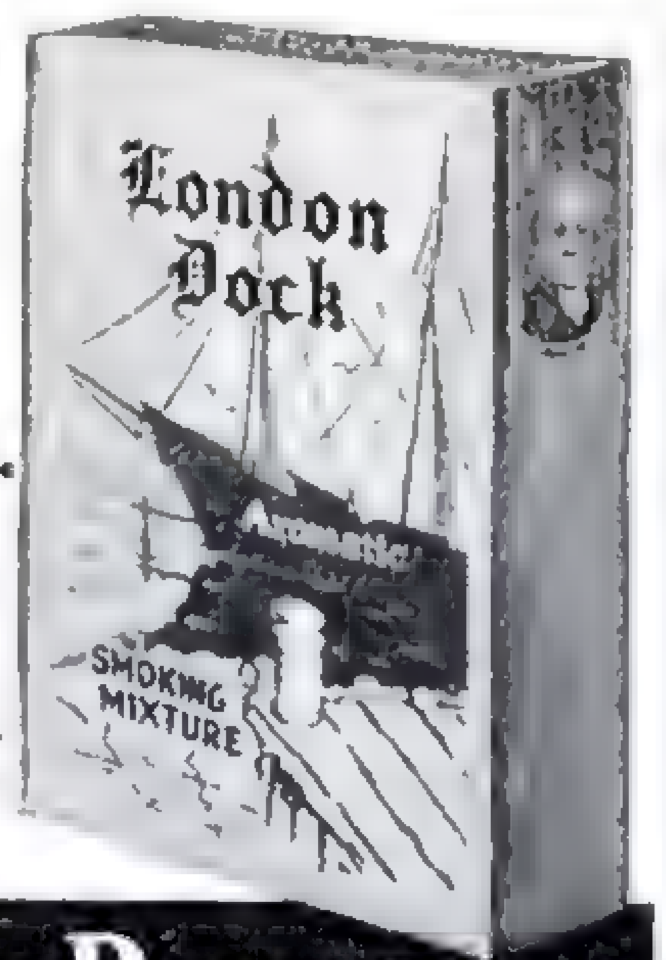
PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

Top Hole Aroma.. It's LONDON DOCK Tobacco!

TRY London Dock,"America's Finest Aromatic Tobacco," and see how much this skillful blend of the world's finest aromatic leaves can add to your pipe smoking enjoyment.

If, by chance, you feel that London Dock is too rich alone, mix it to suit your taste—it will add quality to any other smoking tobacco. Your favorite tobacconist has London Dock.

2 Ounce Package 40¢
$300 per lb.
Sample 10c
Send 10c to
London Dock Div.
128 Delmar Blvd.
St. Louis, Mo.



Christian Peper · St. Louis
Fine Tobaccos Since 1852

A COCKTAIL BOOK FOR THE AMATEUR

Laird's new 48 page Cocktail Booklet contains tested recipes, helps, hints and other useful information designed to help you mix better drinks. Get your copy now . . .

IT'S FREE

Simply send your name and address, enclosing a 3 cent stamp to cover handling, to . . .

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Scobeyville,
Monmouth
County,
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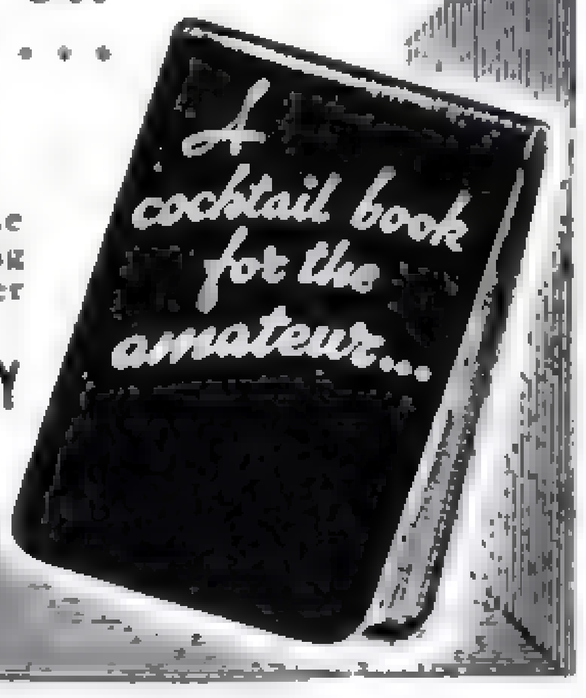


15th
of every month is the day to look for the new ESQUIRE on the newsstands

Champs-Elysées
Le Restaurant Par Excellence
CUISINE FRANCAISE
Famous for the Special
CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES DINNER
Finest Vintage Wines and Liquors
25 E. 40th ST. MU 4-8833 N.Y.

That old fire-snitcher Prometheus, who sculpturally presides over the Promenade Café in Rockefeller Center, has had his pool transformed into a wet nursery for baby sea-lions. They do frisky flipper-floppers while you refresh yourself from the menu and drink roster. For color, a flock of macaws are perched about, tethered by their slave bracelets. For picturesque prickle, the Government of Mexico has well-wished 2,000 cacti, from tiny to pipe-organ size, which any one who doesn't like this column is hereby invited to sit on seriatim. For others there are quite a number of chairs, tables, and motley umbrellas under which to park, or even flex, an elbow.

Just so its name, Delmonico's, wouldn't seem a misfit, the grandiose modern hotel at Park Avenue and 59th puts itself to the trouble of purveying glamor such as the late Mr. Delmonico would have approved, and cuisine and service at which he would have rubbed his hands in satisfaction. Verifying this happy state of affairs, we sauntered down the steps of the dropped salle of eats, hearing a pleasant tinkle at our right as barman Frank shook up a round of Daiquiris. Maître Louis Agazzi, who functioned at the original old Delmonico Restaurant, and in the course of his career has major-domoed the service of four Presidents of the United States, gave us droppers-in an excellent demonstration of his skill in framing up a superb meal. First, assorted Canapés Moscovite; ice-nested Vichyssoise; Filet of Sole Francine (Bonne Femme, plus a touch of fried apple), accompanied by well-chilled Inglenook Semillon 1932; Suprême of Capon Delmonico with Mousseline sauced asparagus, squired by basketed Inglenook Red Pinot 1939; Salad Rachel (truffled celery root couchant on romaine); mixed fresh strawberries and raspberries doused with kirsch; coffee, brandy, liqueurs. Chef Gabriel Linassier who wanded the preparation of these perfections was an Escoffier henchman at the Carleton in London, with subsequent achievements at Trouville, Dieppe, Biarritz and Washington's Hotel Willard. The flavors he conjures are as gracious to your palate as the beauty of the room is to your eye.

Summer décor-conditioned as well as air-conditioned, the celebrity cluttered Stork Club and its Cub are ignoring the weather and merrily masquerading as the height of the season . . . The Waldorf-Astoria's Starlight Roof, where you can dine or sup out on the battlements if you wish, is tossing attendance records overboard with a combination of lure made up of urbane Latin Xavier Cugat and his orchestra; Miguelito Valdes, Afro-Cuban singster; Evelyn Tyner, piano sensationalist; Frakson the wily magician; and the Hermanos Williams Trio, tango rhythm acrobats . . . Dapper Don Alberto, orchestra leader at El Chico, has gone into his twenty-second year of stance as imparter of Hispanic urge to Yank ankles . . . Canapé expounder Jame Beard has busted out with a new tome entitled *Cook It Outdoors*, discoursing on the makings of bona fide Burgoo, Napa Valley Hamburger, and al fresco broiled turkey; also the equipment . . . Platter-sized Pacific Coast crabs, plane flown from Dungeness Bay, Washington; South African lobster tails; broiled speckled brook trout; Hungarian Fisherman's Soup—these are some of the reasons why people fight for a couple of square feet of table at the King of the Sea Restaurant, Third Ave. at 53rd. New York State wines are the featured accompaniment.

Renamed the Zombie in honor of the drink which helped it to fame, Monte Proser's tropical atmospheric shoulder of the Winter Garden keeps on a-rhumbaing to the throbwork of Eduardo Chavez, with Midge-Fielding-directed lookers swaying in fresh-noted routines, and other specialties betweentimes. For those who prefer to merely loll and watch, it's a surprisingly chummy place.

The Plaza
NEW YORK

Starred in every itinerary New York and the Plaza
Summer Rates from $5
Air-conditioned rooms available
Henry A. Rost, President and Managing Director

THE PLAZA • FACING CENTRAL PARK
FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-NINTH ST.

After eating TOO MUCH or drinking TOO MANY

THE WORLD'S PICK...ME...UP

FERNET BRANCA SINCE 1845

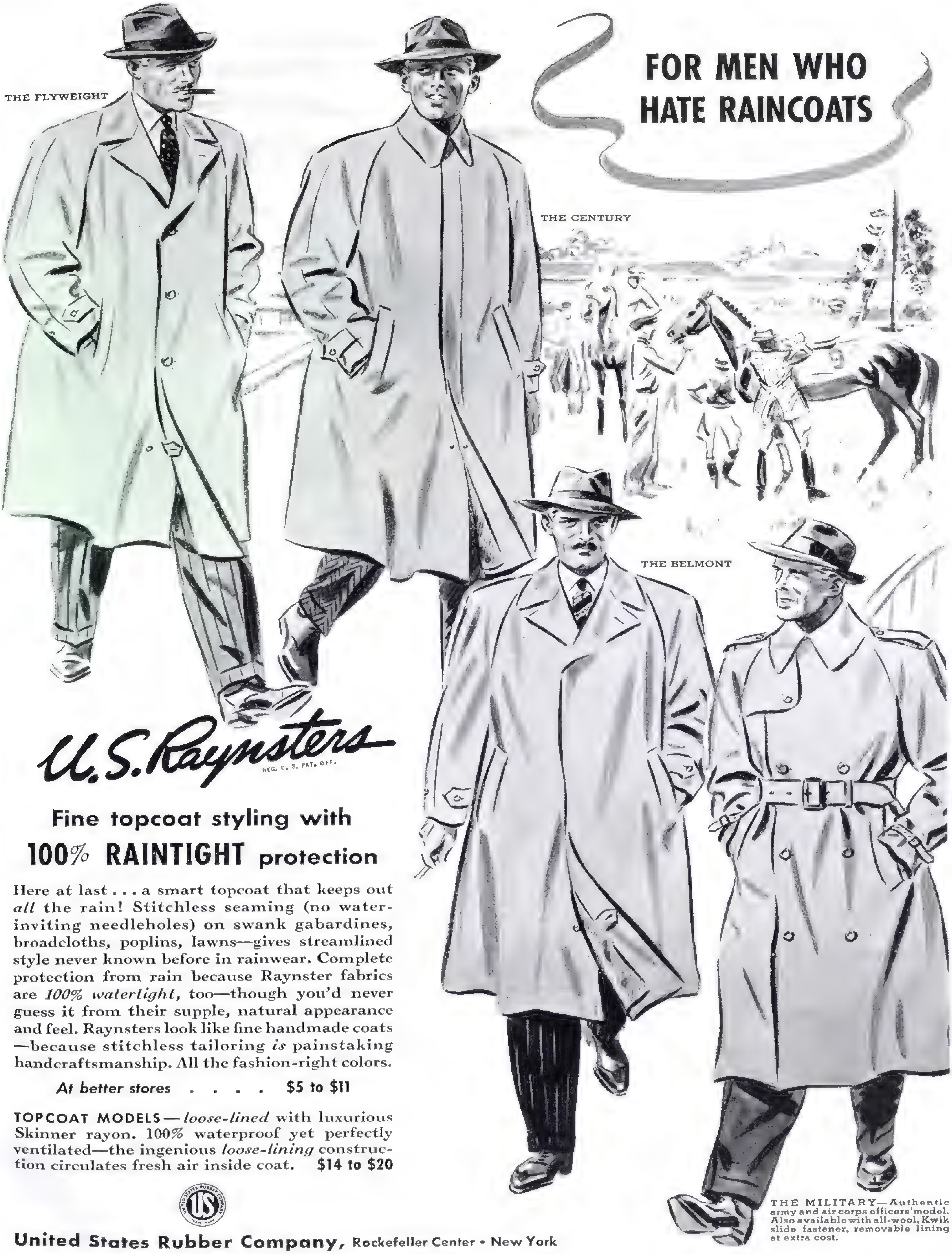
At good restaurants, hotels, bars, drug and grocery stores

•

In the United States
Fratelli Branca & Co., Inc., N. Y.
Copr. 1941, Fratelli Branca & Co., Inc.

SAVE THEM!
Millions of civilian
WAR VICTIMS
Face Starvation,
Disease — Death
GIVE
WAR RELIEF FUND
AMERICAN RED CROSS
Give Through Your Local Chapter

FOR MEN WHO HATE RAINCOATS



THE MILITARY—Authentic army and air corps officers' model. Also available with all-wool, Kwik slide fastener, removable lining at extra cost.

U.S. Raynsters

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Fine topcoat styling with 100% RAINTIGHT protection

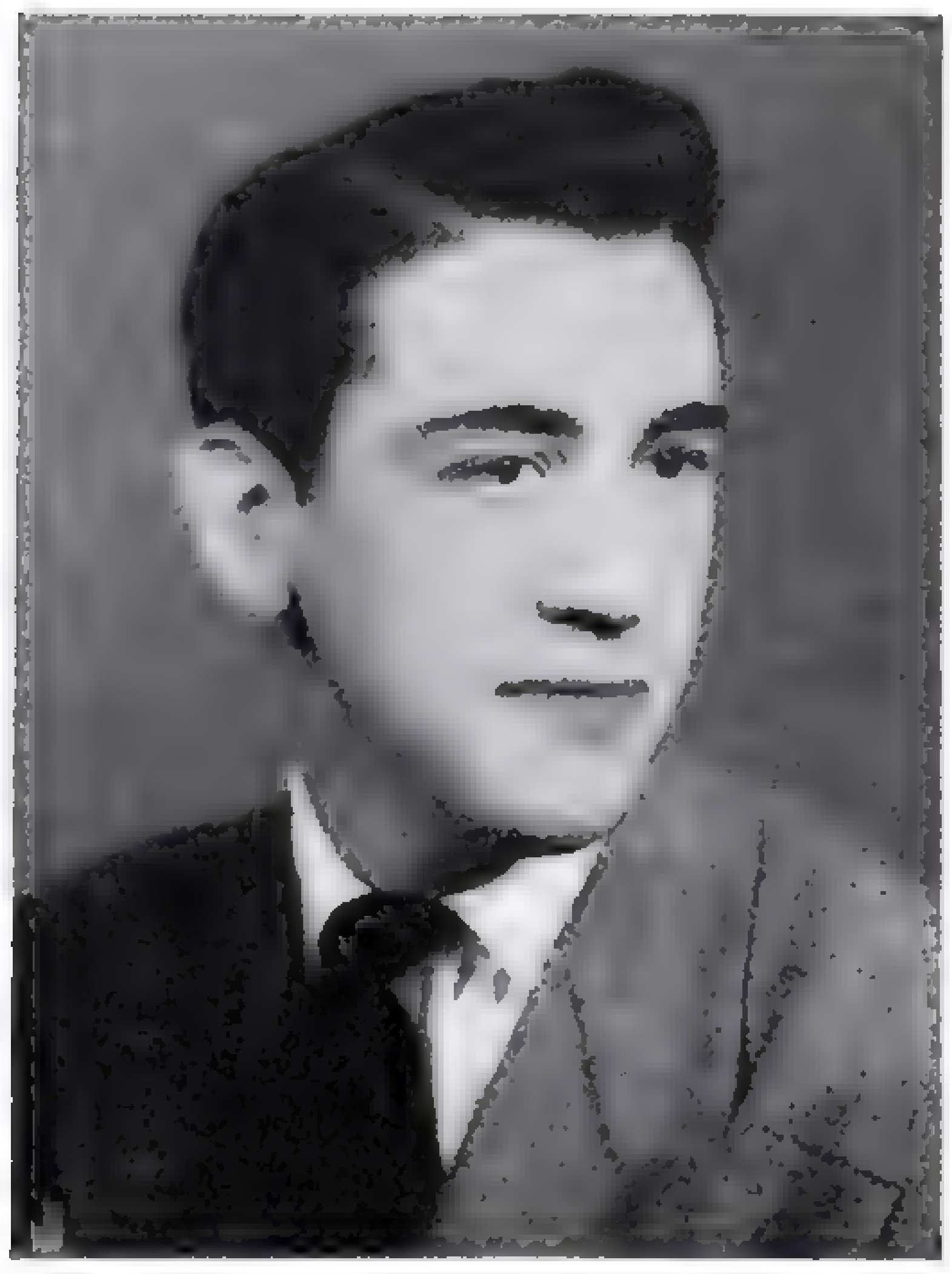
Here at last . . . a smart topcoat that keeps out *all* the rain! Stitchless seaming (no water-inviting needleholes) on swank gabardines, broadcloths, poplins, lawns—gives streamlined style never known before in rainwear. Complete protection from rain because Raynster fabrics are *100% watertight*, too—though you'd never guess it from their supple, natural appearance and feel. Raynsters look like fine handmade coats—because stitchless tailoring *is* painstaking handcraftsmanship. All the fashion-right colors.

At better stores . . . . **$5 to $11**

TOPCOAT MODELS—*loose-lined* with luxurious Skinner rayon. 100% waterproof yet perfectly ventilated—the ingenious *loose-lining* construction circulates fresh air inside coat. **$14 to $20**

United States Rubber Company, Rockefeller Center • New York

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

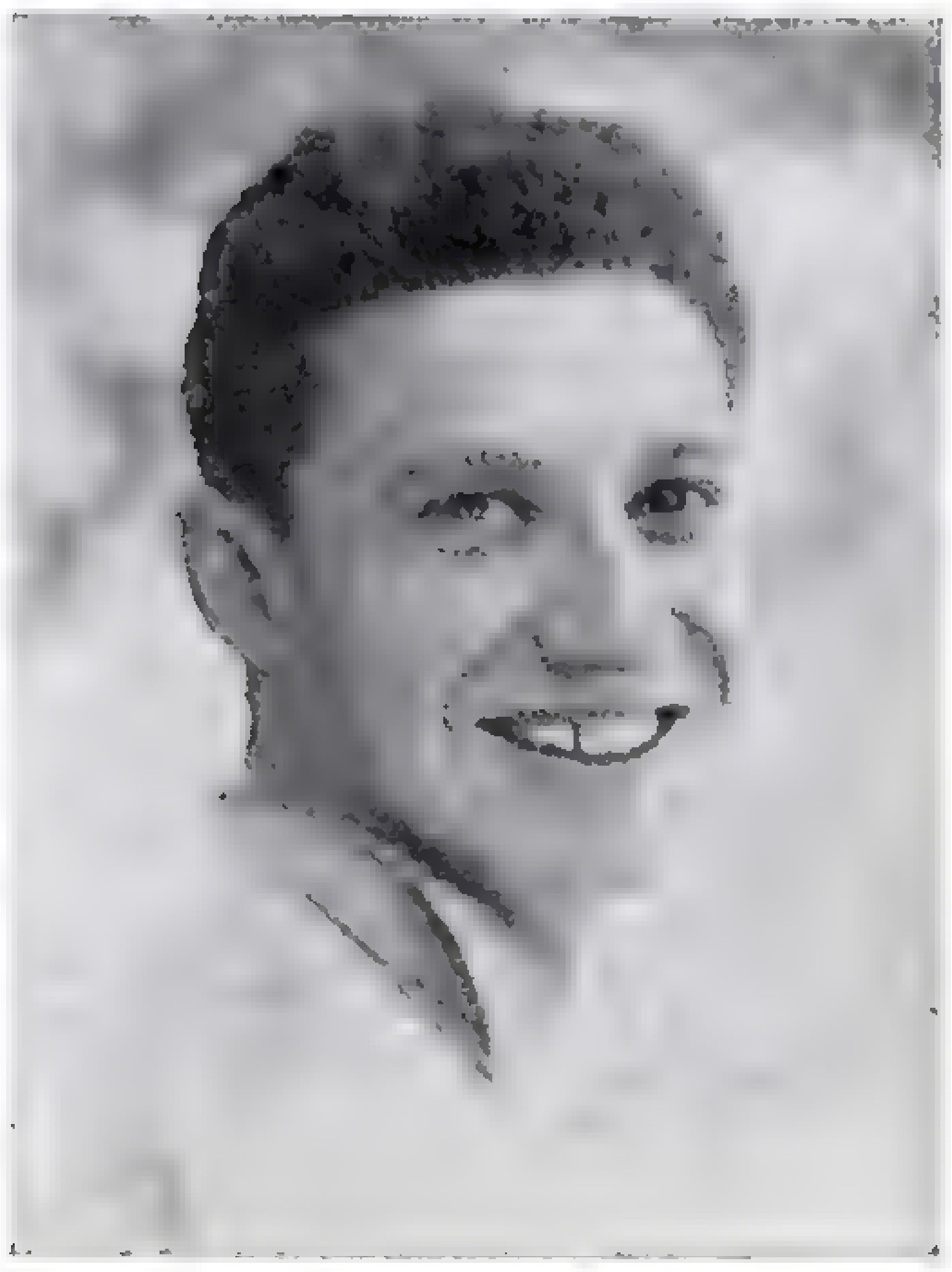


J. D. Salinger

J. D. Salinger sold his first piece to *Story* magazine last year. He was born in Manhattan twenty-two years ago, educated in city schools, a military academy and three colleges, never advancing beyond the freshman year. He visited pre-Anschluss Vienna when he was eighteen, winning high honors in beer hoisting. In Poland he worked in a ham factory and slaughter house, and on returning to America he went to a small college in Pennsylvania where, he says, he wrote a smug little column for the weekly paper. Then he attended Columbia, and studied in Whit Burnett's short story group. His satire on formula fiction, *The Heart of a Broken Story*, is on page 32.

•

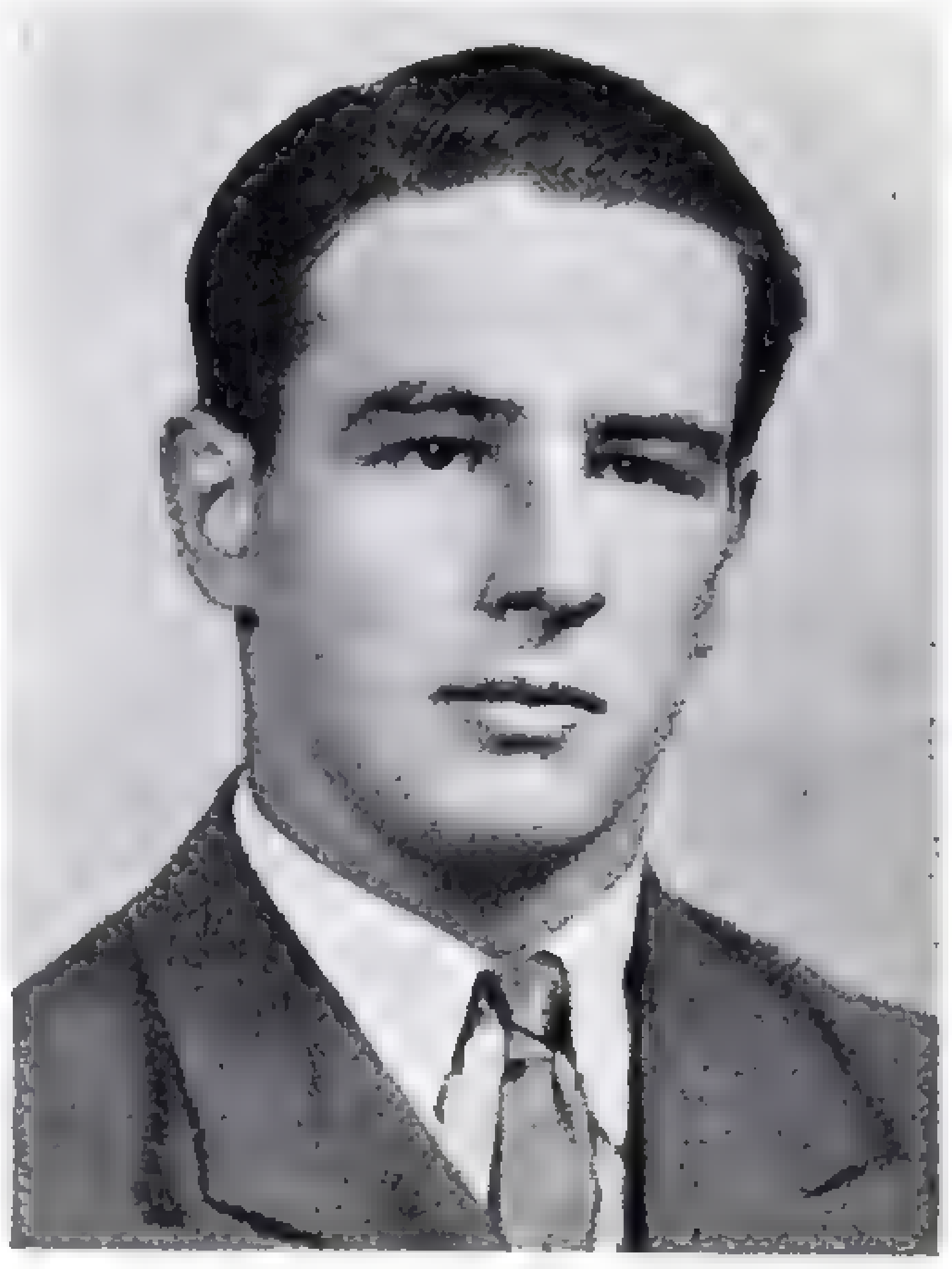
Budd Wilson Schulberg, who has lived in Hollywood since he was six, says: "I more or less grew up with the town; we are still on friendly terms, though critical of each other." Some of this judicious attitude is expressed in *The Real Viennese Schmalz*, page 68, as well as in his recent best-seller, *What Makes Sammy Run*. He graduated from Los Angeles High School, where, he recalls, he wrote editorials about keeping the grounds clean, spent a year at Deerfield Academy and then went on to Dartmouth. He married soon after his graduation in 1936 and went to work in the Selznick Pictures' story department as a reader, "eventually crawling into the junior writing class." He is rather proud of the fact that he was once Secretary of the Southern California Pigeon Racing Association, and on a good night, can sing every libretto of Gilbert and Sullivan. He is twenty-seven.



Budd Wilson Schulberg

•

Joe Abrams believes his taste for irony has been forced on him by fate. He once wrote an anti-Hitler play which was produced in the very auditorium in which Pelley's Silver Shirts held their meetings. Last summer, he, knowing next to nothing about Lincoln, wrote a pageant about him which was produced in New Salem, Illinois, where even the street gamins could tell Carl Sandburg a few things. To top if off, he's always felt that the feminine name Tillie was one that belonged only to the comic strips. Last February he was married . . . and her name's Tillie.



Andrew L. Michuda

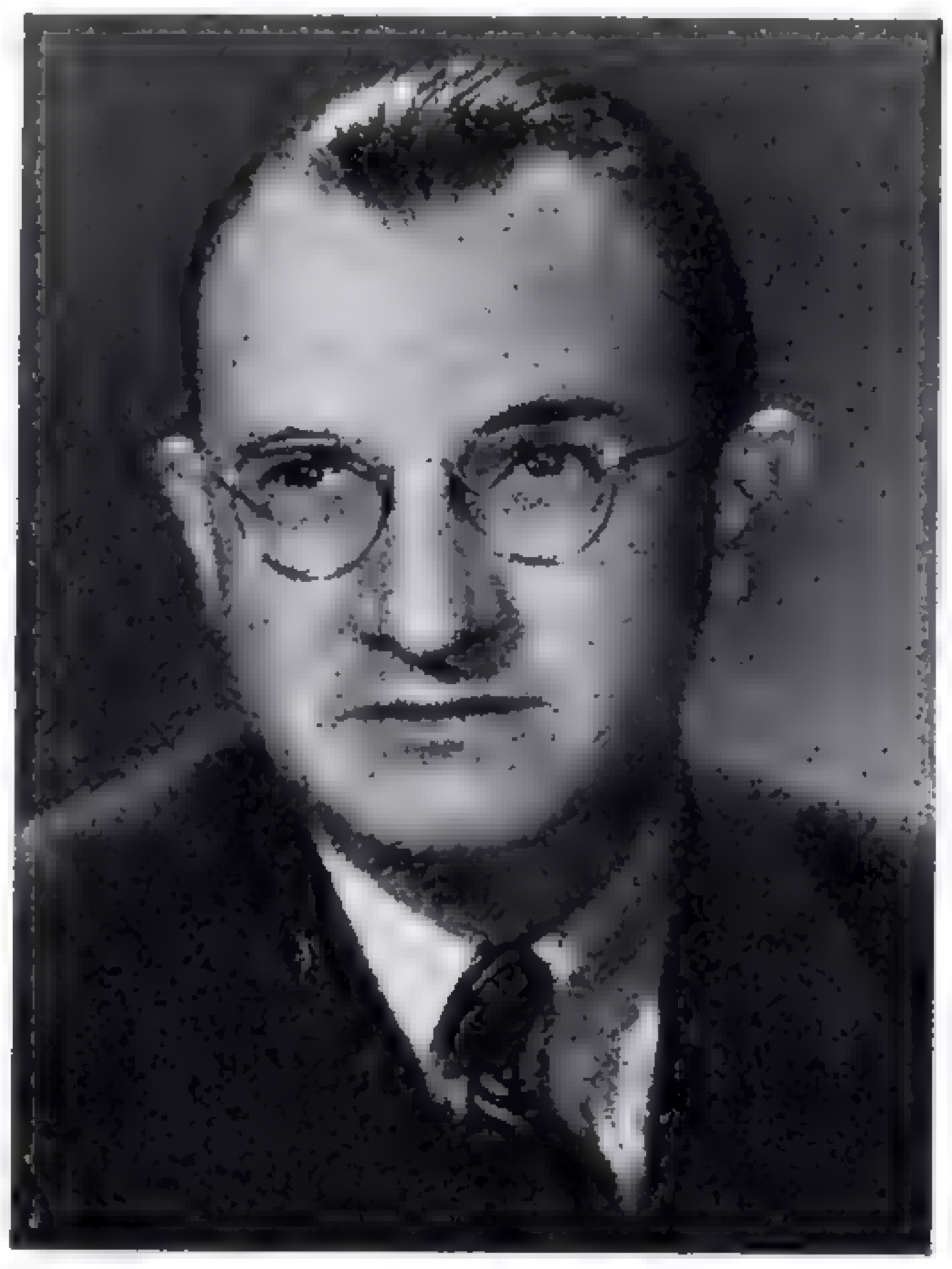
Andrew L. Michuda (who wrote "*Bugs" That Almost Fly*, page 92) says: "I attended Northwestern University for several years and am now enrolled at De Paul. All my university training has been assimilated during evenings. My positions in life have been many and diverse, ranging from a subway 'rat' to my present post with the Civil Aeronautics Administration. An avid pipe smoker, I am a great lover of sports and the outdoors, participating actively in tennis, ice skating, golf and fishing. One of my pet aversions is women who smoke."

•

Paul T. Gilbert has had three newspapers shot from under him: the *Chicago Inter Ocean*, the *Chicago Evening Post* and the *Chicago Herald & Examiner*. On these, and other papers, he has served as editorial and feature writer, drama, movie and art reviewer and columnist. He is best known for his juveniles, especially the "Bertram" books and stories, and is creator of the Bertram cartoon strip. Other work includes a history of Chicago, many poems, and, in collaboration with Walter Lanz, ten-cent "Andy Panda" books. A new children's book, *Elmer Buys a Circus*, is on Grosset & Dunlap's fall list.

•

Will F. Jenkins (author of *A Tale of the Sea*, page 29), has been a large number of people during his lifetime. He was once Major Owen Hatteras, of *Smart Set*, and for a time he was Louisa Carter Lee, a lady novelist of some popularity in the love-story magazines. He was even, on one or two occasions after Gilbert Lee Patten had relinquished that identity, the immortal Burt L. Standish of Frank Merriwell fame. And for a considerably longer time he was Murray Leinster of the pulps. Now that he is himself again, and permanently, his work appears in various smooth-paper magazines, in several of the European languages, and in Braille.



Francis J. Powers

Francis J. Powers, farm born and raised in Ohio, decided early to desert the plow because 4 A. M. came round too soon. After attending the University of Dayton and Ohio State, he did hitches writing sports for the *Dayton News*, *Cleveland News* and *Consolidated Press*. He has a wife, and an Irish setter which will go any distance to see a football game.

•

Bob Russell (*The Great Devil Fish*, page 53) turned to his hobby, fishing, when his small radio transformer factory was scattered over several Texas counties by a hurricane. His ambition is to capture a giant ray with rod and reel. He's hooked five of the monsters and lost them all—one after a seven-hour fight during which the ray towed his canoe twenty miles in the open Pacific. He makes his own giant reels for fighting rays. And for a living he designs fishing reels and tackle for manufacturers; does a fishing column for several Texas newspapers and writes articles and fiction about fishing.

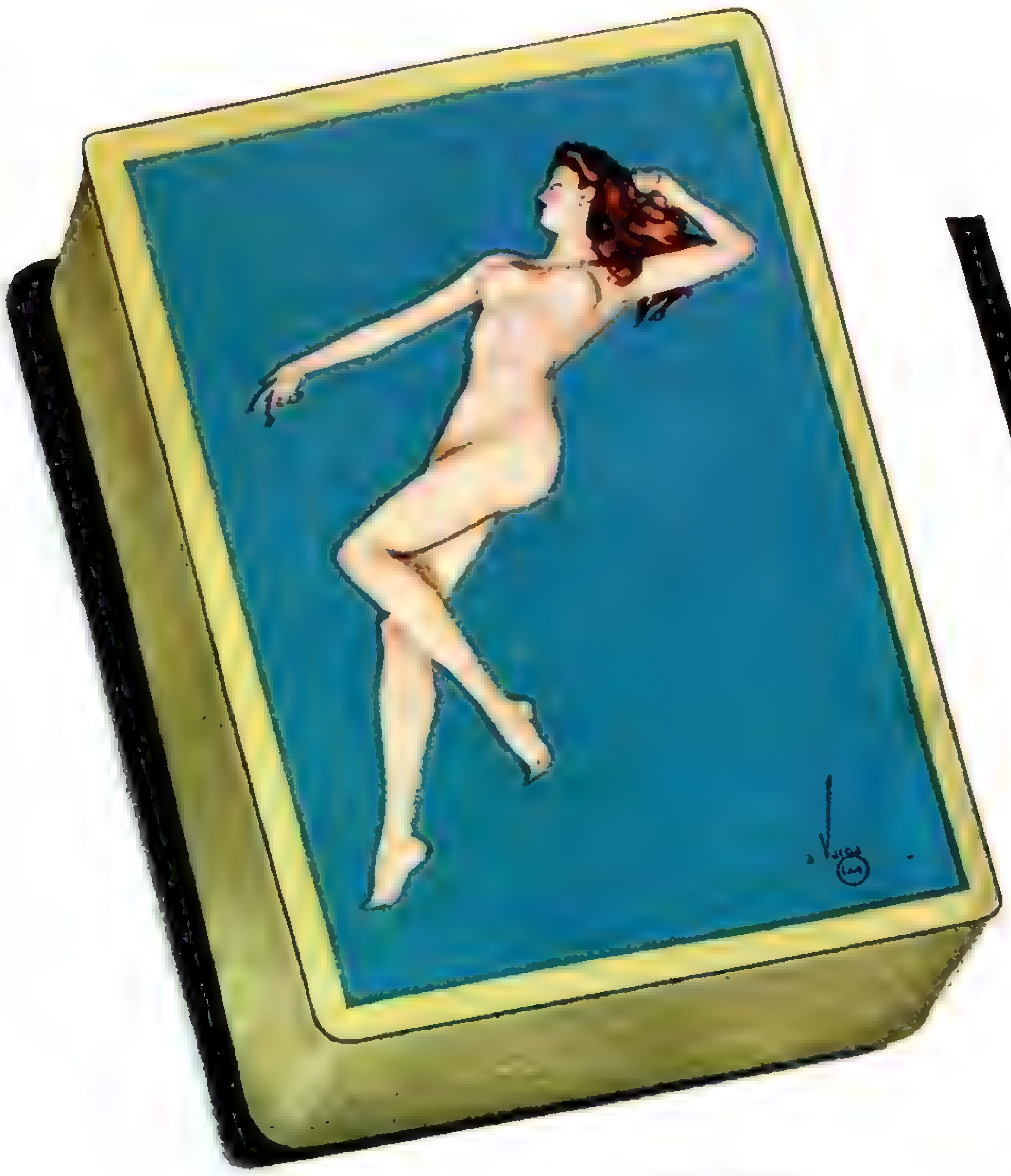
Henri Troyat

Henri Troyat (*Elegant Erratum of M. Laquelle*, page 34) was born in Moscow in 1911. In 1920, following the Russian Revolution, he sought refuge in Paris where he studied at the Lycée Pasteur and obtained a degree in law. He was naturalized French and during his military service, when he was garrisoned at Metz, his first book, *Faux Jour*, was published and awarded the *Prix Populiste*. His later books include *Le Vivier*, *Grandeur Nature*, *L'Araigne*, which was awarded the *Prix Goncourt* in 1930 and two collections of short stories, *La Clé de Voute* and *La Fosse Commune*.

•

Williston P. Munger, Jr., co-author with Philip Harkins of *Behind the Aussies Lies Australia*, spent six months in that country, assisting a friend who tried to make Aussies conscious of an American proprietary product. Stymied by tariff restrictions, the friend returned to the States, but Munger remained to write a few columns for the *Sydney Sunday Sun*, to barnstorm "the Bush" with a troupe of aviators, to invest in and study state lotteries, and do a bit of beachcombing on Lindeman Island near the Great Barrier Reef. He now works for Arthur Kudner, a New York advertising agency, and edits *Brazil*.

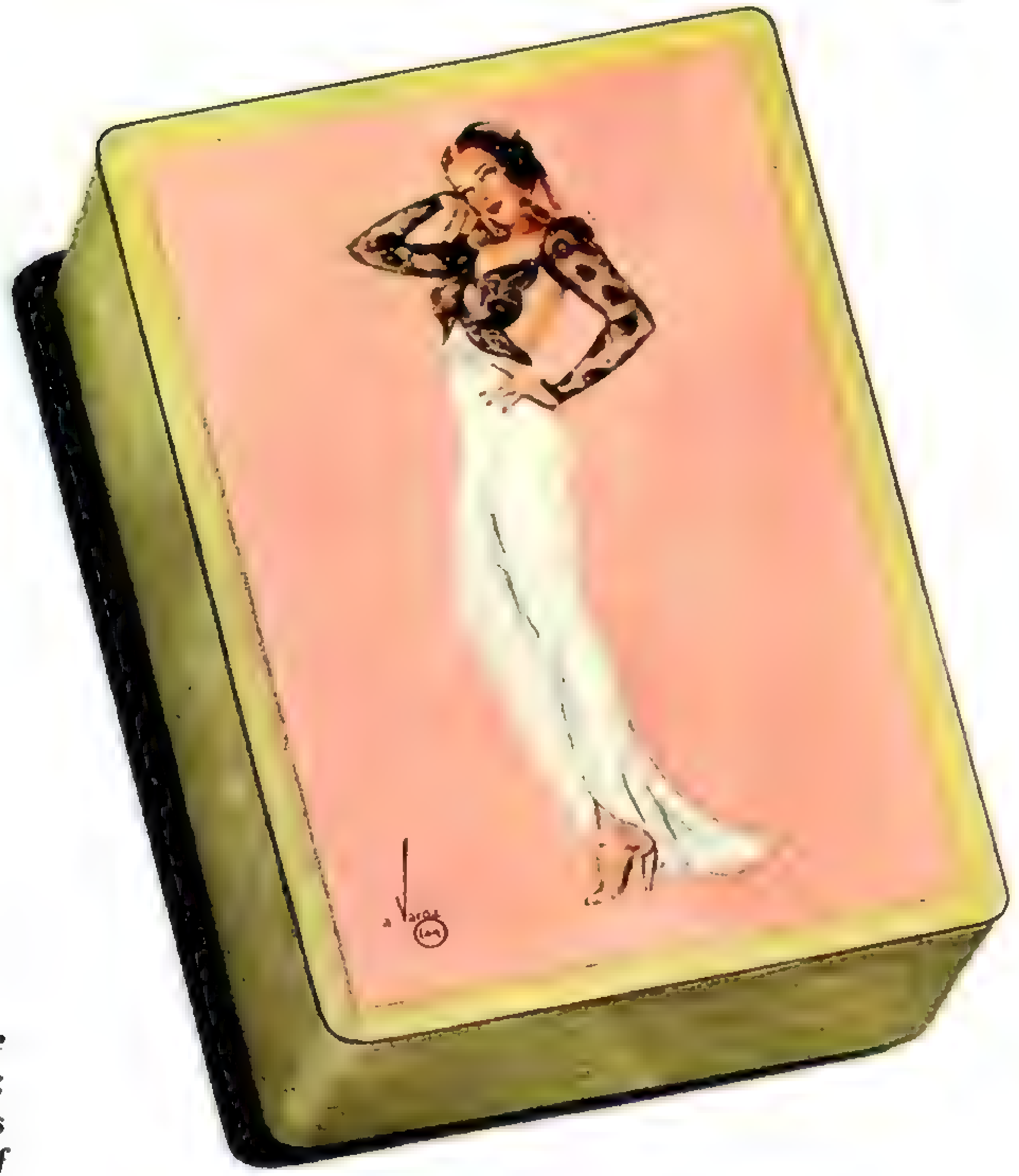
Williston P. Munger, Jr.



"A" Deck

Varga

Lingering, like Summer, is the Varga girl's goodbye —on playing cards priced at two decks for 95¢



"B" Deck

"A" Deck is just the Varga girl, per se; "B" Deck is Varga's idealized conception of MGM's Ziegfeld Girl. Either deck for 50c; both decks for 95c.

THIS announcement comes as a surprise to everybody. We hadn't expected to continue the sale of Varga playing cards beyond our original offer through the pages of Esquire. But the demand so far exceeded our expectations that we were forced into additional production to meet it. And this demand came not only from individuals who answered the first ads in Esquire but from leading stores as well—wanting the Varga girl playing cards for their customers. So now, while present stocks last, these luck-bringing cards are available either direct from us, per coupon below, or from the leading department stores listed below. This is one of those rare occasions when opportunity knocks twice—so if you missed getting yours before, get them now.

YOU CAN PURCHASE THE VARGA PLAYING CARDS AT ANY OF THESE STORES:

NEW YORK, N. Y.
Bloomingdale Bros.
Gimbel Brothers
R. H. Macy & Co.
Saks Fifth Avenue

BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Abraham & Straus
Frederick Loeser & Co.

NEWARK, N. J.
L. Bamberger & Co.
Kresge Dept. Store

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Gimbel Brothers
John Wanamaker

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO
Strouss-Hirshberg Co.

HARTFORD, CONN.
G. Fox & Co.

TRENTON, N. J.
S. P. Dunham & Co.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.
Katz & Besthoff, Ltd.
Worner Drug Stores

CHICAGO, ILL.
Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
The Fair
Mandel Brothers

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
The May Co.

SEATTLE, WASH.
Frederick & Nelson

DENVER, COLO.
Denver Dry Goods Co.

CINCINNATI, OHIO
The John Shillito Co.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS
Joske Bros. Co.

DAYTON, OHIO
Rike-Kumler Co.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.
Kohn, Furchgott Co.

NASHVILLE, TENN.
The Castner-Knott
Dry Goods Co.

DETROIT, MICH.
Crowley-Milner & Co.
Kinsel Drug Co.

PORTLAND, ORE.
Meier & Frank Co.

CLEVELAND, OHIO
The Higbee Co.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
The Wm. H. Block Co.

TOLEDO, OHIO
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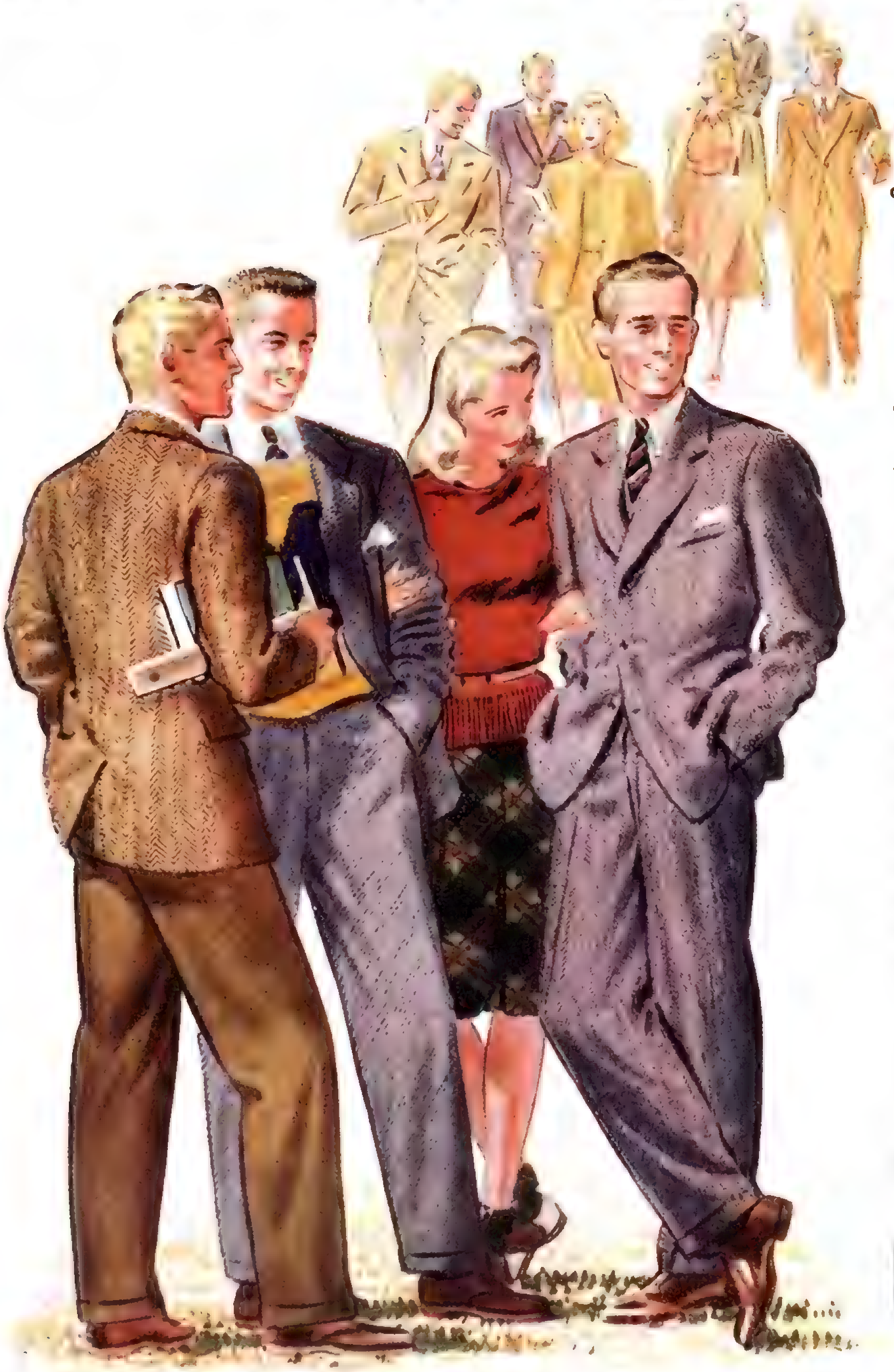
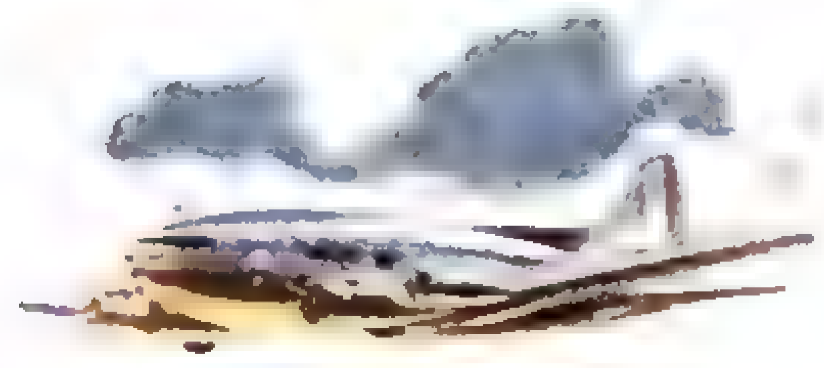
Dressing the Student Body





IF YOU WANT TO STAY ON THE BEAM
CLOTHES-WISE THIS FALL, GET YOURSELF A...

Pan American
SHETLAND

You don't have to be a Phi Bete to figure out *why*. For one look at the campus... any campus ...when school starts, will prove that rough fabrics are the most important of all suitings for back-to-school wear...and Pan American Shetlands are the smartest rough fabrics of the year!

HERE'S THE LOW-DOWN on these new Shetlands: Hart Schaffner & Marx woolen buyers flew down Argentine way to comb South America for just the right wools for this new Shetland suiting. From the Argentine they picked Corriente wool... soft, silky, luxurious.

THEN THEY DIPPED INTO CHILE for the choice Punta wools...strong and tough. The blend of these two fine wools has resulted in a remarkable fabric that has that mellow, weather-beaten look favored by most university men... and a "plus" in wearing quality never before available in a Shetland... *any* Shetland... cross our heart.

SO, BEFORE YOU GO BACK, better go around to the store in your town that sells Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes and say "Pan American." You'll be surprised how easy its price will be on your allowance or on dad's charge account.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

The Trumpeter Label

A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR... A BIG THING TO FIND

The End of Hitler

No punishment could ever fit his crimes but it's sweet to recall unhappy deaths of other conquerors, greater men than he

by RUPERT HUGHES

• ARTICLE •

FOR, of course, he will end. He will die. Everybody dies. Everything ends. But when will Hitler end? and where? Ay, there's the rub.

He may be dying while I write. He may be gone before this is published. He may outlive most of us.

According to a recent statement by Pierre van Paassen, Hitler believes, and his astrologers agree, that he will die in 1941.

But that seems almost too good to be true. Furthermore, Hitler has no conscience about breaking his promises. He announced that he would be in London last September, but he didn't get around to it. And so his pledge to sup in Valhalla this year is of dubious value. But should he pass on before this war ends, it is almost certain that his bloody temple will fall to pieces. For he is regarded and treated, not as a national monarch whose successor is already waiting; not as a human fallible general who can be replaced. He is a god to his people and his high priests command none of the idolatry that has bewitched his formerly intelligent nation.

Should he die before peace is agreed on, his subordinates would almost certainly begin to fight one another. In the resulting anarchy, the downtrodden nations would spring to new life in widespread revolts. The decent and long-suppressed Germans at home and abroad would once more dare to speak and act, and the countless exiles would begin to come home.

That is what has practically always happened in history. It happened when Alexander the Great died suddenly, when Constantine and Charlemagne faded away gradually, when Napoleon surrendered to the British.

When the tide turns against Hitler's armies, as it is manifestly doing, and when his inhumanly efficient machine begins to falter, his armies may turn against him, or his people may make his country unsafe for him, as they did when the Kaiser's troops began to fall back at all points. Then all sorts of things might happen, such as deposition, trial and execution—as Charles I and Louis XVI were put to death by their peoples. Assassination by stealth or downright open murder might close his accounts, as they did with so many Roman commanders and emperors and the leaders of other conquering peoples when things went wrong.

In the full flush of Alexander the Great's unbroken triumphs, his army revolted and flatly refused to march any further on his *Drang nach Osten.* The hooves of their horses were actually worn off to the fetlocks and the poor beasts hobbled on the stumps. A wave of homesickness and fatigue swept the undefeated army, and they forced even Alexander, who was also accepted as a god, to turn back.

If that could happen to Alexander, it might happen to Adolf.

The Kaiser was divinely anointed and made so little secret of his divine authority that we used to speak of him as "Me *und Gott,*" just as Hitler has proclaimed the partnership of "Me *und* Thor." The Kaiser, too, went forth to conquer the world. He came terrifyingly close to it. But he dragged America in just as Hitler has done.

Then things began to go wrong in the magnificent machine everywhere. The Kaiser did not dare trust his army; he did not dare return to his people. He ran away to Holland to live in obscurity and chop down trees. Until his death he enjoyed the lavish generosity of his people, who paid him an enormous salary to stay away. They say he refused invitations to return to Germany, the Germany of another god, an ill-born, ill-bred god without a drop of royal blood, an Austrian, a house painter raised to divinity by his own bootstraps and the infatuation of a bewildered and terrorized people.

The divine Hitler had the godless Stalin scared and swearing close friendship—of a sort—while it lasted. So Napoleon once had the Czar of all the Russias cringing before him and embracing him. Napoleon had been a corporal, too, and an alien. He also made friends with the Russians and they joined him in a solemn pact to destroy the British empire.

Like many another pre-Hitler, Napoleon had a lifelong ambition to invade England. But he thought it would be a good idea to strike at her first through Egypt and drive her out of the Mediterranean. The Axis has tried the same plan. Only, neither Mussolini nor Hitler went there in person. Napoleon was far bolder than both of them put together. He never skulked from the battlefield. He went to Egypt in person. The British navy promptly crushed his fleet at Aboukir. He barely got back to France alive by stealth.

He took up now his plan to invade England, and gathered at Boulogne an enormous army with plentiful transportation. All he asked of Destiny, whose Man he was, was one day free of interference by the British navy.

It looked black for England. Instead of American sympathy and active aid, as now, Americans were openly at war with her. Robert Fulton offered Napoleon the new weapon of the steamship. Napoleon thought it an interesting idea and referred it to a staff officer, who advised against it—being a staff officer. Napoleon had a new and powerful fleet ready to draw off the British fleet. But it didn't. Shortly afterward Nelson destroyed it at Trafalgar.

Napoleon went on building ships and resolved with Russia's help to starve England out by blockade. He was stealing all of

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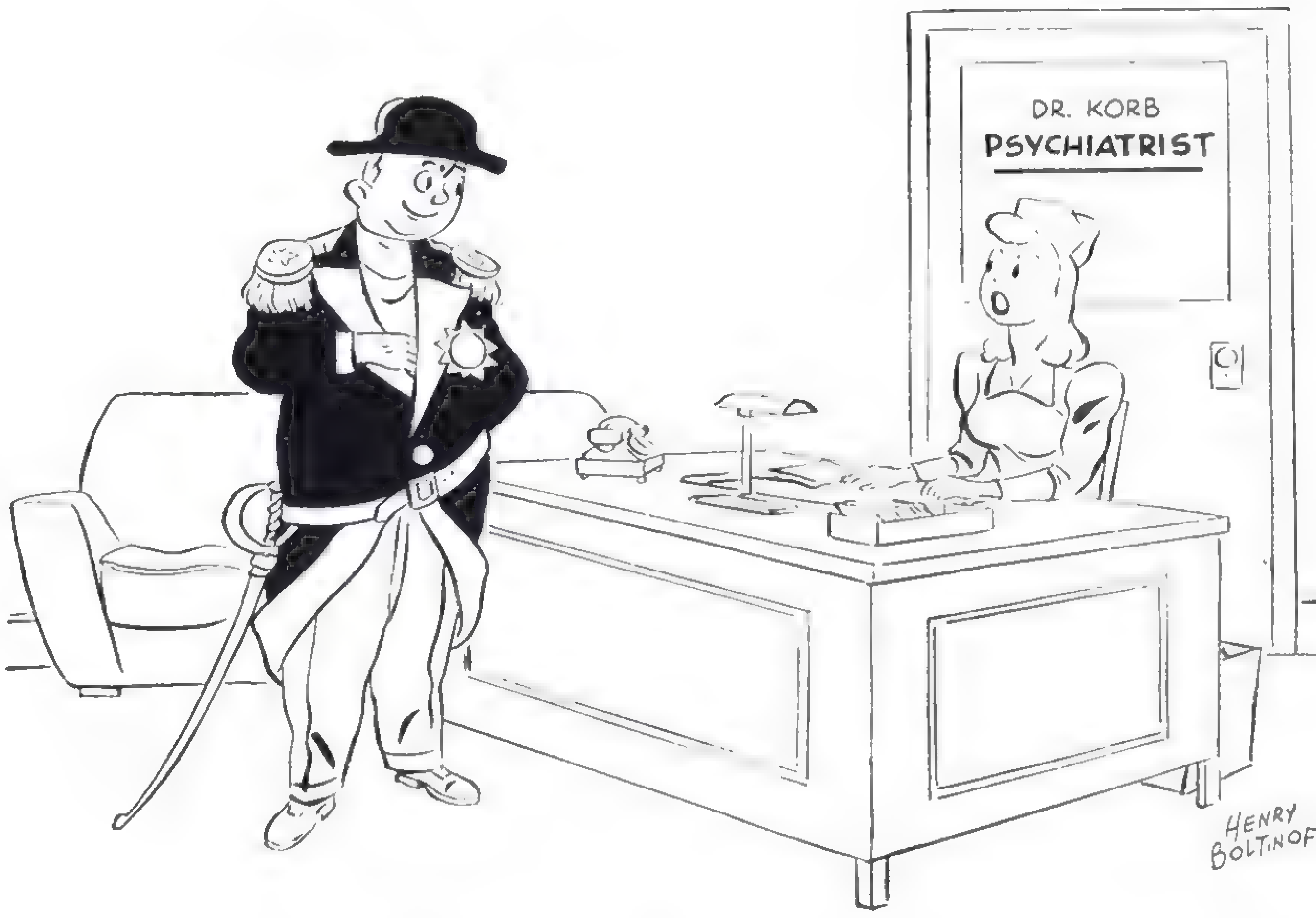
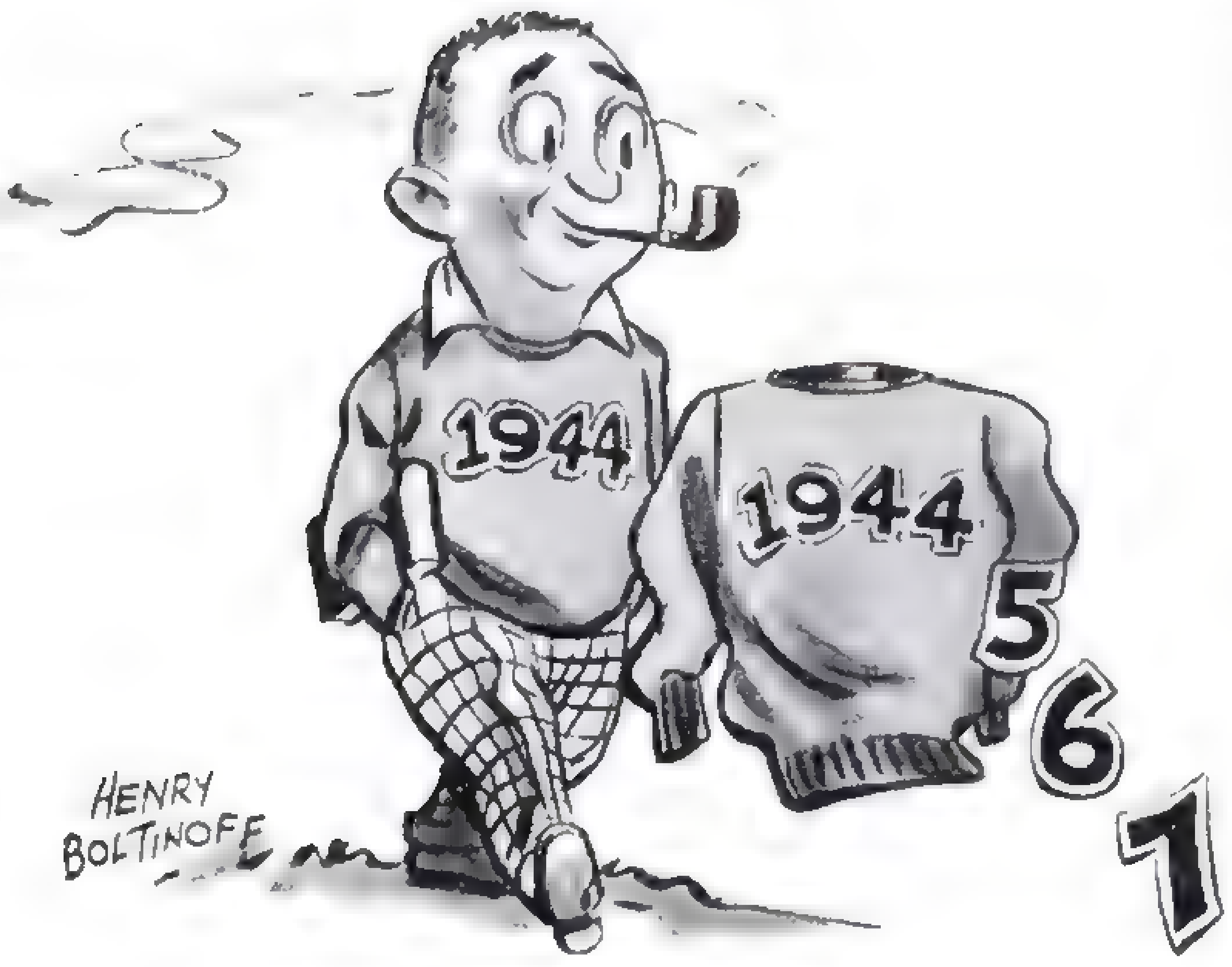


"Who shall I say is calling, please?"

Going Back to School

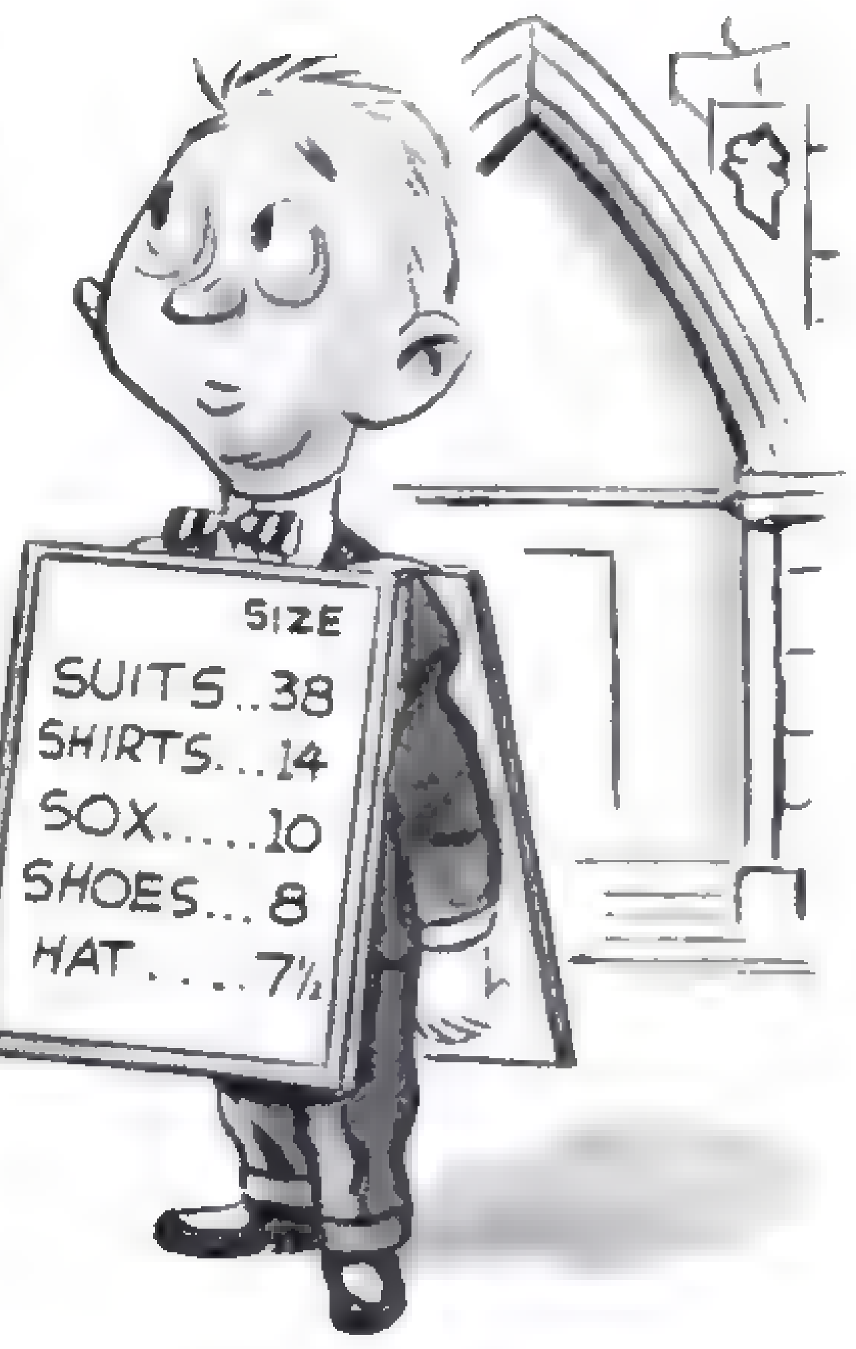
Undergraduates are in season . . . so herewith a few gift suggestions

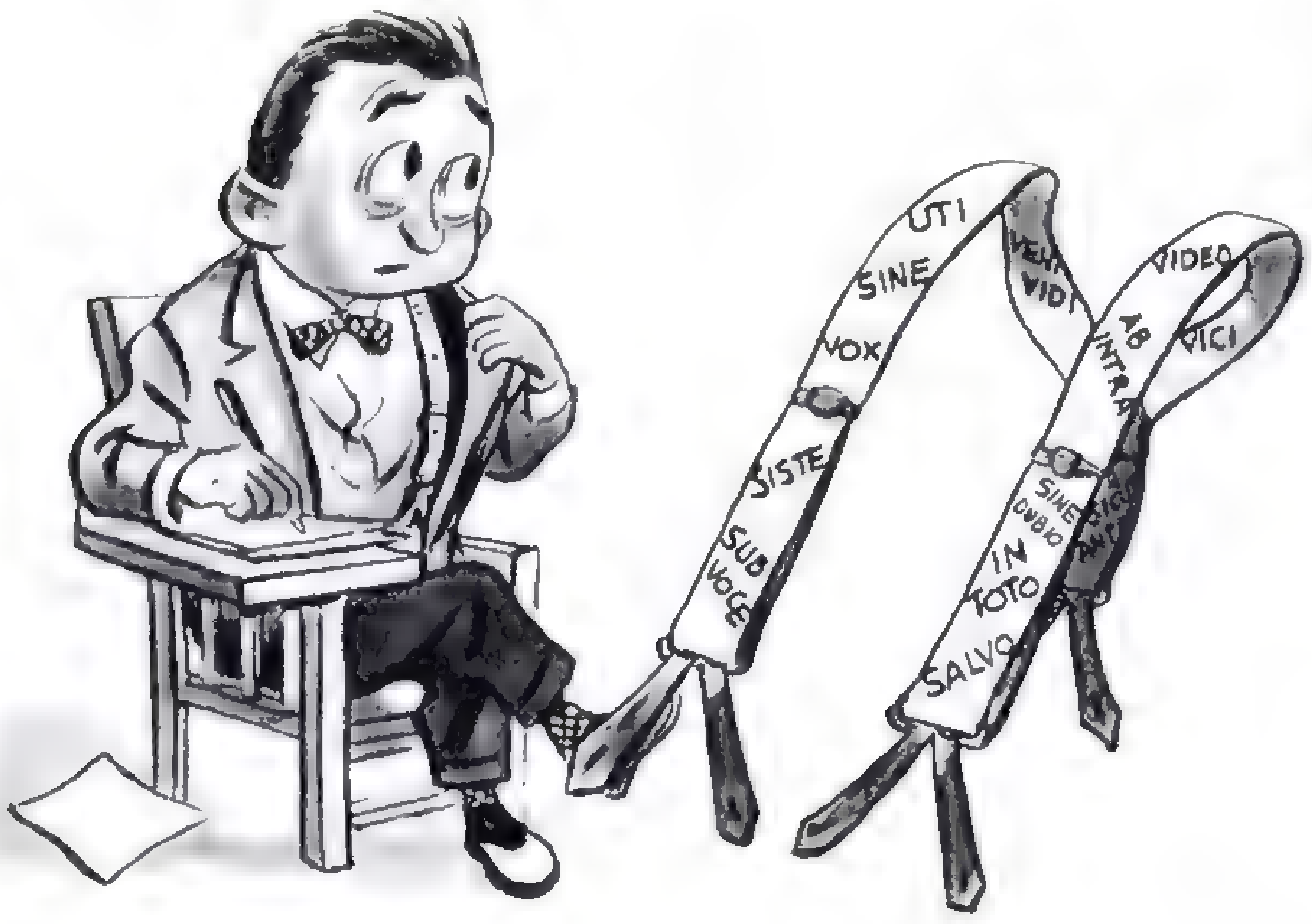
by HENRY BOLTINOFF


1944
1944
5
6
7
HENRY BOLTINOFF

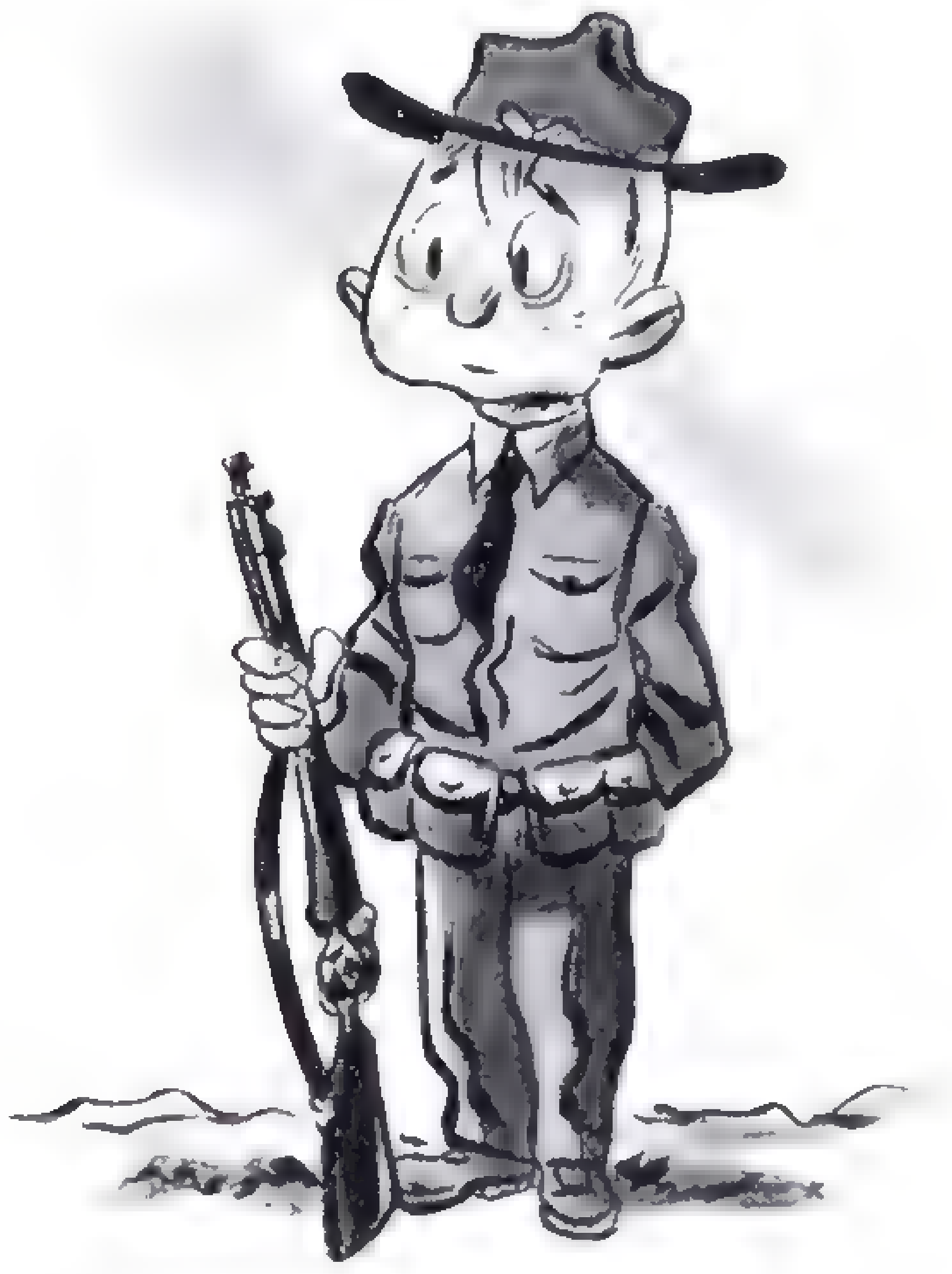
For the Rah-Rah college boy, who finishes a 4-year college course in 7 years, a sweater with changeable numerals. This will keep him from getting embarrassed year after year.

The new freshman will appreciate this sandwich sign frame. It holds a card showing his clothes sizes . . . very helpful for getting one pledged to a fraternity.

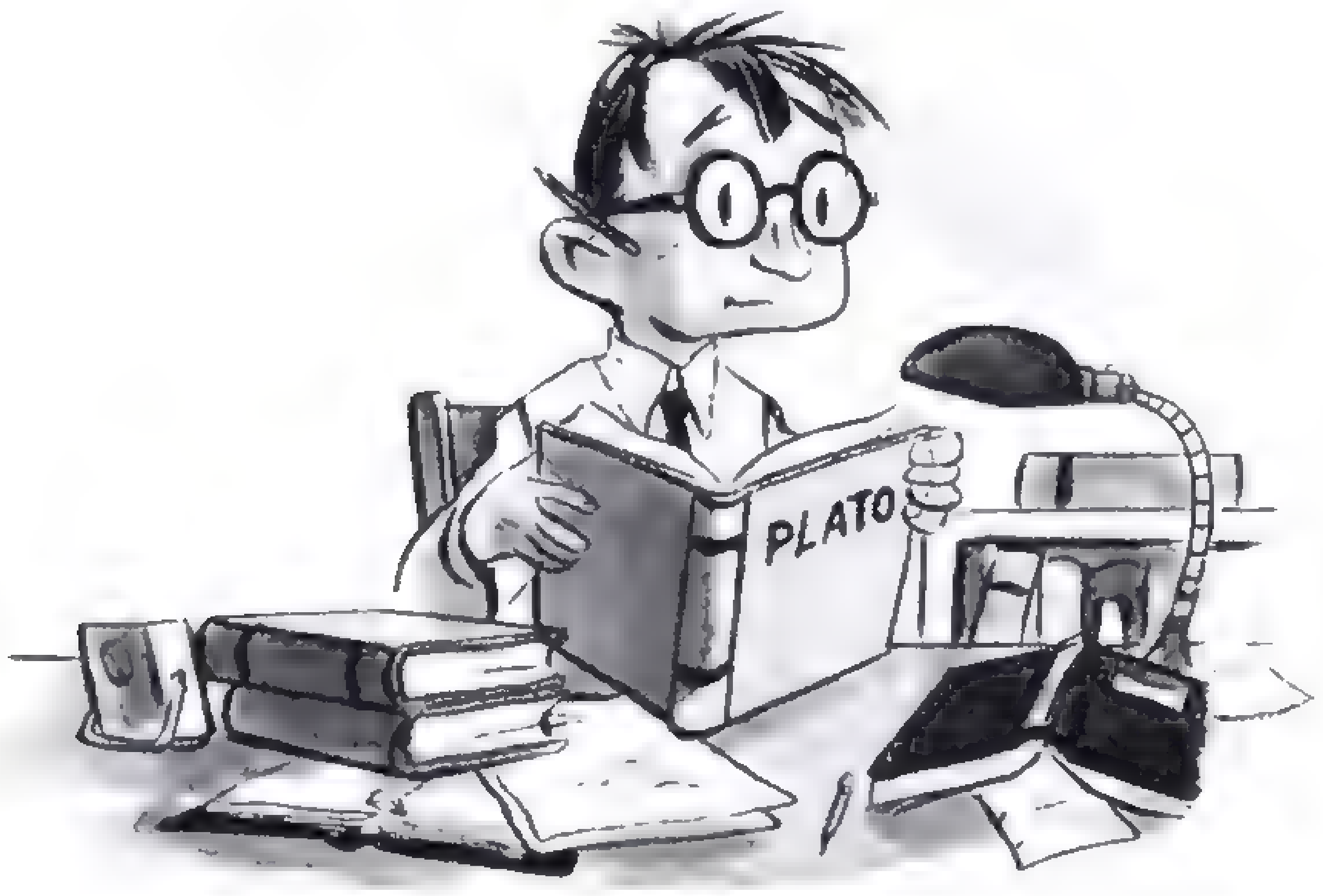

SIZE
SUITS..38
SHIRTS...14
SOX.....10
SHOES...8
HAT....7½


UTI
SINE
VOX
SISTE
SUB VOCE
VENI VIDI
VIDEO
VICI
AB INTRA
SINE DUBIO
IN TOTO
SALVO

A pair of suspenders with Latin verbs printed all over them . . . nothing comes in more handy during exam time.



This chap needs nothing. Uncle Sam took him and our taxes will take care of the rest. The well-dressed soldier is the one who is lucky to get a uniform of 1911 vintage.



For the intellectual Phi Bete, a cheap edition of Plato. The dividends it can pay are terrific . . . he'll make wads of dough tutoring other dummies and can send some home to take care of you in swell style.

A Tale of the Sea

It seemed to the crazed man the snakes owned the ship while he had sunk to the level of vermin

by WILL F. JENKINS

• FICTION •

The sea was a vast blue bowl which tilted insanely in a regular, sickening rhythm. From the crosstrees, the concavity of the sea's surface was obvious. The horizon was an elevated rim, probably about level with the man who clung to the base of the topmast. The bottom of the bowl was, of course, the water which surged about the sides of the ship. At every second it seemed that the sea must collapse to a normal flat surface. But nothing happened. Nothing at all.

The man in the crosstrees searched the horizon exhaustively. To westward he saw an infinitesimal black speck which moved swiftly. A gull. To northward he saw little darting flecks which were flying fish, leaping out of the rolling waves and diving back into them again. To the east he saw literally nothing. The southern horizon yielded a far-away spouting which could have been a splashing instead, and might be anything from a whale to a school of fish.

The man looked defiant and angry. There was a fine, straight crease between his two brows. His hair was yellow and sun-bleached and long. His skin was tanned to the color and the consistency of leather, so that his blue eyes made a startling contrast of color, staring angrily out as if perpetually reminded of something he wished to forget. The state of the ship showed that something not altogether commonplace had happened. Something had hit it, and hit it hard. Shreds of canvas flapped from yards and booms. Part of the starboard rail was smashed. The boats were gone. There was plainly no other living man on board. But the boat-falls were drawn up again, now, and the davits turned inboard again. Nothing there to cause such an expression.

The cause of his anger was the cause of the chaos and the loneliness below. There had been wind; wind which blew with a droning roar that was indicative of its irresistible force. There had been spray which stung like shot, and foaming seas that alternately clutched and battered at the ship, broached to in the very trough of the waves. There had been frantic plungings of the ship, with her decks a mass of sea water and the rattling clatter of canvas fag-ends, overhead, sounding like pistol shots in the gale. But the thing that mattered, the thing which was still enraging, had been a crash below which did not even sound above the roar of the storm nor start one single timber nor let in an extra drop of water. The trouble had been simply the tearing away of one stack of specimen cages down in the hold. The specimens belonged to the Braeme-Walker Expedition which had chartered the ship to carry its collections home. The one stack of cages crashed into other stacks of cages, and then they crashed into yet other stacks, and all were shattered and the wriggling things they had contained were made frantic by terror. And everything stemmed from that.

The situation of the ship had been serious, before. Then it became fatal. In a howling gale and practically dismasted, it would have required sound seamanship to straighten out the situation anyhow; to give men again superiority over the elements. But when writhing venomous things appeared everywhere, crazed with terror and striking blindly at anything that moved—then sound seamanship was out of the question. Every man on board took to the boats. The yellow-haired man was left behind because there was no time for a checkup with the deck pure swirling water with wriggling things swimming in it.

He'd been aloft at the moment. Thirty feet from the deck. Black, ropy things swam crazily about, stricken with panic by their new environment. They saw the boats, filled with men no less panicky than themselves. Many of the writhing things followed and tried to slither into them for shelter. The seamen had to fight them off while they bailed and battled with the storm, too. The yellow-haired man saw that. But then he saw the things on the deck come squirming up into the rigging as the only possible refuge from the unsubstantial sea. And the rigging was his refuge. One small network of ropes was his haven. And in the midst of all the worst the storm could do, he had to fight for that haven against the things which looked like ropes, but were writhing death.

He lived through it, of course. He never knew how. And presently, after an eon of time, the seas went down and the sun shone and presently the deck dried. Then the writhing things slithered down from the rigging, and up from below, and gathered in congregations to bask in the sun's heat. They had been the cargo of the ship, before. Now they were its owners and its crew. The man, hanging in the rigging, saw them lolling blandly at their ease, as proprietors. But he had to stay aloft, out of their way. And he suddenly realized that upon this ship, which had been men's handiwork, now he—as a man—was vermin. The repulsive things were supreme.

It was not endurable. They moved at ease about the deck. They dawdled at ease in the sunlight. They ignored him as he and his kind had been wont to ignore rats. The man shook with sudden hatred at the insult to his species. To be reduced to the level of vermin upon a ship that men had made was maddening.

He made such reprisal as he dared. At first timorously, then desperately, then savagely, he raided man's supplanters to avenge the insult upon man. An individual here:

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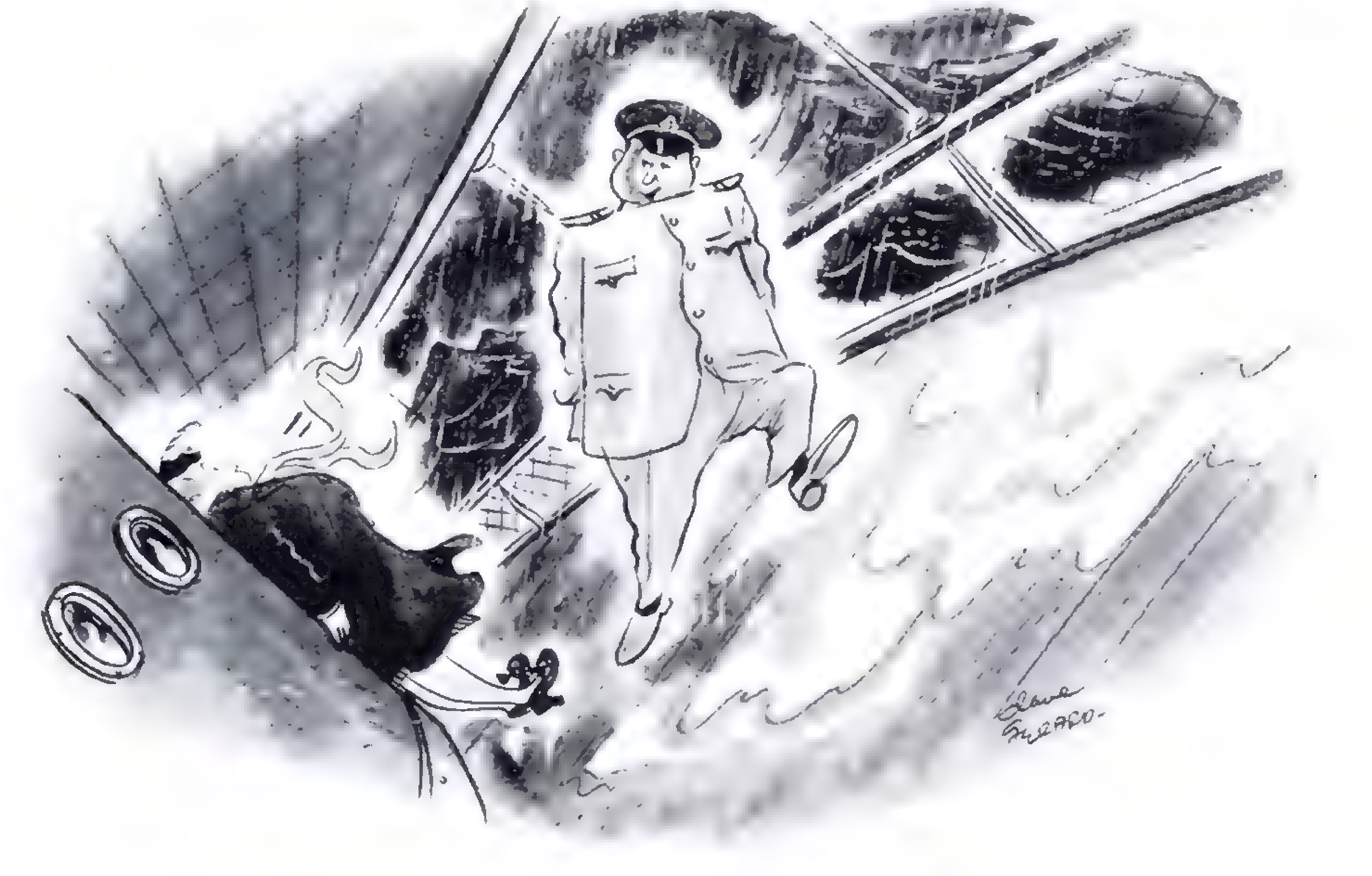


"You'll soon be getting your sea legs, Mrs. Terpler"

Behind the Aussies Lies Australia

How will seven million white men in this most sparsely-settled civilized land repel millions of pushing Japs?

by W. P. MUNGER, JR. & PHILIP HARKINS

ARTICLE

It is only when the British Empire goes to war that Americans show any interest in Australia. Then they begin to hear a good deal about the hitting power of Australian troops who, they may remember, although constituting but ten per cent of the total Empire forces in the last war, captured twenty-five per cent of all the prisoners and twenty-five per cent of all the ground gained. In normal times Americans idly think of Australia as a bounding-ground for kangaroos, the place where Uncle Bim of the comic strip Gumps came from, and as the birthplace of the Australian Crawl which they find much flashier if more exhausting than the good old breast-stroke.

Americans have recently realized on learning of the arrival of U. S. Naval detachments Down Under, however, that they have another reason to be interested in Australia. The country that is just a bit smaller than ours yet holds a population no greater than New York's, has now come within the widening orbit of our fleet. It's about time we got acquainted with this surprising continent and its people.

American warships in Australian waters highlight the menace of Japan and the importance of Australia's Great Barrier Reef, an amazing 1,500-mile chain of coral reefs ten to one hundred and fifty miles in width which lies off northern Australia. The Australians hope it will form a natural defense against the Japanese Navy.

The Great Barrier Reef is only one of the extraordinary geographical features of a country where Darwin made valuable discoveries for his *Origin of the Species.* The interior of the Continent is a "dead heart," hundreds of thousands of miles of waste land watered by only a handful of artesian wells. But the Reef is the geographical feature all Australians are concentrating on today as the sound of gunfire to the Northeast comes nearer.

How are seven million white men going to make out against the pushing yellow millions from the North? Australia? The most sparsely settled civilized country in the world decided a decade or so ago that its own population must remain more than ninety per cent white. So it enacted the White Australia policy. Forthwith, thousands of Kanaka, Chinese and Malay laborers who had toiled in the sugar cane and tobacco fields of the Tropical North were sent home. Their places were taken by unemployed white Australians, less inured to tropical life.

The adage, "The tropics kill white men," was flouted. When you saw Anglo-Saxons, their sick white faces streaked with mud and cane juice, pedaling bicycles home from back-breaking work in the pale green fields of the Cairns Tableland, that adage sprang to mind. A few Queenslanders dared to whisper that a white man can't last longer than six years in the cane fields. One sugar planter who was interviewed said that native Australians were worthless in the fields: "I hire Italian immigrants if I can. They are built for the work and aren't saturated with the Labor Unionism that prompts the unreasonable demands of the Australian laborer. We could use some of those Italian prisoners our boys trapped in Africa." Sugar planters as a group hardly have a reputation as liberal, benevolent employers, but this is one challenging problem created by the White Policy.

Australia looks beyond the populous East for immigrants. Strangely enough the Italians, whom the Aussies kicked around in Africa, have made satisfactory citizens in Queensland; but the English, rather contemptuously called "Pommies" because of their ruddy, pomegranate complexions, have been discouraged. Some Australians have objected to the labor-and-war-veteran backed White Policy and would admit, "black, brown and brindle;" but many more, as proud of their ninety per cent purity as Ivory is of its soap, cite the haunting example of the American Negro problem. As a matter of fact Australia is a little offended by the fact that so few whites migrate to God's Own Country. The admixture of foreign cultures, the basis of the polyglot strength of the United States, seems to be the solution for Australia's population troubles. Unless it gets a shot in the arm from other races the present population may become dangerously inbred like the sterile, neurotic old Yankee of New England.

While Australia was holding fast to its Great White Policy (which may turn out to be a great white elephant) Japan was making an industrial conquest of the country. Though occupied with China the busy little yellow men kept on extending the imperial power through her mandated South Sea Islands uncomfortably close to the Australian plum, and the Iron Horse she calls Thailand. If it were not for the rise of Japan it is barely possible that Australia might have cut herself loose from Britain, a move forestalled by the bloodless revolution of 1926 that gave the Dominions of the Empire equal footing under the Crown. For after the last war England was accused of exploiting Colonial troops, the two bitter struggles at Paschendaale and the Dardanelles boosting the Australian losses higher per capita than any other belligerent's. But Australia's resentment was tempered by the knowledge that without the British fleet (and now the American) she would be helpless before the dynastic whims of Japan.

The Japanese problem has been a poor conversational subject in Australia for many years. Mention of it would bring pained silence to any gathering in Sydney. Half of this writing team interviewed the late Prime Minister Lyons on his return from the Jubilee in London. Lyons would talk on any subject under the sun except the Japanese threat. "After all,'' he said, cryptically, "Japan is our best customer." And so it was, just as Japan was one of America's customers. Few Australians allowed themselves to speak on this subject and the frankest statement on the Japanese question came from Billy, a black Aborigine fishing guide on the Great Barrier Reef.

"Japanese have plurry ships," said Billy. "They catchem shells, beche-de-mer, alonga reef. They know Great Barrier Reef better than anyone. Japanese lugger come Townsville. No see him south in Mackay; no see him North in Cairn, that lugger come through reef. How? Australians don't know."

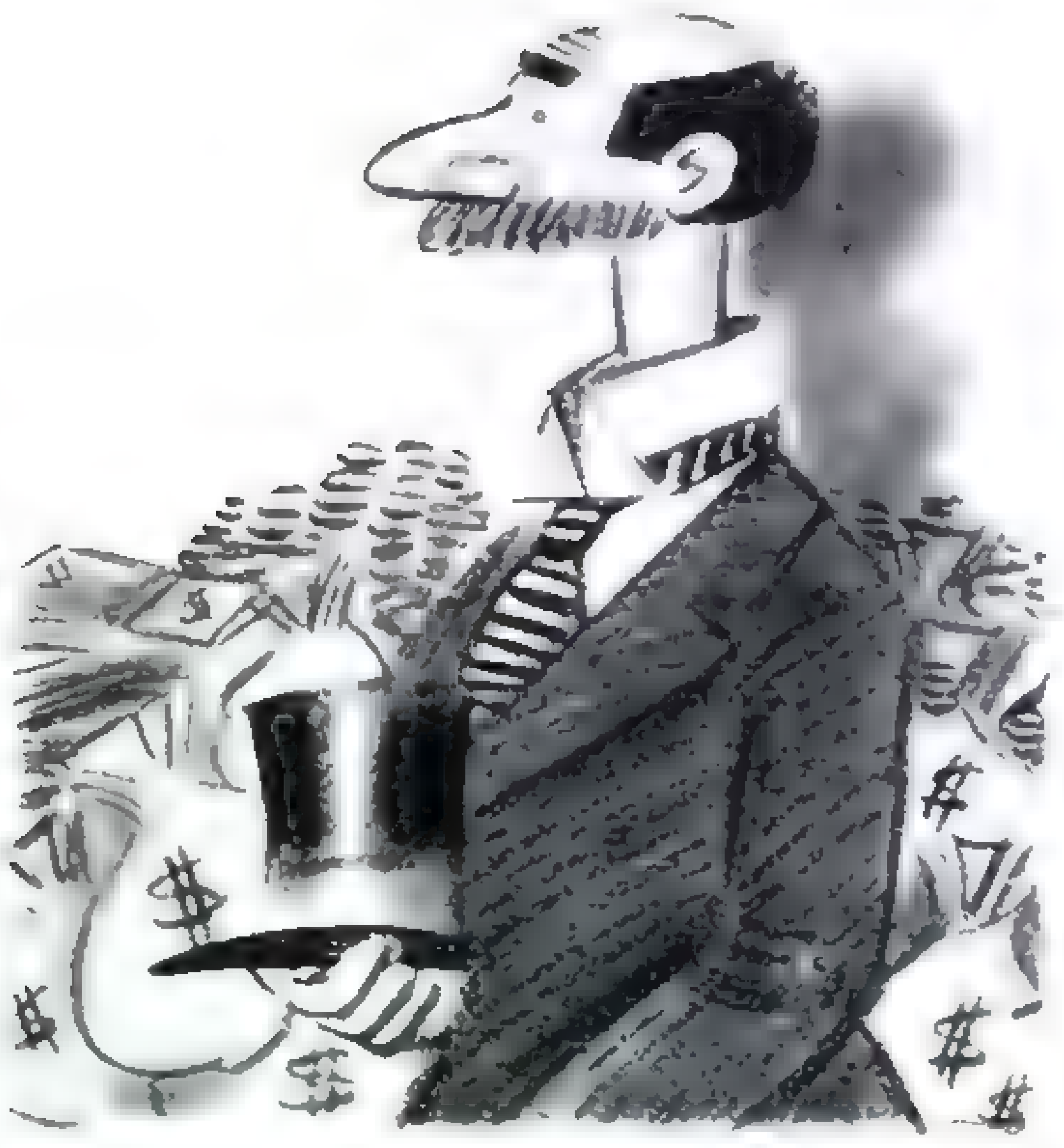
But Australians continue to hope that the Great Barrier Reef is a natural defense against the Imperial Japanese Navy.

"Japanese hire all blacks in Australia for to dive off luggers," continued Billy. "Japanese hard man. No dive hisself. That black man work but Japanese make all money. My word, these Japanese! [Australian Aborigines use Oxonian expletives even when frothing at the mouth.] It is for them they have the beeg guns on Thursday Island. Japanese might make war but he sneak through Reef, won't even pass T. I."

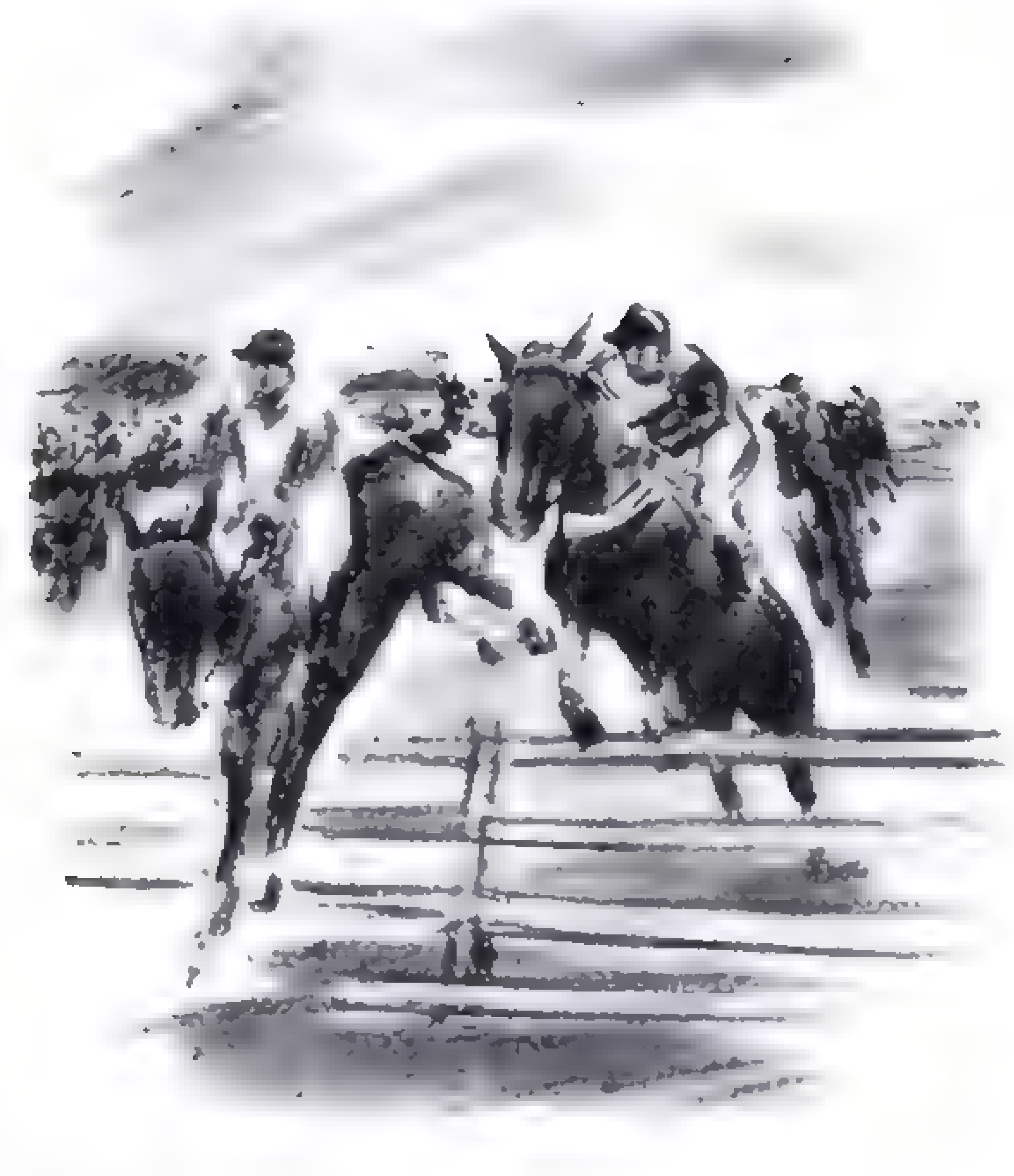
The simple "Abo" had seen the Japanese toil at things considered profitless by Australians; those slaving Japs had gradually taken over pearling, fisheries and whaling in that quarter of the globe. When the Australians wrecked a freighter on a coral reef, Billy remembered, it was abandoned; but the Japanese bought the wreck and sweated and tugged a year to salvage the scrap iron for the factories of Tokio, Nagasaki and Yokohama.

An offshoot of problem number one, the White Policy was problem number two, "With an American standard of labor, how were the Australians to compete with the fanatical industry of dirt-cheap Japanese labor?" To both of these problems Australia now says, "But first let's win this bloody war."

Australia is the land that evolution forgot. While the rest of the world struggled to produce streamlined mammal models, Australia lazed along with awkward obsolete marsupials. There were startling cases of arrested development: the Duckbill that never made up its mind what to be and the black Aborigines who never graduated from the Stone Age, the most primitive people in the world, who make fire with sticks and scale boomerangs at their enemies in the "Never Never land." There were the wombat, an escapist who spends most of his life burrowing



1—Australia to the average chump
Is famed because of one Bim Gump!



2—But in reality it boasts
Of sporting men and genial hosts . . .

3—Of women, fashioned from a clay
That takes the very breath away!

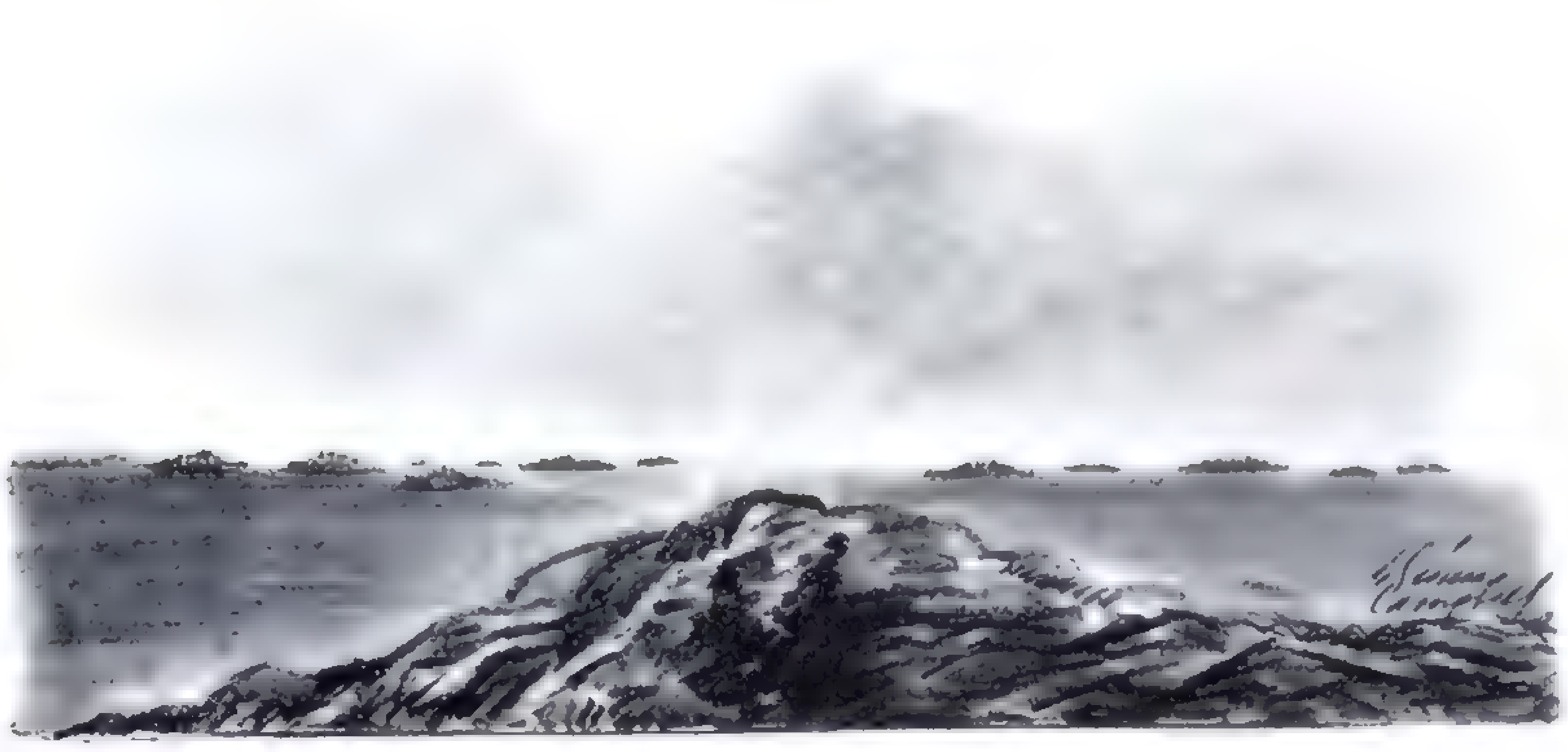
into the earth, the Tasmanian devil and wolf, the dingo and the spotted native cat, the mole that is deaf, dumb and blind, barking lizards, bandicoots and the kookaburra bird that the Aussies call laughing jackasses. Little wonder that one of the best zoos in the world is at Sydney.

In 1770 Captain Cook circumnavigated Australia and told the world it was a continent, not an island as reported by Tasman, the Dutch discoverer. England chose to use it as a penal colony and convict ships began to discharge their cargoes of pathetic human freight in the beautiful harbor of Sydney. The story of how those gray-faced, stubble-bearded convicts struck off their twenty-pound chains and pushed into the wilderness to produce the hardiest, heaviest wool-bearing sheep in the world, of how they grew indestructible wheat, invented strippers, plows and fertilizer, is as thrilling an epic as that of a somewhat similar band of pioneers in America. The discovery of gold in 1851 accelerated immigration but everyone had relaxed by 1856 and decided to get a little more enjoyment out of their hectic lives by establishing the eight-hour day.

The eight-hour day was a wedge toward socialistic experiments which later went on to special award courts for minimum wages, fines for not voting, old-age pensions and state lotteries, government ownership of the railroads, telephones, insurance companies, utilities and so on.

But the growth of Australian industry did not keep pace with growing government interest in industry. There seemed to be a tendency to get a sheep station (ranch), make it work and then hotfoot it for the comparative luxury of the city. This resulted in a top-heavy concentration of population in the coastwise cities with more than a million in Sydney, eight hundred thousand in Melbourne and two hundred thousand apiece in Brisbane and Adelaide.

4—Yet over this Utopian spot
The Yellow Peril casts a blot . . .



5—And lest the Aussies come to grief
Our warships line their Barrier Reef . . .
6—To form a grim and mighty wall
And nip the Jap's Australian crawl!
—Phil Stack

The fact that Australia has a potential population of 100,000,000 with her present population at less than one-tenth that figure indicates, in view of the country's natural resources, a fast industrial growth in the near future provided all goes well. But what we did in America with covered wagons, Australia should do with airplanes.

Many parallels can be drawn between the U. S. and Australia. There is, of course, the "pioneer epic parallel" and then there is the "wrangling states parallel." Our American states assaulted each other as in 1782 when the Pennsylvania militia attacked 500 Connecticut settlers in the disputed Wyoming Valley, killed some, beat up others, burnt their homes, chased them into the wilderness and told them to walk back to New England.

Connecticut threatened to declare war, but apologies and reparations cooled flaming Yankee tempers. Our states still patrol boundaries with burly, gaudily uniformed troopers. Australian states established some sort of a criterion for interstate backbiting when they built their railroads on different gauges! (This droll situation has been recently somewhat sobered in the laying of a standard track over 2,000 miles.) Aside from the matter of gauges Australian trains were none too comfortable anyway, being heatless, admitting a fine, red, ubiquitous grit and having the water stored atop the cars where under the boiling sun it has been known to get so hot that passengers who really wanted to wash their hands were left high, dry and dirty.

But the government-owned railroads are doing better today, one of the reasons being, perhaps, that gasoline in Australia costs anywhere from fifty to eighty cents a gallon.

An even stronger parallel can be drawn beween the United States and Australia in the matter of sports. Both countries like leisure and gambling, both have made a fetish of sports.

The tall, lean, brown, lamb-eating Australian is not so much of a spectator athlete as his American cousin. In the first place the Australian is almost literally nuts about swimming. In fact you would be justified in calling him crazy for swimming in waters infested by man-eating sharks, even if he has put up sturdy steel nets five hundred feet from shore. For despite these precautions fif-

Continued in center of page 103

The Heart of a Broken Story

The only real difficulty in concocting a boy-meets-girl story is that, somehow, he must

by J. D. SALINGER

• SATIRE •

EVERY day Justin Horgenschlag, thirty-dollar-a-week printer's assistant, saw at close quarters approximately sixty women whom he had never seen before. Thus in the four years he had lived in New York, Horgenschlag had seen at close quarters about 75,120 different women. Of these 75,120 women, roughly 25,000 were under thirty years of age and over fifteen years of age. Of the 25,000 only 5,000 weighed between one hundred five and one hundred twenty-five pounds. Of these 5,000 only 1,000 were not ugly. Only 500 were reasonably attractive; only 100 were quite attractive; only 25 could have inspired a long, slow whistle. And with only 1 did Horgenschlag fall in love at first sight.

Now, there are two kinds of *femme fatale.* There is the *femme fatale* who is a *femme fatale* in every sense of the word, and there is the *femme fatale* who is not a *femme fatale* in every sense of the word.

Her name was Shirley Lester. She was twenty years old (eleven years younger than Horgenschlag), was five-foot-four (bringing her head to the level of Horgenschlag's eyes), weighed 117 pounds (light as a feather to carry). Shirley was a stenographer, lived with and supported her mother, Agnes Lester, an old Nelson Eddy fan. In reference to Shirley's looks people often put it this way: "Shirley's as pretty as a picture."

And in the Third Avenue Bus early one morning, Horgenschlag stood over Shirley Lester, and was a dead duck. All because Shirley's mouth was open in a peculiar way. Shirley was reading a cosmetic advertisement in the wall panel of the bus; and when Shirley read, Shirley relaxed slightly at the jaw. And in that short moment while Shirley's mouth was open, lips were parted, Shirley was probably the most fatal one in all Manhattan. Horgenschlag saw in her a positive cure-all for a gigantic monster of loneliness which had been stalking around his heart since he had come to New York. Oh, the agony of it! The agony of standing over Shirley Lester and not being able to bend down and kiss Shirley's parted lips. The inexpressible agony of it!

* * *

That was the beginning of the story I started to write for *Collier's*. I was going to write a lovely tender boy-meets-girl story. What could be finer, I thought. The world needs boy-meets-girl stories. But to write one, unfortunately, the writer must go about the business of having the boy meet the girl. I couldn't do it with this one. Not and have it make sense. I couldn't get Horgenschlag and Shirley together properly. And here are the reasons:

Certainly it was impossible for Horgenschlag to bend over and say in all sincerity:

"I beg your pardon. I love you very much. I'm nuts about you. I *know* it. I could love you all my life. I'm a printer's assistant and I make thirty dollars a week. Gosh, how I love you. Are you busy tonight?"

This Horgenschlag may be a goof, but not *that* big a goof. He may have been born yesterday, but not today. You can't expect *Collier's* readers to swallow that kind of bilge. A nickel's a nickel, after all.

I couldn't, of course, all of a sudden give Horgenschlag a suave serum, mixed from William Powell's old cigarette case and Fred Astaire's old top hat.

"Please don't misunderstand me, Miss. I'm a magazine illustrator. My card. I'd like to sketch you more than I've ever wanted to sketch anyone in my life. Perhaps such an undertaking would be to a mutual advantage. *May* I telephone you this evening, or in the very near future? (Short, debonair laugh.) I hope I don't sound too desperate. (Another one.) I suppose I am, really."

Oh, boy. Those lines delivered with a weary, yet gay, yet reckless smile. If only Horgenschlag had delivered them. Shirley, of course, was an old Nelson Eddy fan herself, and an active member of the Keystone Circulating Library.

Maybe you're beginning to see what I was up against.

True, Horgenschlag might have said the following:

"Excuse me, but aren't you Wilma Pritchard?"

To which Shirley would have replied coldly, and seeking a neutral point on the other side of the bus:

"No."

"That's funny," Horgenschlag could have gone on, "I was willing to swear you were Wilma Pritchard. Uh. You don't by any chance come from Seattle?"

"No."—More ice where that came from.

"Seattle's my home town."

Neutral point.

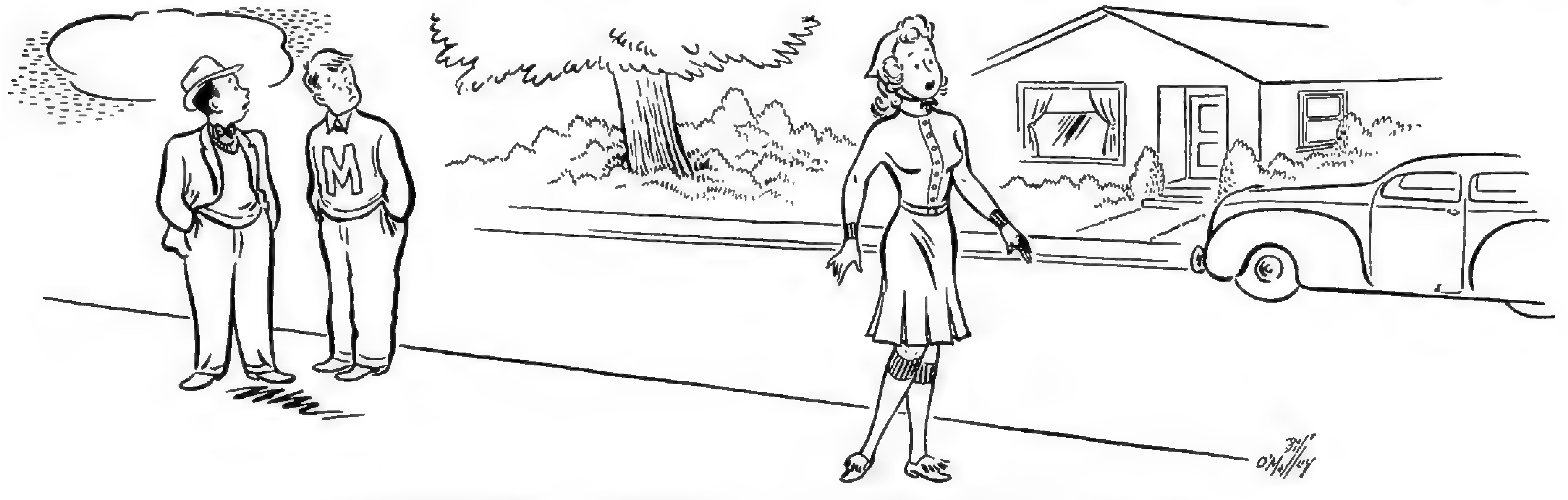
"Great little town, Seattle. I mean it's really a great little town. I've only been here —I mean in New York—four years. I'm a printer's assistant. Justin Horgenschlag is my name."

"I'm *really* not inter-ested."

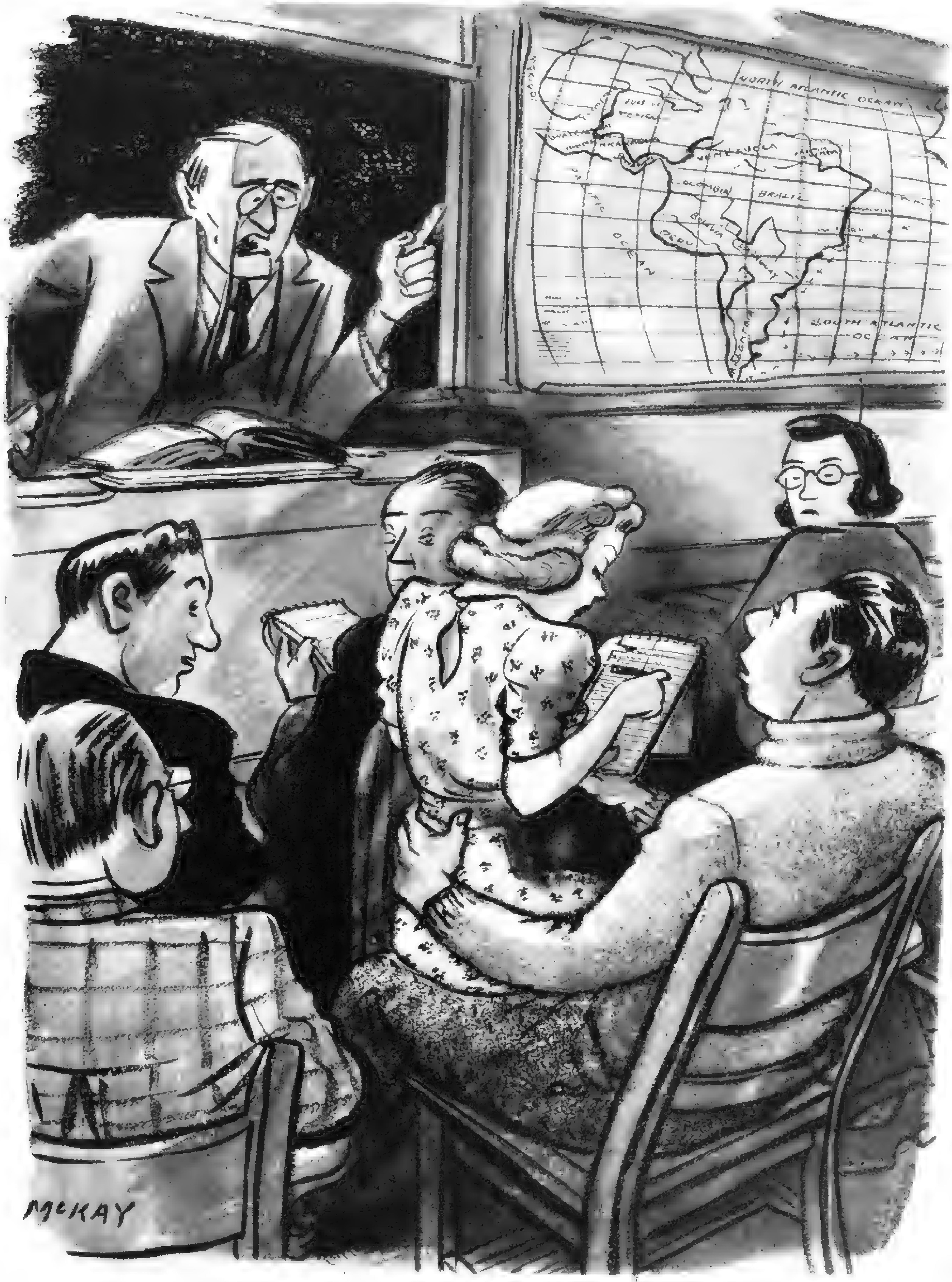
Oh, Horgenschlag wouldn't have got anywhere with that kind of line. He had neither the looks, personality, or good clothes to gain Shirley's interest under the circumstances. He didn't have a chance. And, as I said before, to write a really good boy-meets-girl story it's wise to have the boy meet the girl.

Maybe Horgenschlag might have fainted, and in doing so grabbed for support: the support being Shirley's ankle. He could have torn the stocking that way, or succeeded in ornamenting it with a fine long run. People would have made room for the stricken Horgenschlag, and he would have got to his feet, mumbling: "I'm all right, thanks,"

Continued on page 131



"I think I'd like to meet her but I can't decide if she's 19, 39, or 45"


NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN
VENEZUELA
COLOMBIA
BRAZIL
BOLIVIA
PERU
OCEAN
SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN
MCKAY

"I don't care if you can afford it, Mr. Thurman—we discourage bringing secretaries to class to take notes!"

Elegant Erratum of M. Laquelle

Readers followed his forecasts with passionate interest, for they never failed to tally with the death rate

by HENRI TROYAT

FICTION

I HAD never seen him. I knew nothing about his private life or his character. His achievements, however, were sufficient to arouse my admiration. A faithful reader of the *Petit Bleu de Gabiaule-les-Ponts*, I awaited feverishly each Saturday issue, in which his article was announced on the first page in laconic and triumphant terms:

Today—Adrien Laquelle.

Everyone in Gabiaule-les-Ponts shared my impatience.

M. Laquelle's beginnings were obscure. One cannot help smiling at the thought that that man, whose fame now seems to us beyond dispute, restricted his activities for so long a time to publishing in a provincial daily statistics concerning the movements of the region's population during the previous week. Out of curiosity I saved several back-numbers of the *Petit Bleu de Gabiaule-les-Ponts* in which, relegated to the bottom of the page or squeezed in between advertisements of motion-picture theatres and grocery stores—sacrificed, humiliated, punished—appeared the first mortality tables signed "Adrien Laquelle."

These tables were arranged in several groups and were provided with brackets and asterisks. The nature of the events reported was consigned to a single column, on the left: accidents, suicides, homicides, ages, illnesses, miscellaneous. The adjoining columns carried such titles as: Number of deaths by sex (a. Male, b. Female); by neighborhood; by nationality.

One day M. Laquelle conceived the idea of adding to these rather summary listings a forecast for the following week. A footnote, however, affirmed that this last information was "offered with reservations."

The public became passionately interested in these prophecies. People took sides for or against Laquelle. Some even tried to catch him out in an error. But M. Laquelle made never a mistake. Cadaver for cadaver, his predictions coincided with the official figures—as if, at the beginning of each week, he had issued a firm command to destiny. Before long, he even ceased warning his readers that he could not be responsible for the accuracy of those macabre announcements. One read: "My forecast—first week in April—135 deaths." That was all.

I remember that sensational issue of the *Petit Bleu* in which the weekly number of deaths, which usually ranged between 115 and 150, was brusquely increased to 201. There was a fine panic at that! People refused to venture in the streets after 8 p.m.; mothers redoubled their care of their children; the municipality even established traffic details at the street-crossings. And everyone sought to reassure himself by deciding that M. Laquelle had made an error in calculation.

As a matter of fact, the perfected totalizators of the *Petit Bleu de Gabiaule-les-Ponts* indicated the reassuring figure of 125 deaths, 76 fewer than M. Laquelle had prophesied.

"Believe me, one doesn't fill up a hole like that in a few hours," said M. Velours, director of the Service of Interment.

That very Saturday, however, at 11:45 p.m., an express-train was derailed in the station at Gabiaule-les-Ponts. There were 76 deaths!

M. Laquelle became a local celebrity. He was admired and feared. An obscure instinct toward self-preservation caused the inhabitants of Gabiaule-les-Ponts to seek his good graces. When, approached by Paris newspapers and insurance companies, M. Laquelle replied that he would not quit the paper on which he had begun his career, the city was delirious. A huge banquet was arranged in his honor. I attended it—and that evening I saw him at last.

M. Laquelle was a small man, pale and firm, with an attentive manner. His face, as dry as a crust of bread, bespoke long sieges of calculation during lamplit hours. His black eyes looked beyond people. Wrinkles added to his appearance of intelligence. And his nose, long, white and straight, ended abruptly above a neat and narrow moustache that was like a line under a sum in addition. His whole person emanated a worn and vaguely administrative charm to which I found myself submitting like others. To the speeches addressed to him he replied as simply as possible, taking refuge behind scientific authorities whose names told us nothing.

"There is no divination, in my case," he said. "I apply rules. I deduce. Anyone else in my place . . ."

Had he been told about my enthusiasm for his work? Had he remarked the expression of respectful interest with which I received his smallest utterance? I do not know. But it is a fact that when he left his table he came over to me and put a hand on my shoulder.

"You have the air of a proper young man," he said.

"I try to be," I stammered; and I felt myself blushing.

"You must be passionately interested in statistics. It is a great science. Thank God, it has progressed beyond the primitive condition of empiricism. It no longer merely registers—it foresees. I am, in fact, engaged in composing a treatise on prophetic statistics. I shall tell you about it at greater length, if the subject does not bore you. Can you call on me one evening, between 6:30 and 8?"

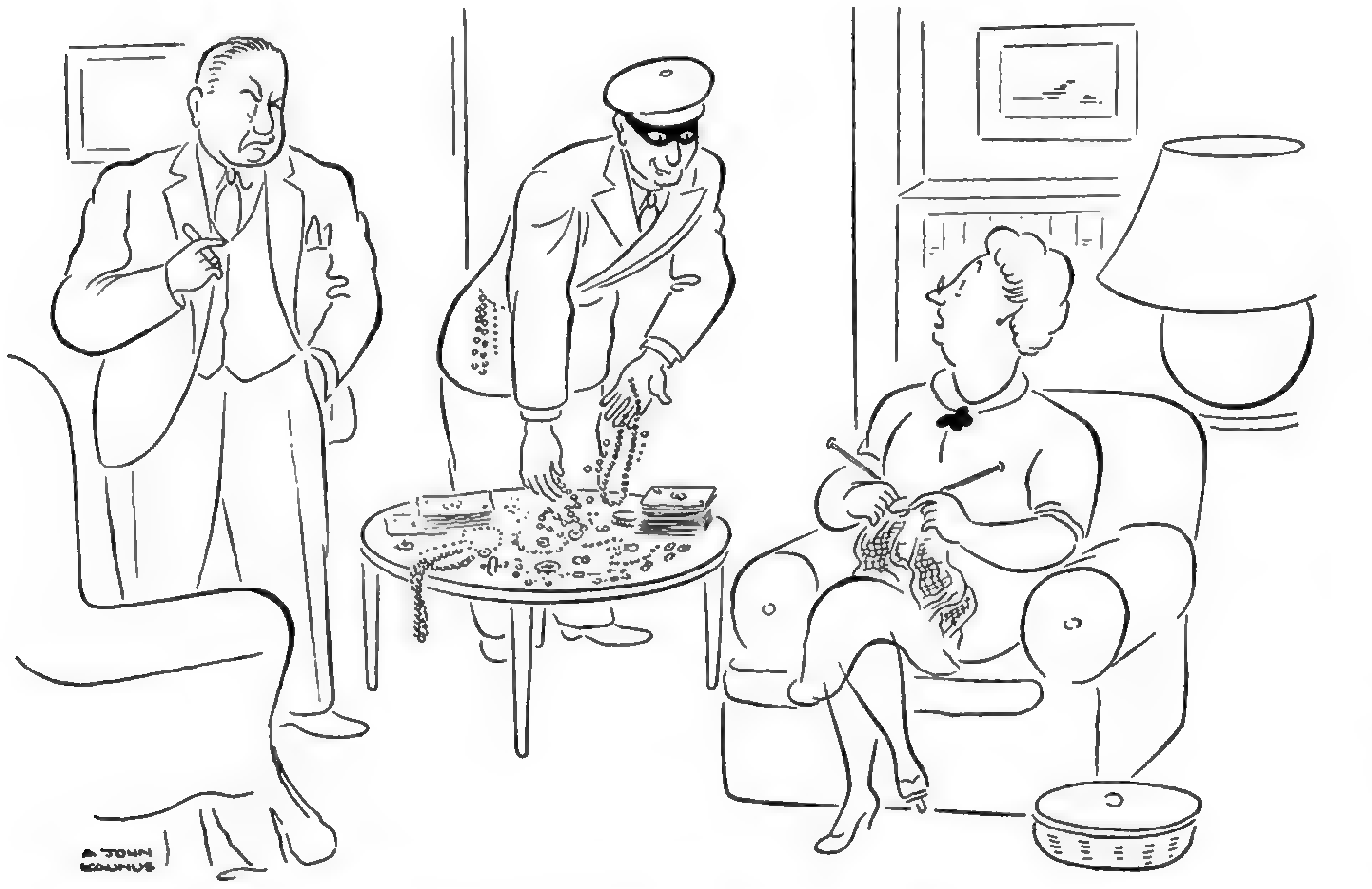
"But you hardly know me."

"I foresee you."

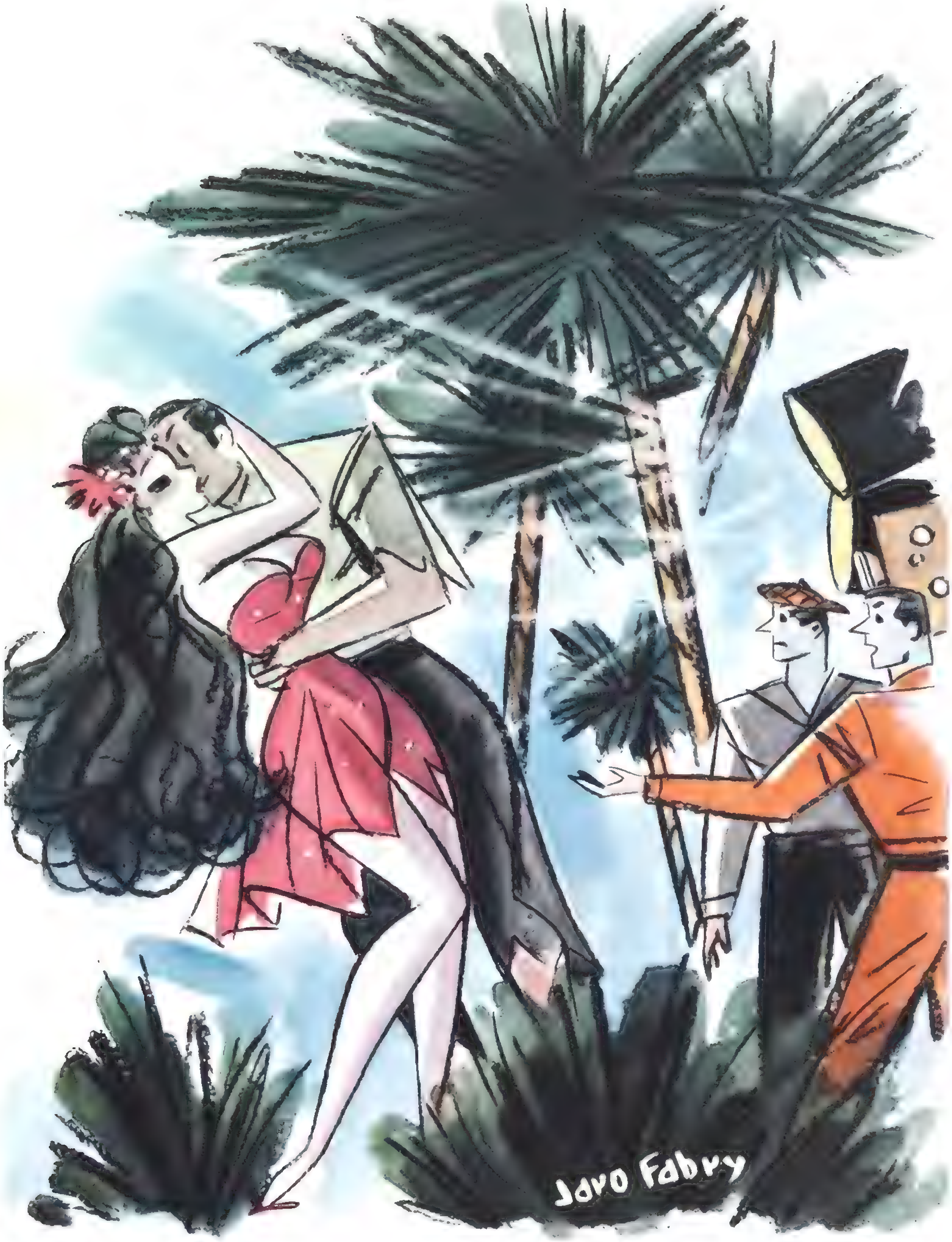
Joy, pride, gratitude prevented me from thanking him as I should have. We made an engagement for the following evening.

M. Laquelle inhabited a modest bachelor

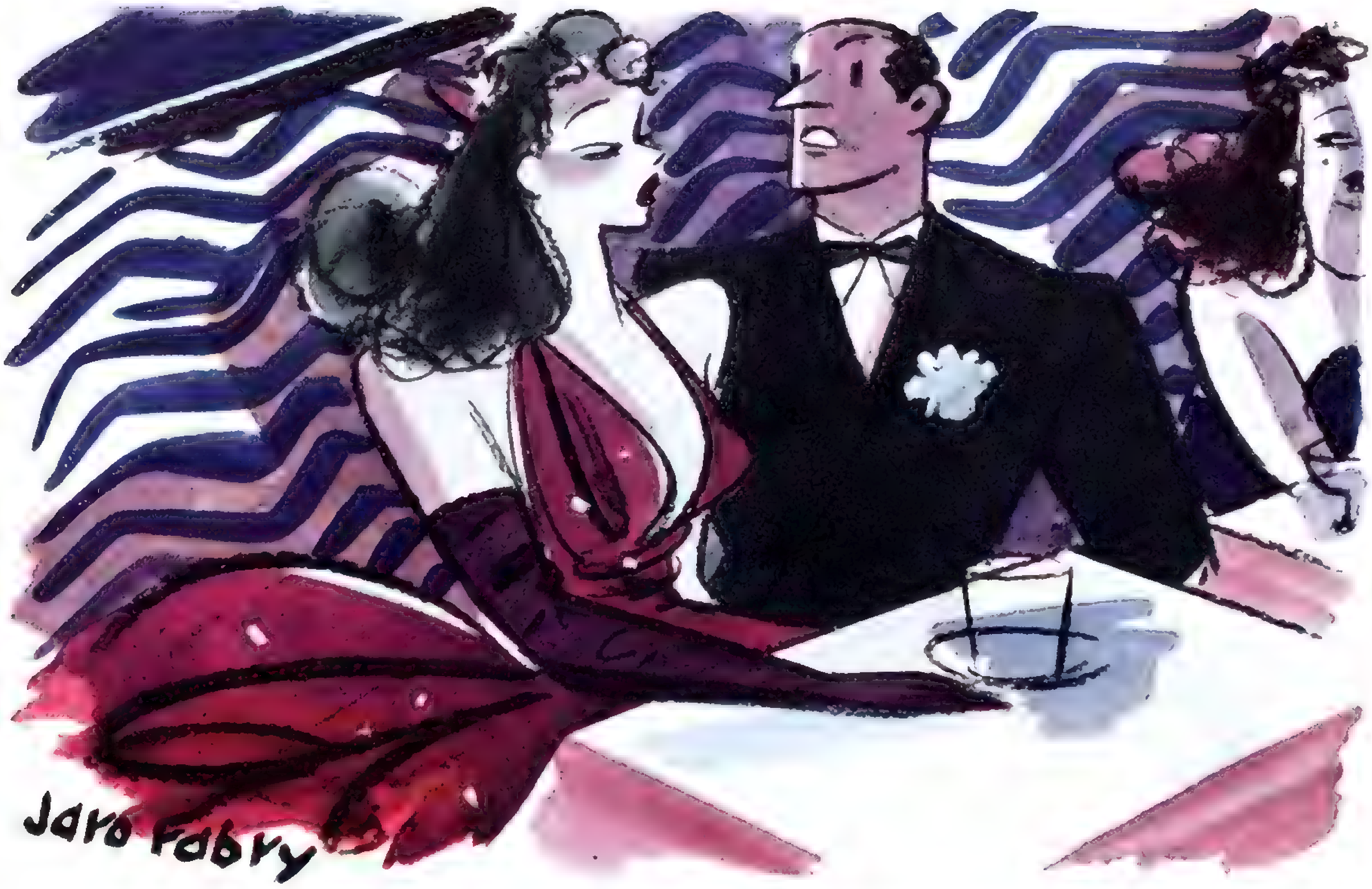
Continued on page 160



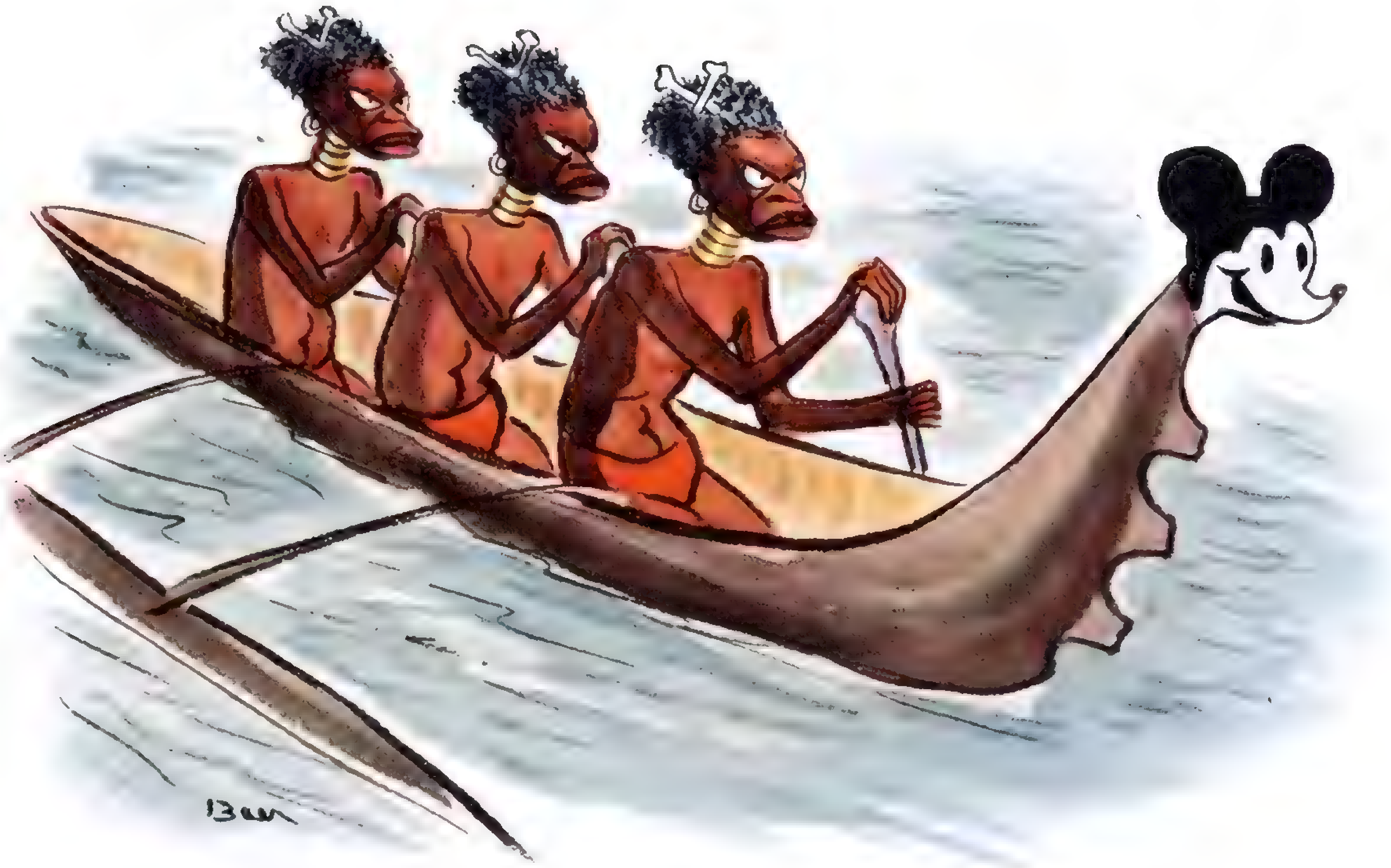
"Now don't be too hard on our Malcolm, dear—I'm sure it's just a phase he's going through"!

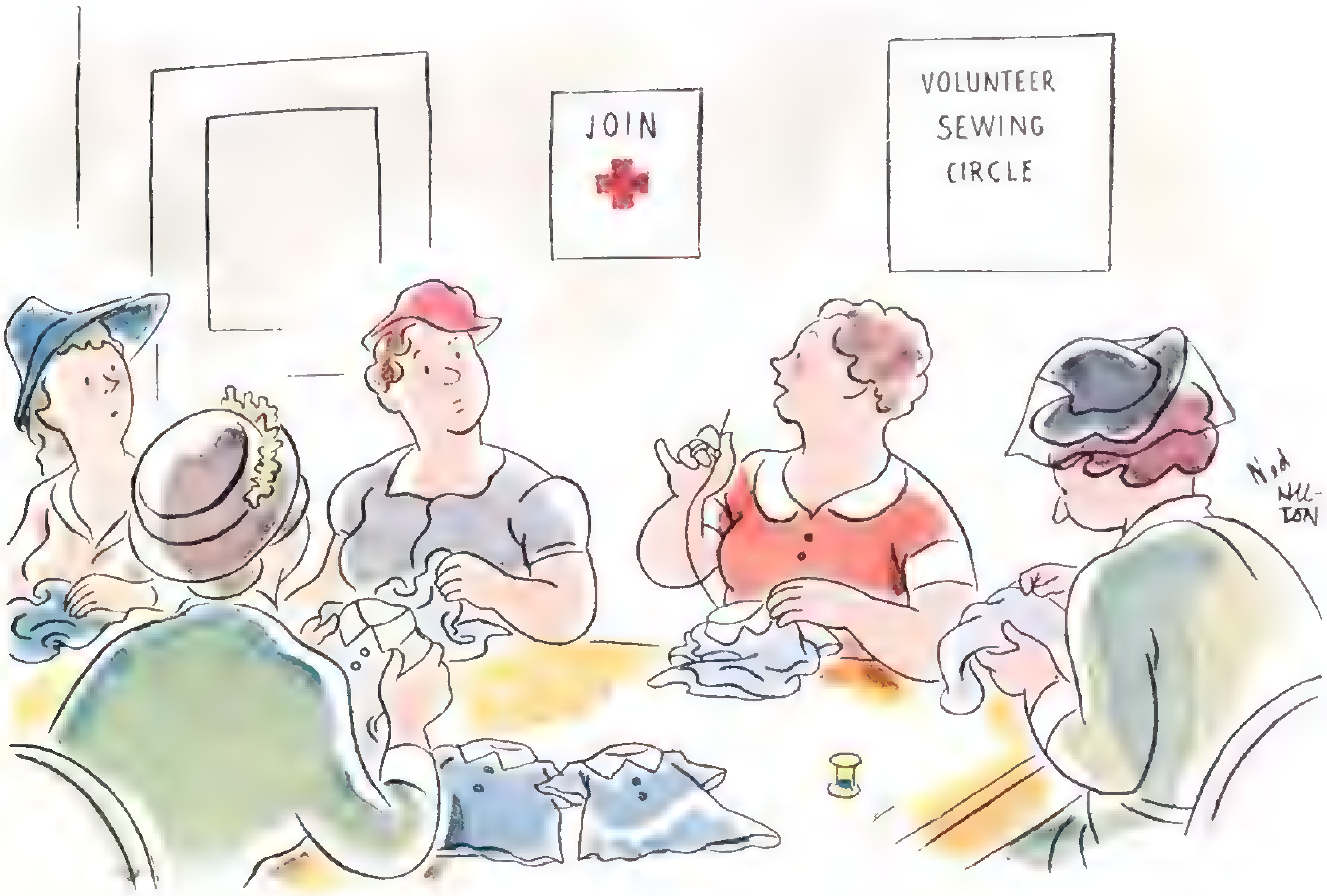


"The action being in the desert—shouldn't they look for a drink first?"

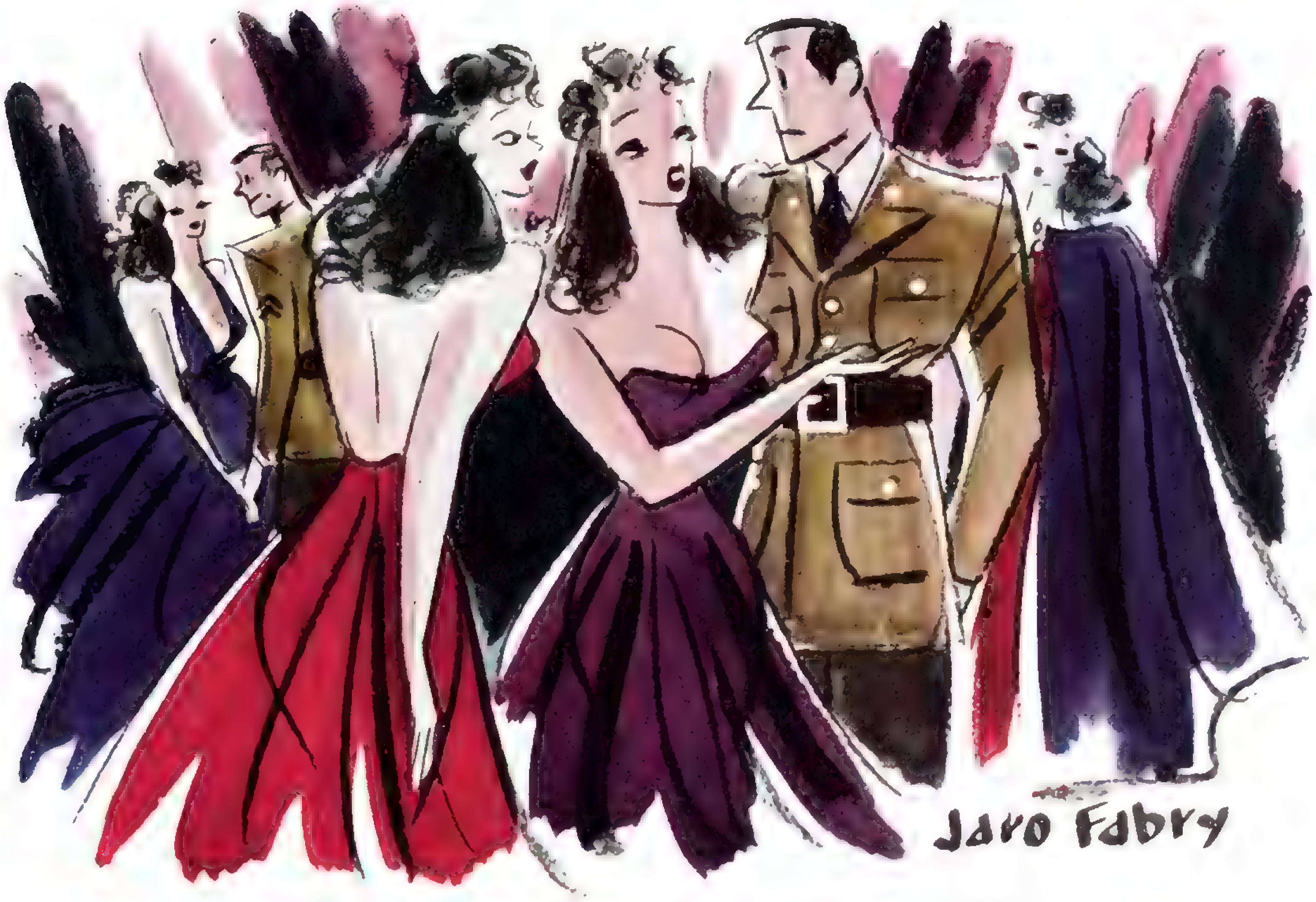


"Just as the army surgeon was pronouncing me physically fit my arches crumbled"

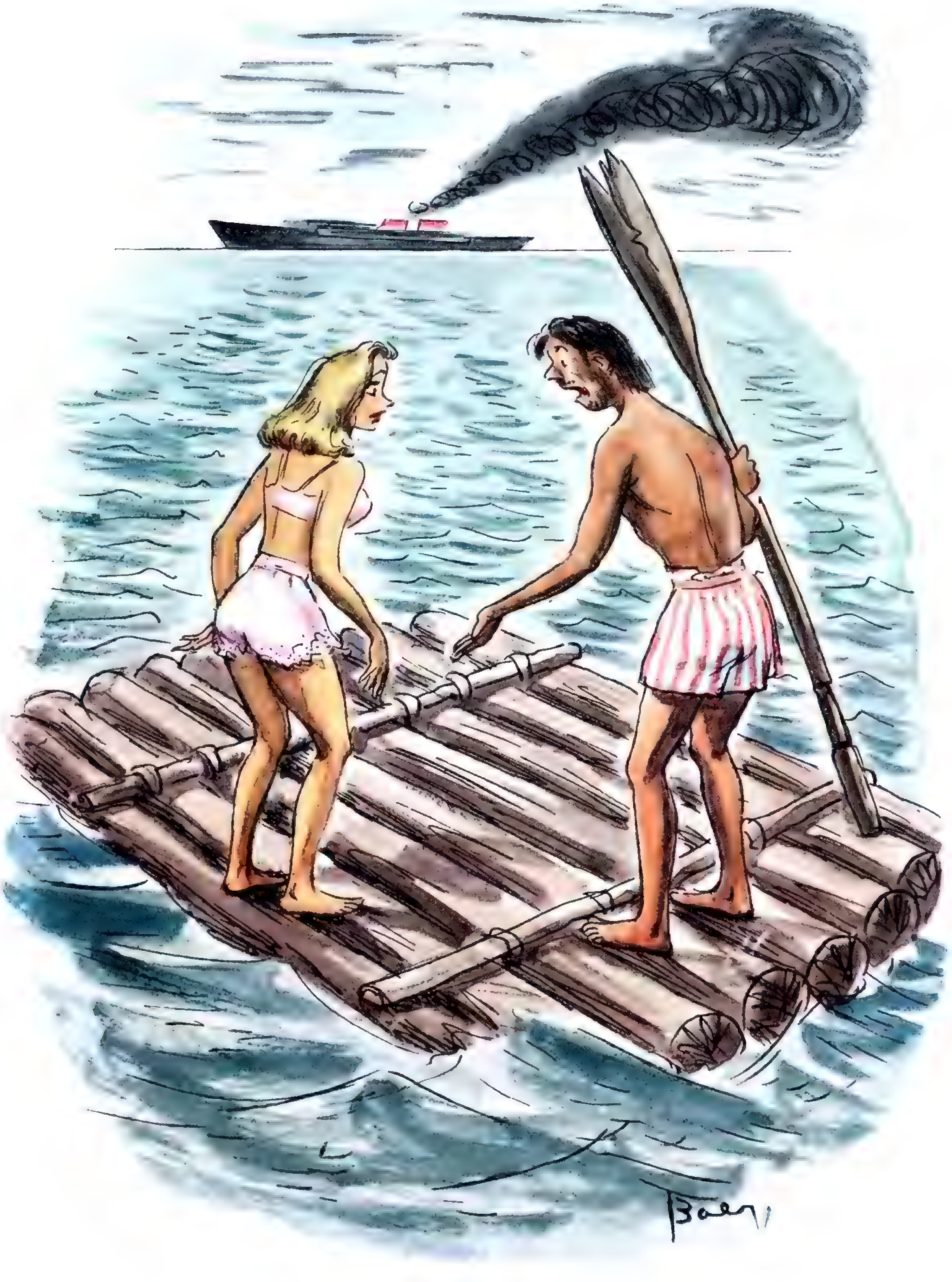



JOIN
VOLUNTEER SEWING CIRCLE
Ned Hilton

"I keep thinking I'm going to have a baby"



"Show Edna your wound from peeling potatoes"



"Go ahead and wave it—from where they are they'll think it's a handkerchief"

The Cycle of Myrrh

There were some who reproved Mary, the sister of Martha, for bathing Christ's head and feet in the precious ointment

by MANUEL KOMROFF

•FICTION•

THE only words which Lazarus spoke after he was raised from the tomb were: "My Lord. My Lord." And all who witnessed this miracle of miracles stood in amazement.

Soon great crowds gathered. They came from near and far to look upon the one who had been dead and now lived in flesh and blood. And there were some who hurried away to bring the news of this event to neighbors and friends.

But there was one who ran on with all speed to Jerusalem, and arriving at midnight knocked upon the gates and paid extra toll to the Roman sentinels to be allowed to enter. Then he ran through the streets until he came to the home of the high priest Caiaphas and here he awoke the entire household and related, with as much detail as possible, the miracle of miracles. And Lazarus whom they believed dead now lived!

Then later, in the still of the night, men with torches went to awaken the priests of the houses of Annas, Boethus and Kathros. And they who were called, dressed hurriedly and came to the home of the high priest Caiaphas.

When all were assembled the high priest related to them what had occurred and raised his arms heavenward to bring a curse upon the one who dared perform such a miracle.

"With such power in the hands of one man," he cried, "the whole nation is threatened! Would it not be better for one man to die than a whole nation perish?"

"Yes, yes!" called the priests.

"Then gather together the counsel and let us decide what is best for all."

That same night the Master and His disciples walked out into the country near the wilderness. And as they walked the disciple Judas, who was keeper of the treasury, said: "Ben Shaba is a rich man. We are poor; our bag is near empty. His son was returned to him. Is this nothing?"

But the one walking beside him replied: "What the Master has done He has done. Our reward is in the deed. And we who have seen the power and love of the Master need no longer doubt. This is sufficient."

"Ah! Such power!" exclaimed Judas. Then after reflecting a moment he added: "We need have no fear from the scheming priests or anyone. The Master is King over all and when we enter Jerusalem He will throw out the temple priests and we may then crown Him King."

The Master overheard these words of Judas and said: "Behold, we go up to Jerusalem, and all the things that are written through the prophets shall be accomplished unto the Son of man."

The night was warm and they slept under a wide sky of millions of shining stars.

After wandering about a number of days during which time the Master instructed His disciples with words of wisdom and by way of parables, a messenger arrived from the town of Bethany urging them to return for a special feast to give thanks for the delivery of Lazarus. As this return journey led in the direction of Jerusalem they consented to accept, and the messenger ran on ahead so preparations should not be delayed.

During this journey back to Bethany the Master healed two blind men near the town of Jericho. And from one town to another great crowds came forward to meet them. And in one place the little children were brought forward that the Master should lay His hands on them and bless them. This He did saying: "Suffer the little children, and forbid them not to come unto me: for to such belongeth the kingdom of heaven."

Some distance before the town of Bethany stood a small group of men and women waiting the arrival of the Master. When they saw the Teacher and the twelve with Him they hailed them. And one of the men, the one with the staff in his hand, came forward and spoke with great emotion.

"Look at me," he said. "Do you not remember me? I am Simon who was once a leper. I was cast out and lived among the rocks of the wilderness. We were ten together and you came to us and healed us. And in our great joy we ran off without so much as a word of thanks. Forgive us, Master. What you have done we can never forget. And Ben Shaba also, in his great joy at seeing his son Lazarus alive, was so overcome that he too . . . But now we have made a feast and I have begged permission that it be held in my house. For my leprosy was cast away long before Lazarus was returned to the living. And I have more days to be thankful for. I welcome you to my home."

As they walked to the home of Simon the leper they passed between fields of ripe grain, the first crop of the early spring. And a short distance before the home of Simon two yoked oxen driven by an Egyptian slave were going round and round threshing the early wheat.

And as they passed they heard the slave sing in a plaintive voice:

Thresh for yourselves oxen!
Thresh for yourselves!

These words they still heard from the distance as they entered the home of Simon.

Ben Shaba, his son Lazarus and his daughters Martha and Mary were already awaiting their arrival. Soon they all sat down beside the heavily laden table except Martha and Mary who helped serve the dishes. And all seemed happy and gay. But now and then a sad look fell over the face of the Teacher. And His eyes looked out blankly into the far far distance.

When the meal was almost finished Mary

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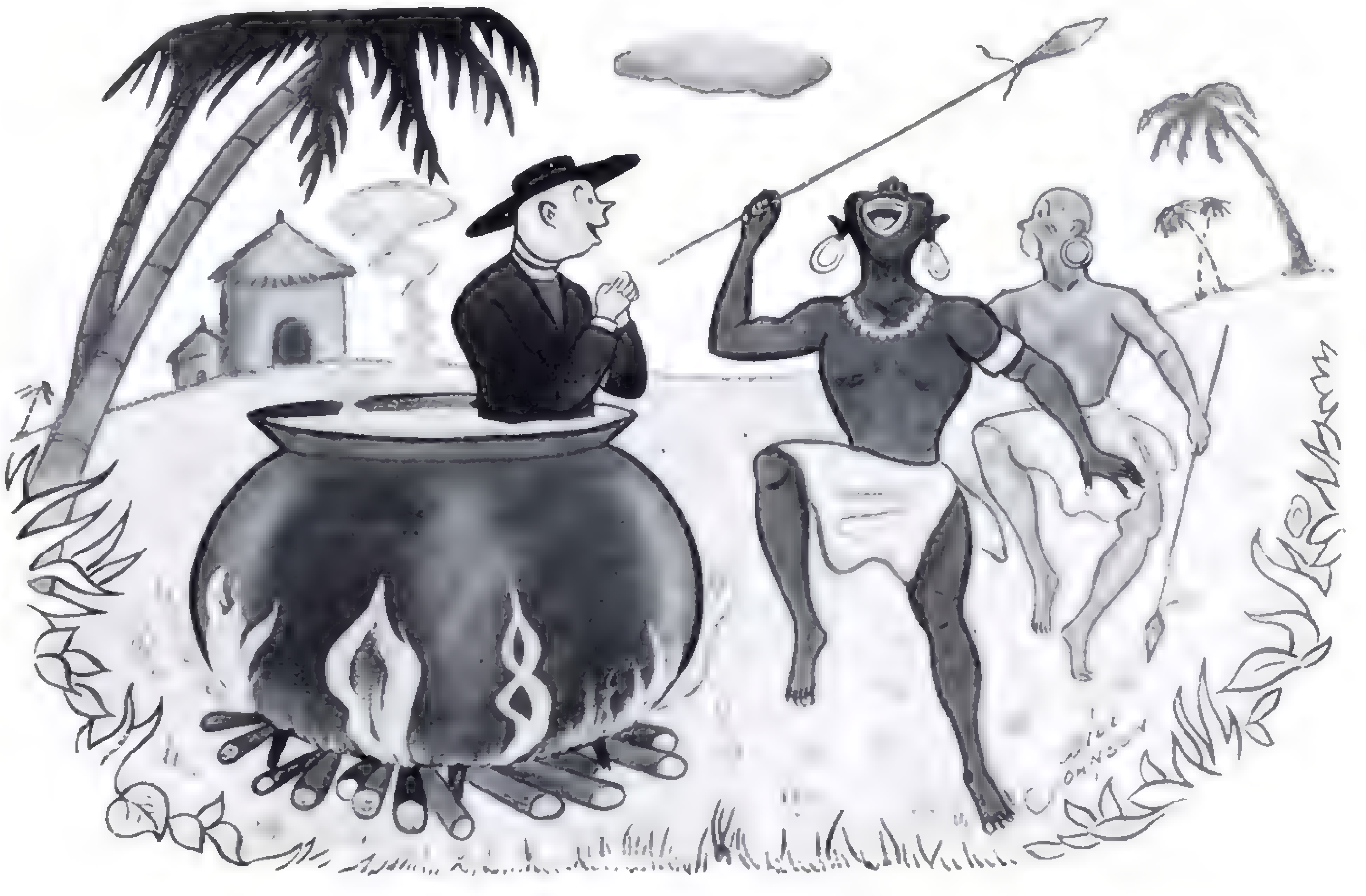
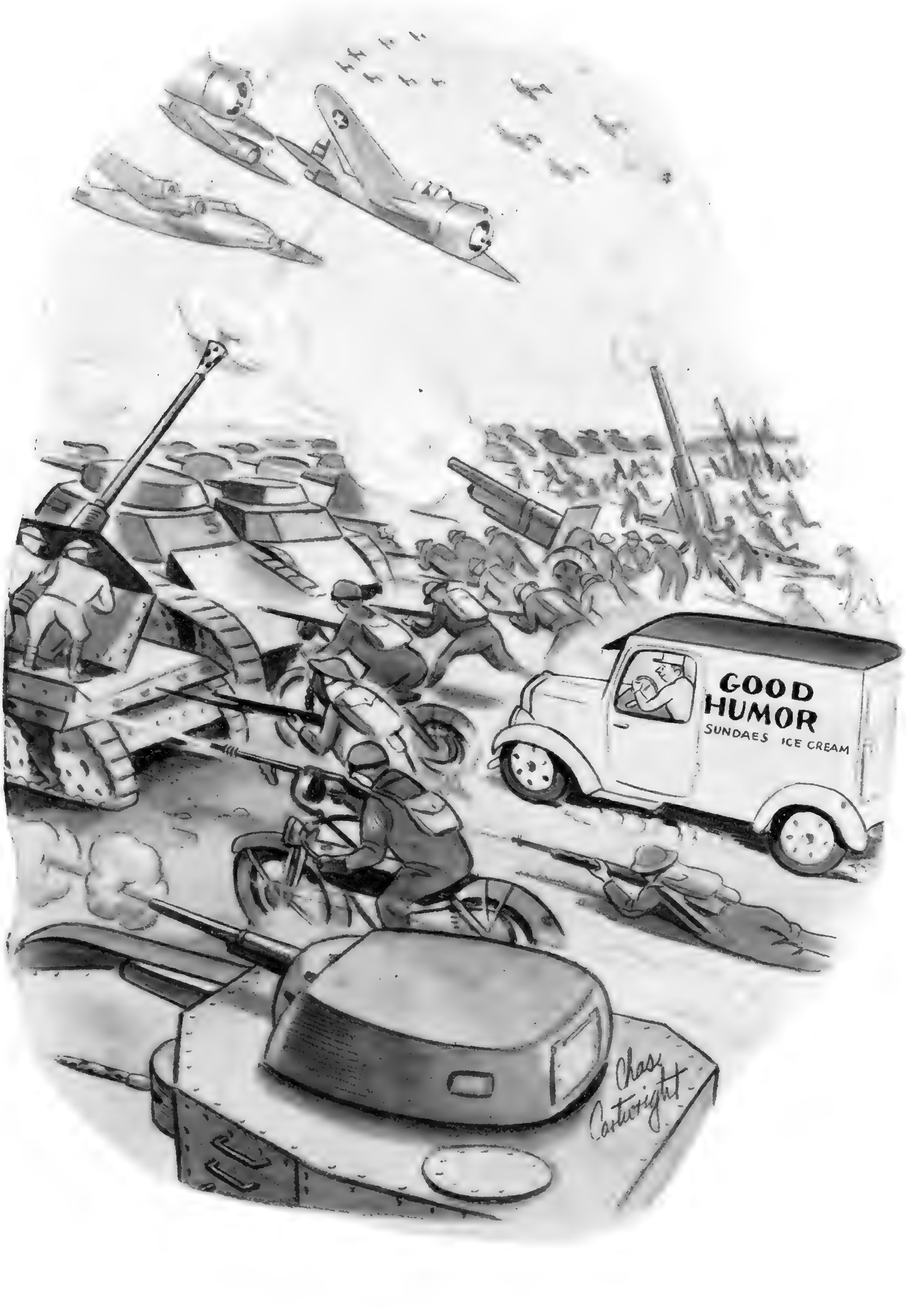


"You dance divinely"


GOOD
HUMOR
SUNDAES ICE CREAM
Chas. Cartwright

Okay–You Take It

An instructor describes those tense, anxious minutes, watching one of his students make that first solo flight

by ROGER L. TREAT

• ARTICLE •

You get him so he can fly straight and level most of the time, and his turns are pretty good. His climbs and glides are not too erratic, and his take-offs will do. His landings are almost safe enough, and you ride through more landings with him than you thought could be made in a lifetime. It seems that way. Then, all of a sudden, comes the Dawn. He's got it. And if you don't get the hell out of the ship, and let him go alone, he is going to have trouble from then on.

So, you tell him to hold it, and start to unbuckle your safety belt and your chute harness. You can feel him begin to tense up. You take a long time to get yourself untangled, and you keep on talking quietly, casually, trying to review the whole theory of flight in a few short sentences. You tell him about adjusting the stabilizer to compensate for the loss of your weight, and you turn it up to where you think it ought to be, because you know damned well he isn't hearing a thing you are saying except the flow of your voice. You slap him on the back sharply, trying to startle the tightness out of him, and tell him to go ahead and make three landings just as if you and he had been doing this same thing for weeks. Just as if it were the regular thing for you to ride for a while, and then get out and let him go alone. You get out and throw your chute over your shoulder, and walk toward the hangar, never looking back, trying to give him the nonchalant confidence he needs so badly by pretending that it isn't even worth watching so far as you are concerned. You light a cigarette and keep walking.

Then you hear the engine turn up faster, and you know he is turning around to go back for the take-off. You look around. You remember at least ten more things you want to tell him again, and you are tempted to step out in the center of the runway and flag him to stay there. But, you know he is ready. If nothing goes wrong, he will be all right. If nothing goes wrong, if nothing goes wrong, if nothing goes wrong. If the engine doesn't quit, if nothing goes wrong. If he doesn't stall close to the ground in his gliding turn, if nothing goes wrong. If no other ship cuts him off, if nothing goes wrong. He is down at the end of the runway now and starting to turn toward you. So, you turn your back again and walk to the hangar. It seems that ten minutes go by as you wait for the sound of the engine roaring open for the take-off. You know he is sitting there with a million thoughts pouring through his mind too. He is wishing he had the nerve to taxi after you and tell you he would rather not solo right now. He is wishing he hadn't got into this damned flying. Then he thinks, hell, that mug's been at it for years. He wouldn't let me go if I weren't ready. Then, he guns it.

You hear him coming, and squat down by the side of the runway so you won't disturb his take-off run. The plane is off quickly without your weight, and he has a lot of altitude as he goes over. You wave carelessly, but, invariably, he is staring straight ahead, tight, tense, still startled by the way the plane hopped up so fast. He was off before he thought the take-off run had half begun. You walk on to the ramp in front of the hangar and start to listen. And for the next fifteen minutes, you listen to that engine until it seems your ears must be sticking out a foot. Every beat, every throb pounds separately in your ears, because you know that an engine failure now means a dead student and the end of flying as far as you are concerned. You watch him climb out to 400 feet and start his first turn to the left. He slips badly, too tense to use his rudder properly. He goes on to his next turn out of sight behind the hangar. You are listening, listening, listening. He comes in sight again at the down wind corner. Turns, and starts across the end of the field. Now is what counts—the landing. You are trying to watch the control surfaces though it is much too far for that. He pulls his throttle too soon, almost always too soon, because he is more than in a hurry to get down. You hope he won't run out of altitude before he gets over the field. If he does undershoot, he will probably go into those trees, panicked into forgetting to bang that throttle. He skids his gliding turn as you knew he would. A turn seems slow in a glide, and he is trying to haul it around with the rudder. He is straightened out over the runway now, and you unconsciously start to hold your breath. He can't hurt himself much now, but he can make a fool of himself if he gets rattled—and all the other students are watching. The plane is getting down to the critical part of the landing and you want to shut your eyes or turn away and not watch it. Then he is on the ground, quite often with the best landing he will make for several hours after. You let out your breath and walk into the hangar to get a coke. You feel ten years younger in the last two seconds.

He goes on and makes two more trips around the field, but you hardly bother to watch. You keep on listening to his engine, but you aren't worried any more. Though an engine cutout will still mean disaster, you have a feeling that it won't happen—it would be too much of an anti-climax after he has gotten away with his first trip. And you know that he knows he can do it now. You can see him losing his tenseness as he takes off again. His turns are better, his legs are loosened up, and he uses the rudder the way he should.

You go out to meet him as he taxis in, to share that grin of triumph. To shake his sweating hand, to tell him he did a swell job. Now, he will start to learn to fly. This is the moment that wipes out all the monotony and doubts of your ability to pound this simple thing into minds so eager to learn. No matter what happens, the rest of the day is drab. #

AIRPORT
alex young

"It's Wilson calling from our stratosphere ship—now asks which way is down"

A Case of Sabotage

As if Smoot hadn't bled enough for his country, training draftees, the Sarge has to send him spy hunting

by LOUIS PAUL

SATIRE

"HEY, look at this here!" exclaimed Corky Smith. An order tacked up on the bulletin board read:

Report immediately to First Sergeant:
Corporal Dunlap Smoot
Private First Class Gaylord Ortwingle
Private First Class William J. Smith
Private Harrison Hyler

"What did we go and do now?" said Ortwingle.

"It's probly what you ain't done," said Corporal Smoot. "The way you was givin' them new draftees their recruit drill yesterday, why they would be failures as even campfire girls."

"All right. So I run my squad into the side of the barracks a couple of times," Ortwingle protested. "I also see you're up on the carpet, too."

"Sure I am up on the carpet because it is my worst luck to be the superior officer of two guys like Smith and Ortwingle," said Corporal Smoot. "After all my faithful service to the regular army, this is the thanks I get by bein' made into a corporal over such guys."

"Alwys kidden, the corp," said Ortwingle, shaking his head. "Alwys kidden."

"Well, come on. We might as lieve go in and have it over with," said Smoot. "Corky, you go and get aholt of Hyler."

"Which guy is this here Hyler?"

"That's the new kid, the one they jist wished onto our squad."

In a moment Corky Smith came back with Hyler in tow. Hyler was a tall callow youth, a recent addition to the new draft army.

"Okay," said Smoot. "The four of us is here. I don't know what we done to get on report, but everybody has got to stick together. No matter what they accuse us of we are innocent unless they got two witnesses."

First Sergeant Edwards bellowed, "Come in!" at the knock on the orderly room door. "Ah, good morning, Corporal."

"Good morning," said Smoot without enthusiasm.

"You're just the men I'm looking for," said Sergeant Edwards. "Regimental headquarters has sent down an order for four infantrymen to go on special duty. I'd rather have you here with all this recruit training going on, but orders are orders. It's a damned important assignment, and I've picked out you three guys because we've soldiered a long time together and I know you can be trusted. Hyler there I want to go along for the experience because I think he is noncom material."

"This is some build-up, sarge," said Smoot. "Give us the bad news and get it over with."

"Well, they've been having a little trouble over at Hitchcock Field. Sabotage. Nothing very big, nothing they can put their fingers on. But this isn't exactly the time to take chances. They need some good men at the air base for guard duty, and I'm sending you four fellows. Headquarters Company will supply you with a reconnaissance truck and a driver. Report to Captain Clyde. He's aide to the commanding general and safety officer of the field. Good luck, men. You'll probably have a relief in a month or two."

"That is the army for you," murmured Corporal Smoot as they waited for the driver with the reconnaissance truck. "First it is drillin' new draftee recruits and then it is huntin' for spies. Never a dull moment. The next thing we know—"

The truck came along then and picked them up.

"Sabotage," said Corporal Smoot. "Where'd they ever get such a word from?"

Private Harrison Hyler, the new recruit, answered Smoot's question. "It comes from the French, *sabot*, meaning a wooden shoe. It refers to peasant workmen doing their jobs carelessly in order deliberately to slow down production. It means any malicious interference with a regular program, in this particular usage to foreign agents whose governments will benefit by the wrecking of activities."

Smoot and Ortwingle and Corky Smith stared open-mouthed at the selectee member of their detachment. The reconnaissance truck lurched along the rough highway doing sixty because the driver was on official business and couldn't be given a ticket.

"How does somebody ever find out a thing like that?" demanded Smoot at last.

Hyler smiled. "By doing post-graduate work at any reputable university. One runs on to practically all the words there are in the course of acquiring a doctor's degree."

"You mean you was studyin' to become a sawbones?" asked Smoot.

"Oh, no. A doctor of philosophy. That's an educational degree."

"What do you do with it after you get it?"

"Well, you take a job in college and teach it to other people."

"Yeah. That's all right. But ain't it good for anything?"

"In the sense you mean, I suppose not," Hyler laughed. "It's a way of making a living."

"Like the army," interposed Ortwingle.

"Okay," said Smoot. "I am sorry I brang the subject up. Personally I do not see no sense in studyin' to become a doctor unless it gives you a chance to charge people two bucks for gettin' sick."

"I suppose an educational doctorate has its weaknesses," Hyler admitted. "Particularly in the business of tracking down saboteurs."

"How is it," asked Corky Smith, "that these guys in the Aviation Corpse at Hitchcock Field air base can't go ahead and look out after their own spies without they haff to call in infantrymen?"

"I don't know," said Smoot. "But the very first time the commanding general invites me to eat lunch I will ast him about it."

"Say, do you think we'll ever get a chance to have a ride in one of them arrowplanes?" inquired Ortwingle. "I never been up in an arrowplane. I would most certainly like to zoom around in the heavens in one of them things, to dip and zip like a bird."

"Oh, sure," said Smoot. "As soon as this

Captain Clyde hears that you have never been up in the air he will immediately put aside the whole defense schedule to personally take you for a ride."

"You don't haff to be so sarcastical about it."

"Look," said Ortwingle. "How are we suppose to know a spy when we come onto one?"

Smoot shook his head. "That is easy. You jist walk around and keep your eyes open and the first guy you see blowin' up a airplane hanger, jist ast him a few questions. If he talks back with a German accent, then that is the time you want to be very suspicious of such a guy."

"There is nothin' you can do with Smooty when he is in a sarcastical mood," Corky Smith advised his partner.

"We have served two hitches in the army with Corporal Smoot here," Ortwingle told the recruit Hyler. "He use to be a good guy at heart. But ever since the Defense Program come along and they made him into a corporal he gets to be sarcastical. You would think it was our fault that he is made into a corporal."

"Yeah," said Corky Smith. "When Smooty gets sarcastical all it is possible to do is jist ignore it. Don't go ahead and judge the whole army by Corporal Smoot. It is like he has a big tragedy in his life or something that makes him like that."

Smoot shrugged aside these heavy-handed ironies. "I guess Hyler here, if he is got all the brains it takes to be a doctor of philosophy, can jist take one glance at you two guys and figger out what the tragedy in my life is."

"I wonder how the Air Corpse feeds?" asked Corky Smith.

"I hear it feeds very good," said Ortwingle.

"I am hungry already," said Corky.

"I hope they got roast beef for dinner," said Ortwingle.

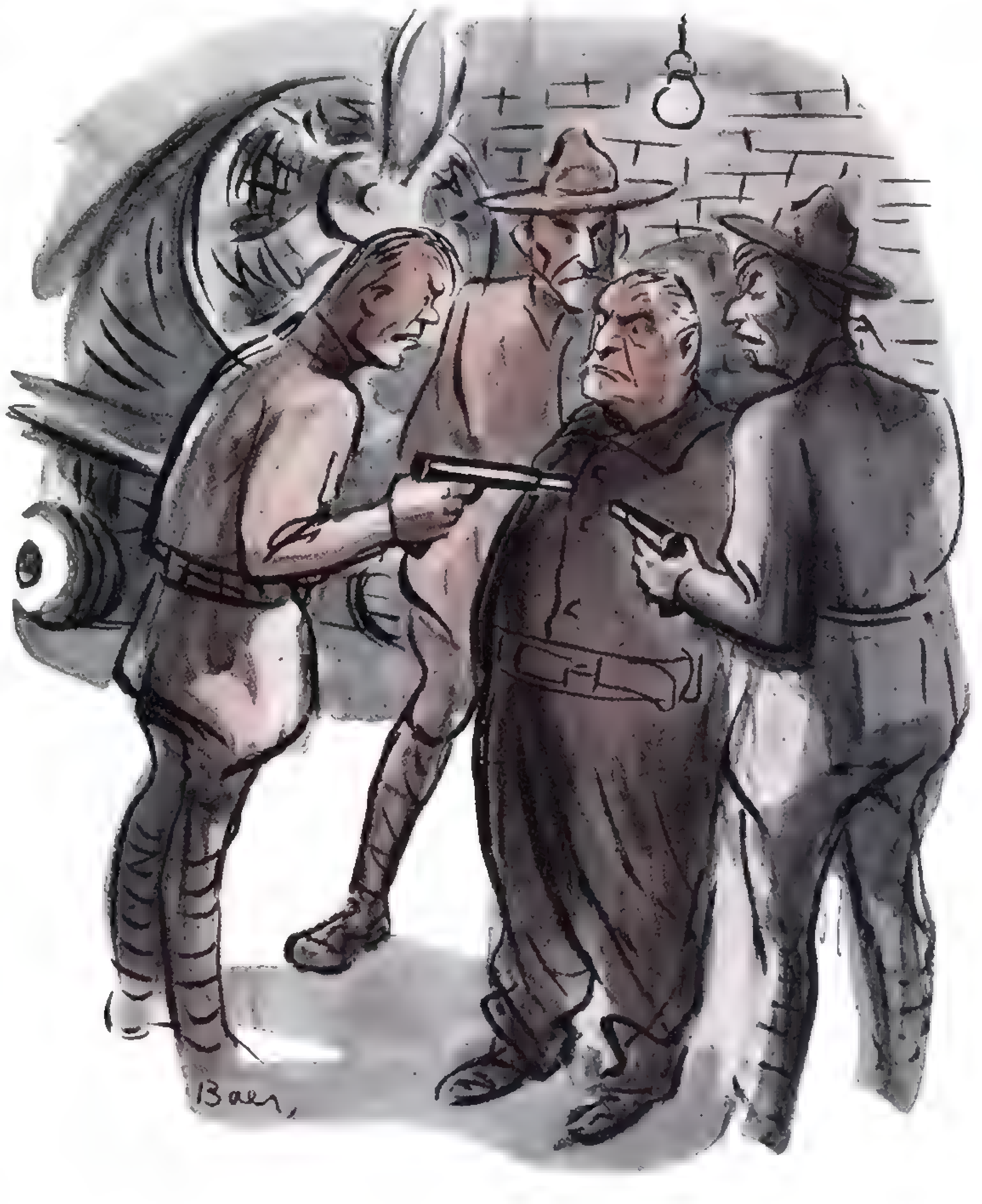
"I hope they got fried steak."

"Don't you guys ever think of nothin' besides your stummick?" Smoot demanded.

"Well, if there is been passed a new law that bein' hungry is a crime they never yet posted it up on the bulletin board," said Ortwingle.

On their arrival at the air base the four men presented themselves for duty to Captain Clyde.

"You're the infantrymen sent up for guard duty. Good. Stand at ease. I hope your men have sharp eyes and alert minds, Corporal. I don't think I have to impress upon you how essential it is at the present time to protect our air activity from possible sabotage. You'll have the night tour of Hangar B. That's where we house most of our important tactical equipment. General Webster, the base commander, has expressly requested the posting of this guard. His private plane, incidentally is kept in that hangar. Later I'll give you a typewritten list of special orders. In the meantime you can report to the Quartermaster for housing and rations."



"Very good, sir," said Corporal Smoot, saluting smartly.

"This," said Corky Smith later, "is the best chow I ever et. Pork chops and macaroni with cheese on top and milk and coffee and all them vegetables, besides two kinds of cake—pie and doughnuts. Oh, boy. I think I am gonna like it here in the Air Corpse."

"Boy oh boy—look at that there bomber!" exclaimed Ortwingle. "That is sure some bomber. I guess if they make them arrowplanes any bigger and more complicated there will not be no human being that knows enough to fly 'em."

"All we got to do, accordin' to our orders, is to see that nobody photographs 'em or blows 'em up or runs off with 'em," said Corporal Smoot. "We will let the Air Corpse worry about who flies 'em."

For the first few nights Smoot took his post with Private Hyler during the recruit's two-hour watches. Everything went along smoothly. None of them saw any slant-eyed Orientals photographing gear and equipment or suspicious foreign-looking gentlemen planting time bombs about the hangar.

"This is sure okay," insisted Corky Smith. "I alwys did hanker to have me a job where I would sleep all day except during mealtimes. I guess I did a pretty good thing when I enlisted up in the army. Boy, is this chow in the Air Corpse something! It is like they think a guy will not make no good flyer unless he is got indigestion."

"As far as I am concerning," said Ortwingle, "there is too many second lieutenants around here that you haff to salute to. This here air base is crawlin' with second lieutenants. Washington should pass a law that when a place is crawlin' with second lieutenants it is okay not to salute them. My elbow is all sore from salutin' second lieutenants."

"I bet if such a guy as Ortwingle got into heaven he would complain about it bein' lousy with angels," Smoot commented.

"Alwys kidden, the corp. Alwys kidden."

And then, on their second week of guard duty, they bagged a suspect. He was a powerfully built man with a close-clipped military mustache and was attired in blue denim overalls. Ortwingle, who was a husky chap himself, grabbed the intruder inside the hangar just as he was about to climb into the commanding general's personal transport job.

Ortwingle spun him around, withdrew his automatic and pushed down on the safety catch. "Okay, feller. Back up toward that light switch," Ortwingle ordered.

The man smiled. "I think you've made a mistake, sonny. I—"

"Jist back up toward that switch and keep quiet. We'll let Captain Clyde decide who's makin' the mistake." Ortwingle turned on the floodlamps overhead. He examined the big man closely. "Hold your hands up and walk over toward that door. Maybe you got a accomplice with you for all I know." At the door he bellowed for the corporal of the guard.

Smoot came running up on the double.

"Well, I guess I caught one of these here sabots, Corp. Maybe you better put him in cuffs. He looks like a dangerous looking mugg to me."

"What are you doin' in this hangar at night, buddy?"

"I came in to get my brief case, Corporal. I left it in my plane this afternoon. I'm General Webster, the commanding officer."

"Well, there is a law against foolin' around these here hangars. My orders don't say 'except General Webster.' You better come over with me to Captain Clyde's barracks."

"Ah—" The general blinked. "May I, er, take my brief case with me?"

Smoot thought this over. "I'll take the brief case. If we find out you're the general we'll let you have it back."

Once in the presence of Capt. Clyde everything was straightened out satisfactorily.

"What happened?" inquired Hyler, who had been taking a nap.

"Ortwingle here captured a commanding general."

"Go ahead. Laugh," muttered Ortwingle. "Whenever they got a general that don't know no better than to go sneakin' around at night they ought to put a bell on him so you would know who he is."

"An excellent suggestion," said Corporal Smoot. "I'll take it up with Captain Clyde in the mornin'."

"Nuts," said Ortwingle. "If it wasn't that they have pie and doughnuts in the Air Corpse almost every meal I think I would put in and ask for a transfer." ##

Model T Football

Alonzo Stagg's T formation might have been shelved, but for coaches Ralph Jones and "Soup" Shaughnessy

by FRANCIS J. POWERS

SPORTS

Football coaches all over, are in a feverish dither about something known as the T formation. The T formation is an ancient gridiron jallopy that was stylish when Walter Camp coached the Yales and every dude had his own shaving mug on the barber shop shelf.

The T was going out of style when Woodrow Wilson first entered the White House and might now be a museum item only for the sensational resurgence of Leland Stanford University to the Pacific Coast Conference championship, the 73 to 0 victory of the Chicago Bears over Washington in the playoff for the championship of the National (professional) League and a sixtyish, baldish fellow named Ralph Jones.

Amos Alonzo Stagg brought the T formation in his carpet bag when he caught the Erie local and came to Chicago University in 1892, to give that school a football coach before it had hardly any classes. Off the T, Stagg brought championships to the Maroons and All America fame to Clarence Herschberger, Walter Eckersall and Wally Steffan. Starting with Stagg at Chicago the history of the T largely has been in a midwestern locale.

A young Kansan named Jesse Harper, learned about the T from Stagg and took it along when he went to Notre Dame as head coach in 1913.

It was from the T that Gus Dorais passed to blond, chunky Knute Rockne on the plains of West Point in 1914, as the Irish sensationally defeated a great Army eleven and revolutionized football. Out of that victory Notre Dame grew into the country's greatest football power and the forward pass became a major weapon of offense.

Rockne, the young coach, inherited the T from Harper and sent George Gipp running to All American immortality and the Four Horsemen to legendary fame. But in the middle twenties the T became static—defensive developments were capsizing its striking power. Coaches were turning away from its limited assets for the harder, quicker hitting and more deceptive possibilities of Glenn Scobie Warner's wing back formations. Rockne did not abandon the basic outline of the T but added a shift and spin play that again revolutionized the game and gave birth to the still popular Notre Dame offense.

Before going further into the story of the Model T, let's take a quick look at the current causis belli in its original form. It gets the name from the manner in which the four backs line up before the ball is snapped. Usually the line is balanced, that is with three players on each side of the center. Thus when a team makes ready to scrimmage, spectators see this:

E T G C G T E
QB
LH FB RH

This setup was very effective in the days of straight-ahead football when power was the main thing and before the defense began to combat the forward pass successfully by zoning the areas to be defended by the backs. As defense improved and became more versatile the T showed a lack of what coaches call "flanking power"—ability to get a play swiftly outside the ends or as quickly release potential forward pass receivers down field. Originally the quarterback always took the ball from center and handed it to the player who was to carry it through the line or around the ends. In those days the quarterback—fictionally at least—always had a dynamic personality, staccato voice and was a combination Napoleon and Stonewall Jackson and the ideal of every short-pantsed kid.

About the time George Gipp was bringing the first All America diploma to Notre Dame (1920) this man Ralph Jones began doing things to the T formation at Lake Forest Academy, a preparatory concentration for young toffs in the strictly Gold Coast town of the same name, north of Chicago. Jones started coaching while still a high school student down in Indiana, and is still at it after forty-odd years. He never had any college football experience but did coaching hitches at Wabash, Purdue and Illinois before anchoring at Lake Forest College—just across the road from the Academy.

At Lake Forest Academy, Jones had a sprightly bunch of youngsters and with the T formation mopped up everything in sight. But Mr. Jones was not entirely satisfied with the T as taught by Camp, Stagg and Harper. So he conceived the idea of having one of the backs start in motion, parallel to the line of scrimmage and goal lines before the ball was snapped by the center; that being permitted by the rules. This man in motion so confused the defense that Jones's teams grew in power and deception and in eleven seasons lost only three games.

In the early 1920's, Decatur, Illinois saw the start of an epochal event in football of the professional brand. George Halas, the Sternaman brothers, Ell and Dutch, and some other University of Illinois graduates, who did not get enough football in three years under Bob Zuppke, organized a team known as the Staleys.

Professional football in those days was pretty much a hit-or-miss proposition. The players always got hit but sometimes when the attendance was small missed getting paid. There was no professional league and with the exception of Jim Thorpe's Canton Bulldogs, the Massillon Tigers and Columbus Panhandles over in Ohio, the teams were pick-up outfits. Players would come into town on Saturday afternoon or Sunday morning, gather in a hotel room to learn a few plays and be ready for work. Stars of national

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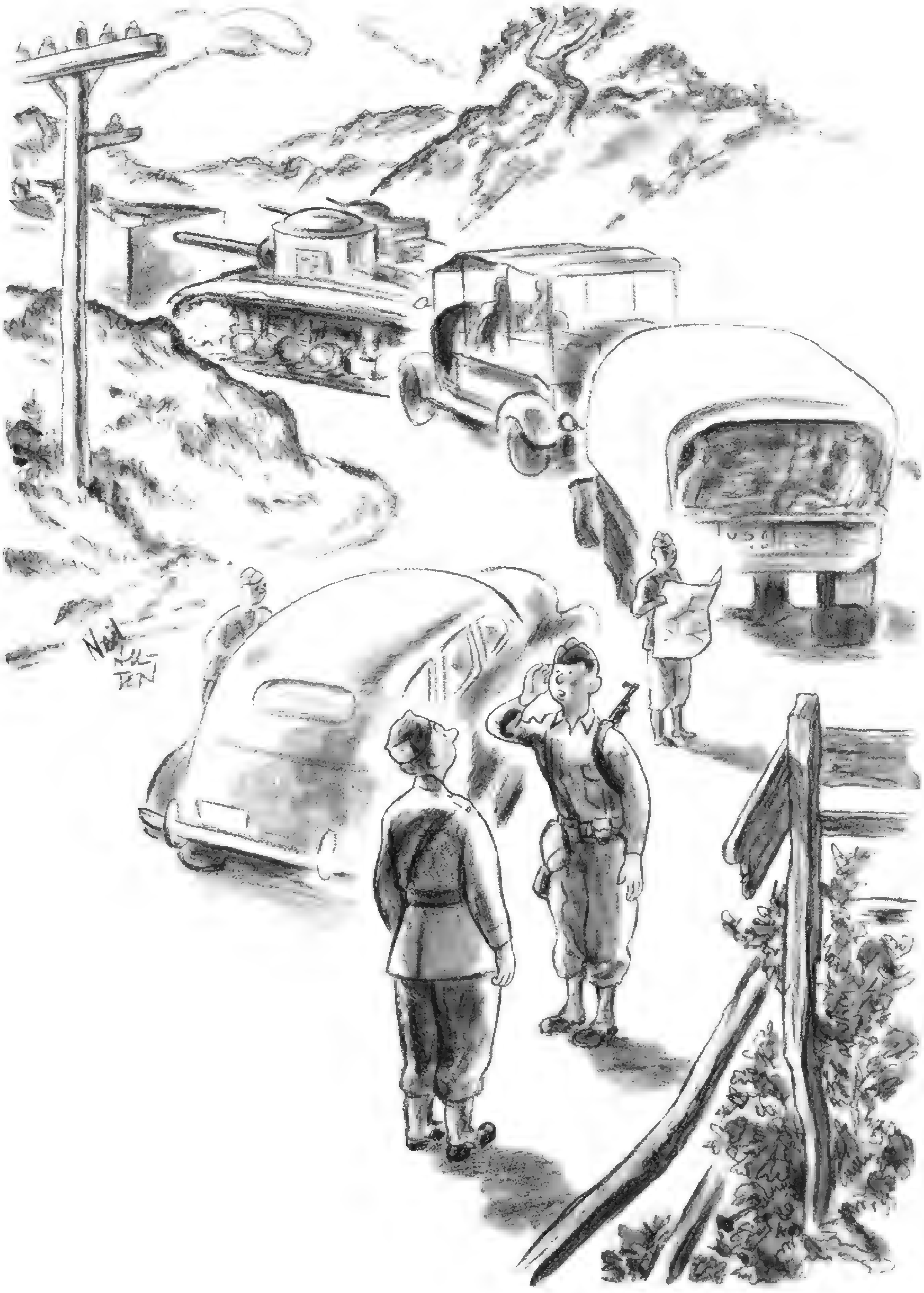
SEAVIEW RACETRACK
B. Brown.

"Not your day, eh?"



"If we pass a clump of trees, sir, would it be all right if I stepped out of ranks for a minute?"

The General and the Soup

Ian Petrovitch was one of those rebels whose dislike of the army exceeded the bounds of prudence

by JOE ABRAMS

▪ FICTION ▪

My best customer came into the restaurant late in the evening as usual, put his hat on the usual hook and sat at his usual table. He studied the menu carefully as was his custom and then said, "Bring me whatever you think best."

Always he looked at the menu, and always he left the actual ordering to me. I called a waiter, instructed him what to bring and then returned to my customer's table. "Would you mind if I joined you this evening?" I asked. "I should like a cup of coffee in company."

"Please do."

"Thank you." I sat across from him. "You have eaten in my restaurant for several months," I said, "and naturally I appreciate your patronage. But would you mind telling me why you come here? It is because we want to continue to please you that I ask."

"It is very simple," he said. "I eat here because the food is delicious and the service is excellent. I have always had a weakness for the Russian style of cooking."

"That is good," I said companionably. "What is a restaurant without good food and good service? We are exceedingly particular about them here I assure you."

"So I have noticed," he said. "You are especially meticulous about the quality of your service."

"There is an important reason for that," I said, "a reason which goes far beyond a desire for business. I shall never forget how Ian Petrovitch almost lost his life when he served the General's dinner."

The waiter interrupted just at that moment with my customer's soup. He placed it before him over the left shoulder and departed immediately.

"You have just been served a bowl of soup," I said. "It seems a simple act to you who are not initiated, but you may believe me, it requires careful training. Ian Petrovitch was an expert waiter, and yet even his hand faltered once."

My customer seemed a bit confused. "Perhaps you had better tell me about it from the beginning," he said.

"Yes, perhaps it would be best."

* * *

I presume that you are aware of the Russian draft laws which were in effect during the days of the late Czar Nikolai. Every able young man was called to bear arms, and no questions about his willingness to serve.

Personally, I was not unhappy in the army. The food was good and the work was light. But I must confess that I was fortunate in being detailed to the officers' mess, which was why I was able to eat so well that I was soon carrying a roll of fat over my abdomen. Say what you will about the treatment of Russian soldiers and the inadequacy of the enlisted man's diet, the officers ate extremely well. And since I was a waiter in the officers' mess I ate the same food that was served to the General, only perhaps a bit more of it.

Chas. Cartwright

"Oh, Major—you always seem to catch me with things in such disarray!"

Food, to me, has always been a matter of true love, and so enthusiastic was I in making suggestions to the chef, so scrupulous in serving the various dishes in a precise and proper manner, that I became quite popular with the officers and was soon promoted to head waiter with the accompanying rank of Corporal.

Unfortunately, however, some of my fellow workers were not quite so happy in their work. They considered that the Russian government was forcing them into an unreasonable sacrifice in demanding four years of their lives. Some tried desperately to avoid their service in the army. Thousands escaped across the border into Germany and went to America. Some feigned sickness, others deliberately crippled themselves to escape the draft.

Ian Petrovitch was one of those whose dislike of the army exceeded the bounds of caution. I recall very well the day he came to the camp.

"I have been detailed to serve in the officers' mess," he said. "I was told to report to you."

I glanced at his orders casually. "Very good, Petrovitch. Have you had experience in serving gentlemen?"

"Gentlemen, yes. Officers, no!"

I looked at him, startled. He was fortunate that no one else was around to report his words to the authorities. I saw that he was a handsome young man, tall and well-poised, a little delicate, perhaps, but not fragile. His eyes were clear and honest, but his lips were pulled down unnaturally, not exactly into a scowl, but rather with a hurt expression.

"We have a job to do," I said. "Perhaps some of us do not like it, but on the whole it is better to make the best of things."

He was puzzled. "You are not going to report me for what I said?"

"Why should I?"

He was silent for a moment, and then his defiance melted into a smile which was so contagious that I could not resist answering him with one of my own.

"I think we shall get along well," he said.

"I am sure of it."

Ian and I did get along well. Eventually we discovered we had interests in common and discussed them over many a glass of tea. He had revolutionary ideas about the preparation of food, and we would argue about them heatedly until there would be only one way to tell who was right. Then we would go to the kitchen to try his theories out. More often than not they were quite successful. Ian was a man after my own heart, and soon we were sworn brothers-in-arms.

Often, too, we would discuss other things. Never had I known a man who despised the

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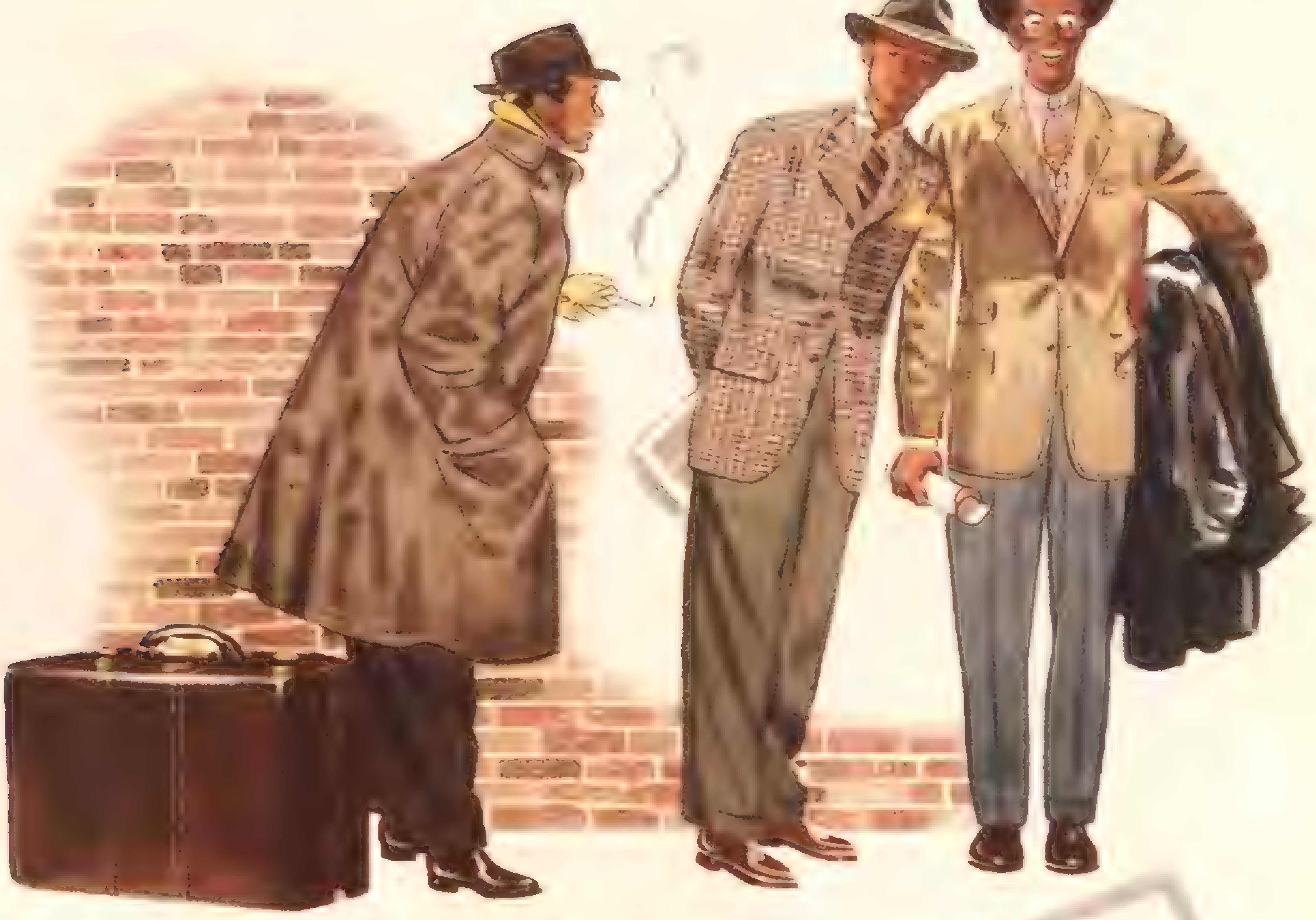
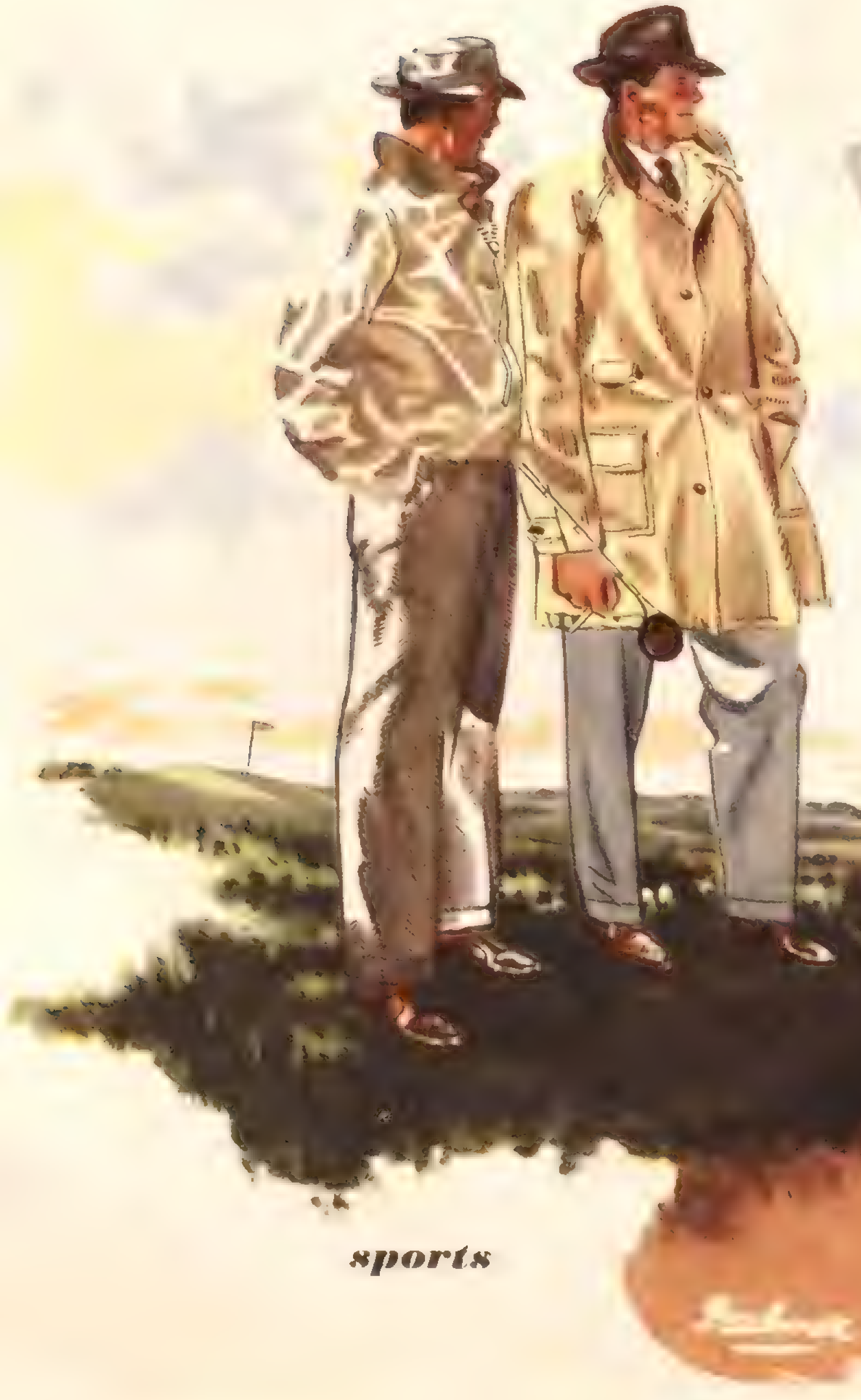
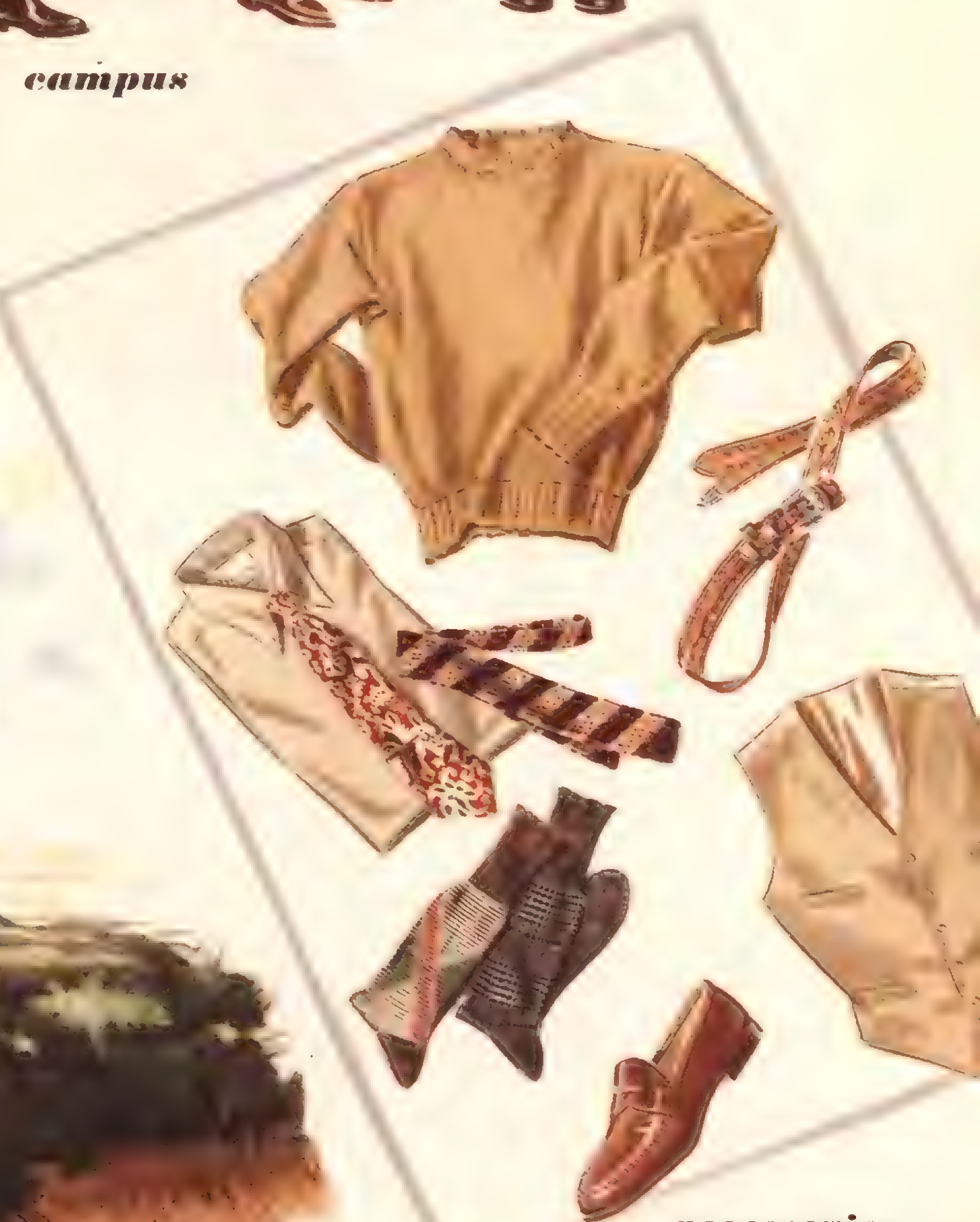


campus

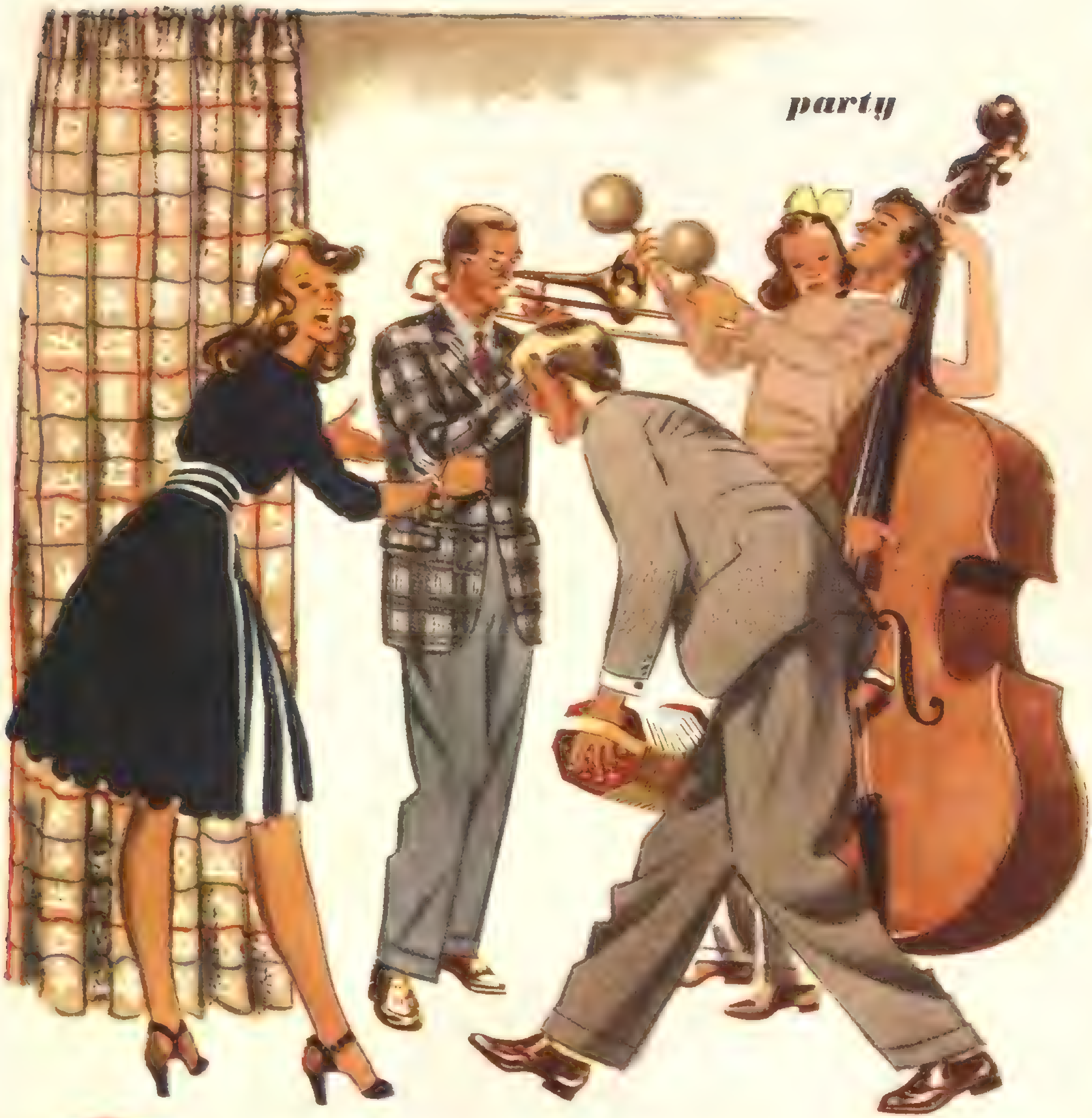


sports

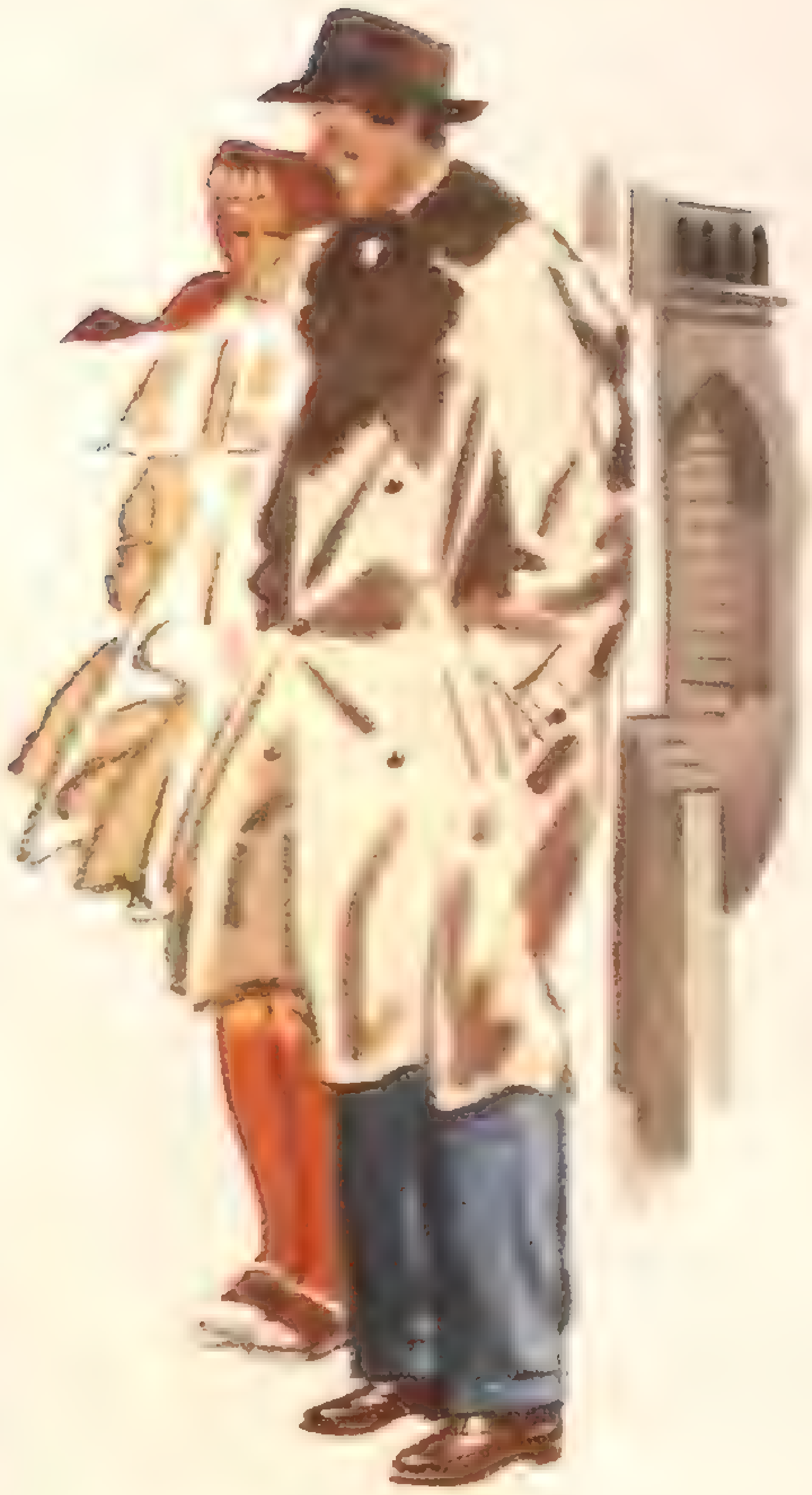


accessories . . .
land pullover; putty colo
shirt with button-down c
and straw colored foulard
tan striped crocheted tie;
belt; brown, green, red an
patterned wool sock, brown
brown moccasin slippers;

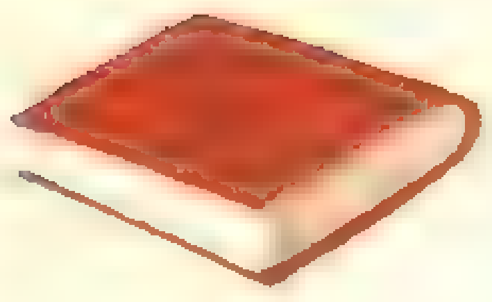
going back to school . . .



party



stadium



Natural Shet-
ed twill oxford
ollar, red, blue
tie, maroon and
tooled western
d natural large-
plaid wool sock;
corduroy vest.

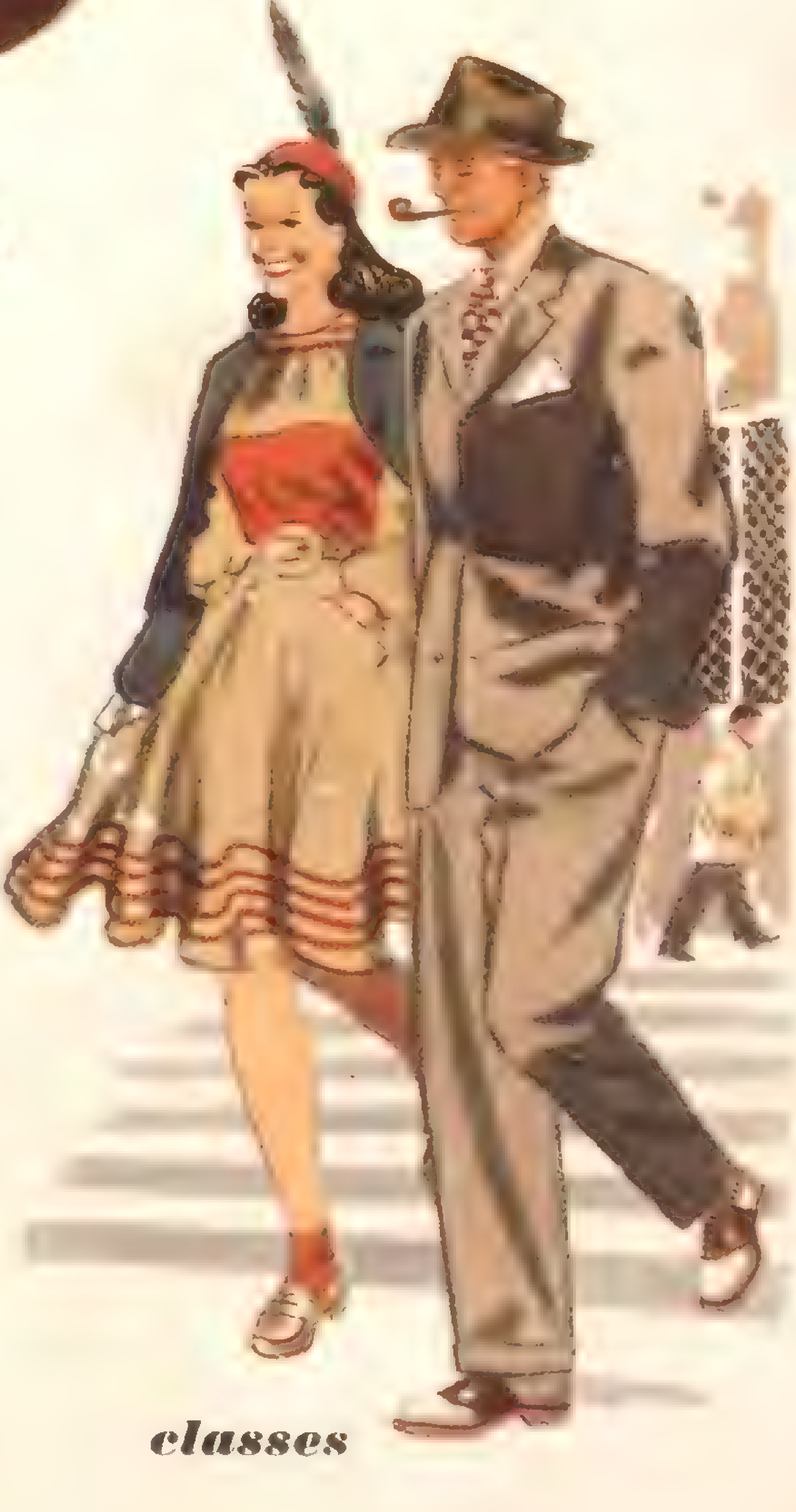
campus . . . The returning cigarette smoker with the suitcase wears an oyster colored processed cotton raincoat with four rows of stitching around the bottom, yellow cashmere scarf, brown felt hat, brown cheviot suit and brown shoes. The upperclassman in center combines a Sandune on brown overchecked Shetland jacket with putty colored oxford shirt, button-down collar, blue, red and yellow striped repp silk tie, khaki colored hat, natural covert slacks and brown moccasin shoes with red rubber soles. The blue and brown Harris tweed coat carrier has on a natural corduroy jacket, white oxford shirt, pinned rounded collar, figured foulard tie, brown felt hat, red, black and white Tattersall checked flannel waistcoat, grey flannel slacks and brown wing-tip shoes.

party . . . The trombone player sports a blue on brown plaid Shetland jacket, blue, tan and white oxford shirt, red-ground foulard tie, grey flannel slacks, blue wool half hose and fringed tongue brown moccasin shoes. The accordionist steps ahead in the covert colored diagonal tweed suit, Sandune ribbed wool socks and brown shoes. The rhythm-beater wears a Shetland sweater, covert cloth slacks and brown shoes.

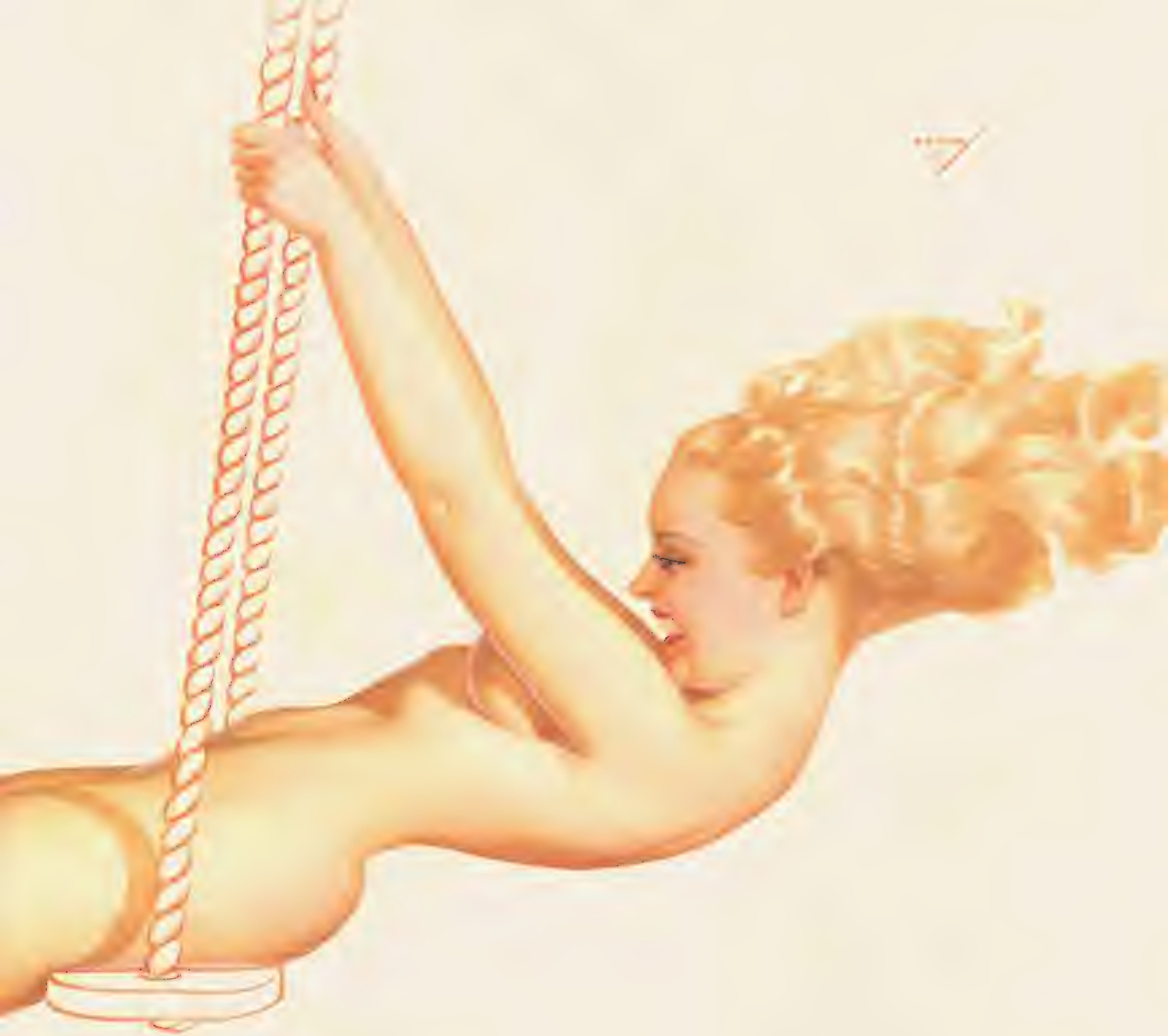
stadium . . . The varsity follower in the upper right-hand corner is decked out for a cold day in the sheeplined coat with pile fabric collar, brown felt hat, Air Blue cheviot suit, bow tie and brown shoes.

sports . . . The golfer is ready to tee off in a natural processed cotton jacket with slide fastener, cotton pork-pie hat, brown tweed slacks, maroon and green Argyle plaid wool socks and brown moccasin golf shoes with spiked soles. His companion, dressed more like a spectator, wears the fingertip corduroy coat, brown felt hat, white oxford shirt, maroon wool tie, Sky Grey flannel slacks and brown plain toe blucher shoes.

classes . . . The pipe smoker sets the fashion pace by his hat with gabardine band and binding, natural covert cloth suit, brown and putty colored oxford shirt, small patterned maroon and straw colored foulard tie, Lovat and Sandune Shetland striped wool socks and white and brown saddle strapped shoes with red rubber soles for foot comfort.



classes



"Yvette, will you go call a dressmaker—the Bundles for Britain collector was just here and I'm afraid I overdid it"

From Campus to "Cub"

Each spring a new crop of journalism majors storm city desks, battling for breaks in the glamorous fourth estate

by FRED TUPPER, JR.

ARTICLE

State Town, Minn., June 00—John Jones, who was graduated with high honors from State College last week, left today for New York. Mr. Jones was editor of State College News.

THE office boy came into the city room, a vast brain factory throbbing to the off-beat rhythm of typewriters, phones and cries for copy. He slouched by pasty-grey coffee containers and crumpled bulldog editions, then put a card on the city desk.

The city editor glanced at it and shook his head. "Tell Mister Jones," he said, "there's nothing open here. Tell him I'm too busy. And, oh yeah!" he added, as the copy boy started on his errand. "Any other pap-fed collegians. No jobs. Got it?"

Johnny Jones is typical of this college generation. He has peered darkly through a microscope at embryonic fauna; speaks a word or two of execrable Spanish, and strongly suspects that Homer antedates the Babe Ruth era. Expensively acquired assets but no solution to the chronic problem of converting a $4,000 sheepskin into ready cash. A college diploma no longer guarantees a job in specialized industry and big business but Johnny can write—or thinks he can. So begins the ordeal of crashing the city desk.

Jones finds New York newspaperdom a far cry from the paneled office of the *State College News*, with its pretty coeds and platitudinous wall mottoes. His one-man assault on journalism has petered out in the anterooms of the *Sun* and the *Journal*, the *Times* and the *Tribune*. But sometimes in emergencies, an idea is born out of desperation. Jones had one and he didn't like it. But he put it into execution.

The lobster (early morning) shift on Park Row, a hard-boiled lot who thought they'd seen everything under the sun, were mildly surprised to see a figure picketing the office. On a sandwich board dangling from his shoulders was printed in large, scrawling letters: "This paper is unfair to John Jones. He wants a job. He can't get a hearing."

Later shifts came on, curious faces looked out of the editorial windows and another paper plastered a derisive box on the front page. The publisher heard about it and a memo went down to the city room. Then an office boy appeared in the street. "Hey, Bud," he said. "The city editor wants to see you."

Jones went into the city room with his eyes squeezed shut and a lump tightening in his stomach. He stood there, self-consciously, holding the sandwich board under one arm. The city editor looked up and smiled.

"So we're unfair to you, Jones."

Jones nodded, holding himself together.

"Look, son," the editor said. "This is a tough game. Hard work and long hours. It doesn't pay much. And I'm not sure you can make it. Sure you want to try?"

Jones nodded again. "Yes, sir. Very much."

"All right. You've got guts. I like that." The city editor picked up a blue pencil and made little marks on a piece of paper. "Come in Monday. I'll give you a two-week trial, twenty to start. Speak to the assignment editor, then get a map and learn the town."

Jones isn't in yet. A two-week newspaper trial is one of the most diabolical plots hatched by an ingenious desk. It entails assignments to interview people whom the desk knows from long experience can't be interviewed. It means strap-hanging in subways from Brooklyn to the Bronx and Astoria to Hoboken chasing down endless stories that don't add up. There are tedious hours of listening to after-dinner bores and countless arguments with hard-bitten desk sergeants, who don't like reporters and hate cubs.

A trial is as near a thing to hell on earth as an assignment editor can make it. Jones is the guinea pig. They cut him to ribbons.

Here's a sample day. The phone rings at 4 A. M. It's the desk.

"Get over to 10th Avenue and 50th. Police think there's a bomb there. They're watching it. You watch it."

Jones hauls out of bed and hurries. Hours roll by. Manhattan rises, yawns and goes to work. Jones is at fever pitch. He hounds cops and detectives. He calls the office and launches into a torrid eulogy of cop bravery during the long, lonely hours of vigil beside the deadly explosive. At 7 A. M. a bomb squad investigator shows up. He discovers that the bomb is just a piece of pipe, part of some air-conditioning equipment. Apologetically Jones calls his office again.

"Meet the Century," says the desk. "Betty Grable's on it. In at Grand Central in fifteen minutes."

Jones gets no breakfast. He fights his way into a crowd of photographers, fans and movie magazine writers. The Grable perches atop a trunk, crosses her legs to advantage and fondles a fluffy little dog. Victor Mature, also of Hollywood, is handsome at her side. Miss Grable smiles and says in studied terms, "OOo tweet 'iddle thing. How dirty ooo is!"

Then she kisses him—the dog. Jones says nothing. Cameras click and the tableau fades away. Jones feels like an autograph hunter who comes away without an autograph. He makes up some quotes, crosses his fingers desperately and calls the office.

A half hour later—still hungry and getting tired—Jones is in Brooklyn at the annual Children's Society Pet Show. He wades knee-deep through alley cats, whimpering mongrels and stray horses. Screams of dirty children beat a wild tattoo on his ears. It's noon, then 2 P. M. Jones sits there, helpless, waiting for the judges. He hates pets, kids and the newspaper business. The winner is an ugly kitten —a cross between a Disney cartoon and a

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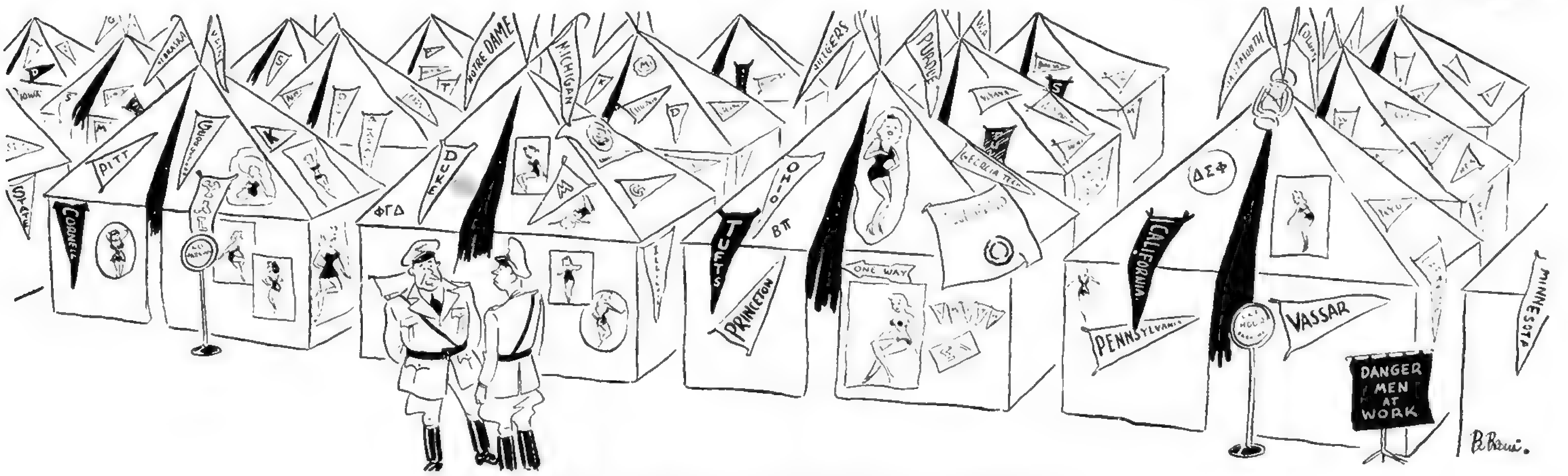
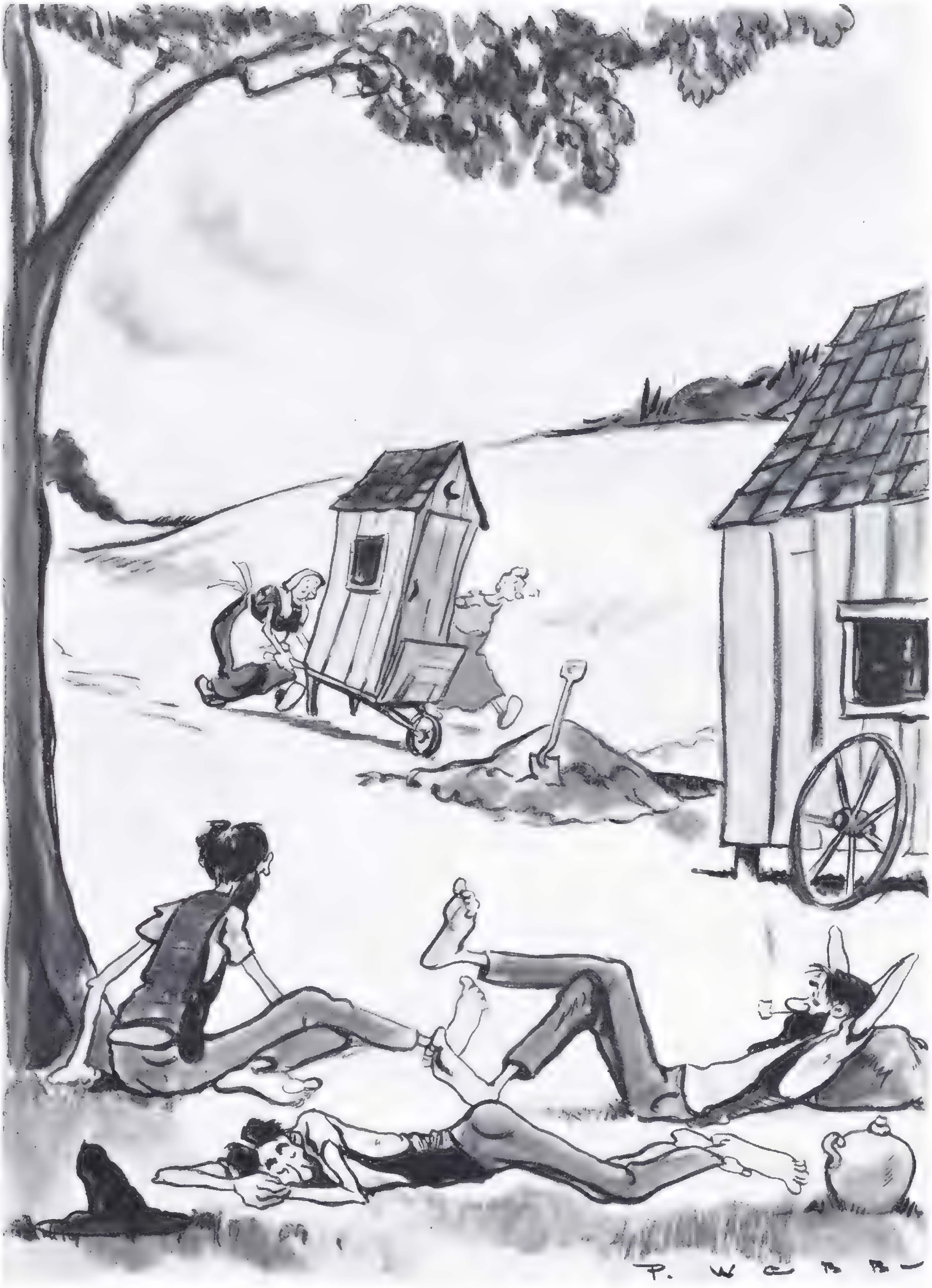


"Has that detachment of college boys arrived yet?"



*"It's the one they trapped that Yankee General in durin' the war . . .
Gran' pappy won it in a mumbly-peg contest"*

The Great Devil Fish

Although the giant ray plays the villain in many sea tales he asks only to be let alone

by BOB RUSSELL

▪ FICTION ▪

Ten miles off the end of the Sabine jetties, on the Gulf coast of Texas, a huge, nightmarish form swam restlessly in great circles.

To an airplane observer it would have looked like a tremendous, prehistoric bird which had dived and was pursuing its prey, just barely submerged.

Actually it was Manta Birostris, the giant ray or devil fish. One of the most awesome of all the ocean's many weird forms of life, his movements were all those of flying, rather than swimming. Weighing nearly two tons, the thirty-foot wide wings beat gracefully, and in turning he banked, bird like.

Nothing which swims is given so wide a berth by those who fish or follow the sea in small boats. Yet, despite the fact that poorly informed fiction writers have made him the villain of countless stories, he is harmless unless wounded, and asks only to be allowed to pursue his wanderings, unmolested.

Ordinarily, with conditions so perfect, he would have been lazing near the surface, wing tips showing. Now, although the Gulf was smooth as a sheet of stainless steel, and a blazing, semi-tropic sun made the day ideal for loafing, he continued his roving course.

Around him the water was literally speckled with jellyfish, a favorite food, and while schools of menhaden jumped nearby, in senseless panic, he ignored them all. His mind, in an elemental manner, was struggling with his problem.

For months he had been bothered by a gradual stiffening and hardening of his body just back of the wings. It had lost much of its wonderful flexibility. Now, as he swam, his blacksnake whip of a tail trailed lifelessly behind. It no longer curled and writhed like a thing alive.

As yet the great wings were unaffected, and their power remained prodigious. It was in diving and quick turning that this stiffening of his rear body presented a definite handicap. The shark-like dorsal fin, located just ahead of the tail, could no longer help in maneuvering. Even shallow soundings required a tremendous expenditure of energy.

Strangely enough, this condition was not the result of some creeping paralysis, but was the work of tiny sea snails sailors call barnacles.

Hardly larger than a small English pea, one of them could no more have influenced the giant ray's actions than an oarsman could have moved the Queen Mary. But in unity there is power, and with the persistent multiplication by which they force great ocean liners to dry dock, they were slowly crippling nearly two tons of fish.

At first they formed only a few separate clusters. Then they began reaching toward each other, inexorably building and strengthening, like the minute marine polyps, which through eons construct great coral reefs and islands.

Once he could break them apart by flexing his body, but now, from the arm-thick base of the twelve-foot tail, it was as rigidly reenforced as though cased in concrete.

This wasn't the first time he had been bothered by parasites. Like all great fishes he had them always to contend with. They ranged from sea slugs and small, worm-like leeches to the remoras or sucker fishes, which were by far the most numerous.

Small ones had the annoying habit of entering his gills, while larger specimens, sometimes measuring two feet in length, clung to his hide with latticework sucker devices atop their heads.

Getting rid of them, however, presented no particular problem. He simply speeded up and launched himself into the air, falling back to the water with a tremendous crash. Those which survived were more than willing to break their vacuums and scurry away in search of a less energetic host.

Something of the sort may have been passing through his tiny brain. In any event he decided to jump.

Gaining momentum from powerful thrusts of the great wings, he quickly pointed up and burst into the air with a roar of cascading water. Up he sailed, six, eight, ten feet. For a moment he seemed to hang suspended, like an airplane about to stall, and then fell back with a crash, throwing spray far into the air. Across the quiet water, the sound of the impact could have been heard for miles.

Not far away a power boat, carrying a party of sportsmen, was returning from a day's fishing at the eighteen-mile lighthouse. None of them saw the actual leap, but one caught the splash from the corner of his eye and shouted, pointing.

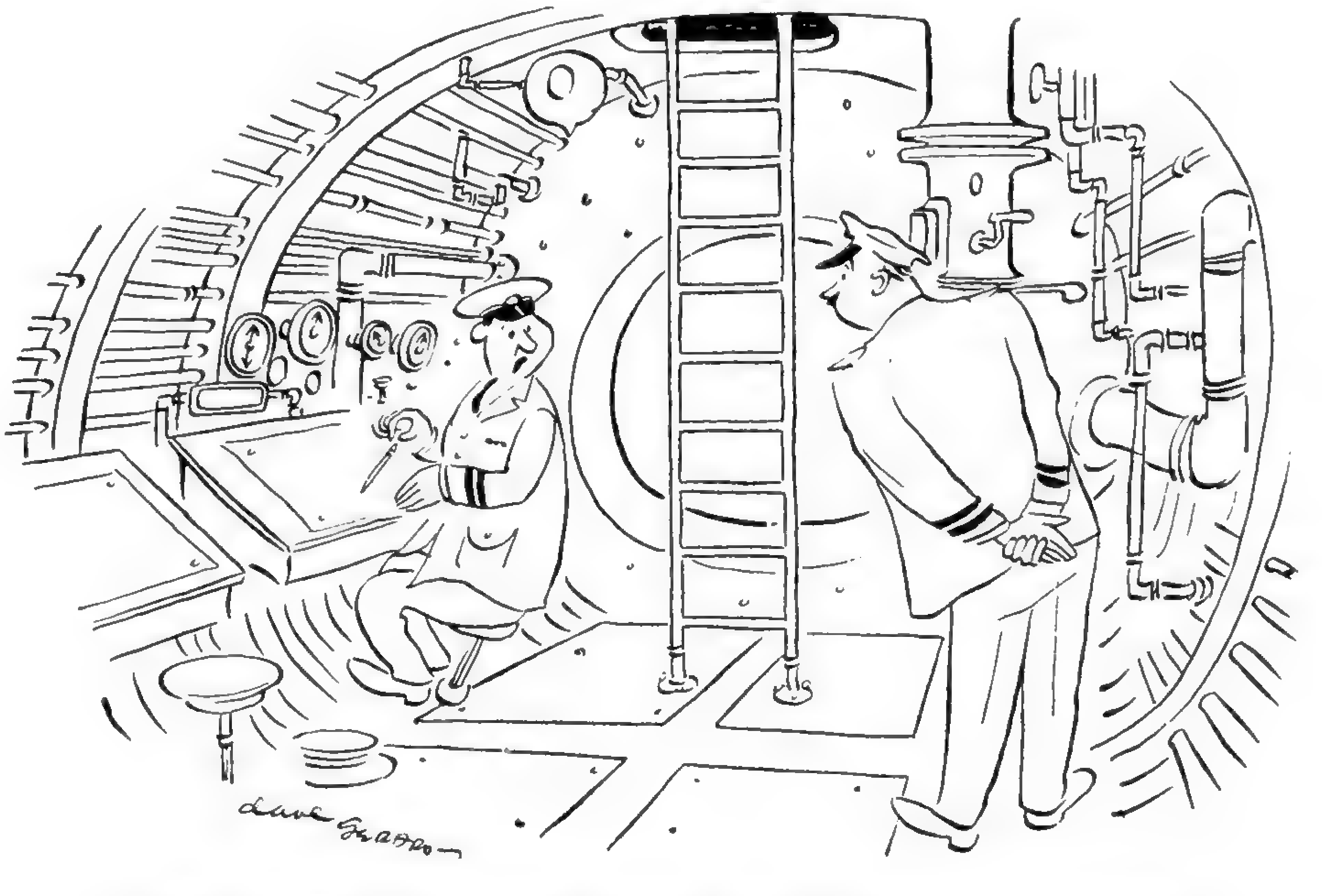
The others turned to look and as if by prearrangement Manta sailed out of the water. Much closer this time, he seemed to go higher, hang longer and strike with a greater smash. As a man they cheered and stared, enthralled. Again the monster leaped, even closer. The cheers which followed were not quite unanimous, and held some awe and maybe apprehension.

Up in the pilot house Captain and deckhand looked at one another strangely. Cursing softly the Captain changed his course. Gradually, so as not to alarm his passengers, he eased the boat away. The deckhand dove below and rummaged for the high-powered rifle which was always aboard.

Once more the great devil fish leaped. This time so close that spray came aboard. The deckhand's rifle spat twice in clean misses.

There were no answering cheers. The destructive possibilities of a two-ton fish falling from over ten feet robbed the show of its entertainment. Some stood tense. Others

Continued on page 167



"Good heavens! I remember where he said he was going now, sir! He said he was stepping out for a breath of air!"

Dollar-a-Day Paradises: Part II

There's a rush on Cuernavaca thanks to this hornblower but other Edens remain in South America and the Caribbean Sea

by MARTIN TORRENCE

• ARTICLE •

I AM the fellow who wrote *Paradise for a Dollar a Day* in the February Esquire: an article which was a howling, smashing success.

On the howling side it brought in about a hundred letters, asking for further details, begging me to scout around and find for the undersigned a furnished, gardened, servanted, and bathing-pooled elysium for as close to nothing a month as possible. One letter actually enclosed a three-cent stamp for reply.

On the smashing side, the landlord suddenly raised the rent from $33.33 to $55 a month. It seemed, he informed me, that for some mysterious reason the demand for furnished villas in Cuernavaca had suddenly increased. The radio interrupted at this point with the news that ex-King Carol and his Lupescu were about to embark from Portugal for this paradisiac hot-spot of the western hemisphere. A copy of Esquire for February was found in the ex-king's ex-possession.

A smart trick, writing that article! I found myself without a home—for why should I pay $21.67 more for rent while the State Department still allows me to seek out other Edens in the Caribbean and South America? Not only had I queered my own pitch, but I found myself backed into a corner by a mob demanding that I act as real estate agent and information bureau at my own expense.

Is a man who writes an eloquent piece deprecating the decline in the birthrate stuck with the job of teaching newlyweds the technique of wrapping Baby in diapers? The obvious answer being "Hell, yes," allow me to cuddle two infants into one diaper. The present come-back tries to answer those Help-little-me-get-away-from-it-all pleas, and at the same time take the heat off Cuernavaca and Mexico by giving the escapist facts about the Central American republics, where there is room enough to take care of the overflow.

The general idea is that You Too Can Go Native (with modern plumbing). Living in our hemisphere's choicer spots, amid the planet's best in scenery and climate, is cheaper than living the life dusty, hot, cold, noisy, routine, and generally lugubrious, at home. All you need is a small income or a big vacation. Not counting in cost of transportation from New York, San Francisco, or Bladdersville to the scene of exotic bliss, and leaving out of account a possible weakness for alcoholic drinks or imported canned goods, one ought to be able to do it, unless he is very dumb, on an average of a dollar a day.

I am pounding out this addition to Baedeker in the sunny patio of a "chalet" in Guatemala City. In this big house owned by a prominent local business man, my wife and I enjoy two rooms with adjoining bath and the best meals (European) I have eaten anywhere—all for a paltry, a sordid, eighty dollars a month. I realize that that's more than a dollar a day apiece. The excellent Pension Fernandez, down by President Ubico's palace, costs twenty-five dollars by the month. In beautiful Antigua the Pension Espinosa will put you up rather sloppily for fifteen dollars a month, fifty cents a day. I could rent a Cuernavaca-grade villa at the old comfortable Cuerny prices. Every walk I take reveals plenty of attractive houses to let.

But I prefer to stay here and eat myself to death. My wife and I have become part of a family whose conversation is always intelligent and frequently riotous. We live out on the grand boulevard, the Avenida de la Reforma, in the spacious suburbs south of town, in the midst of the legation palaces. It is a district of pines. The breeze stirs the upper branches, making one of the nicest sounds known to poets, and the pines give off lung-invigorating odors. The altitude gives the sun's rays a special quality, at once keen and soft. A short, colorful, five-cent bus ride away are the movies, shops, French and Austrian coffee-pastry parlors, clubs with bowling, billiards, tennis, golf, and popular novels. The clean, well-ordered, shining city gives the effect of being up off the earth, of hanging lightly in the air.

With all that anxious fan mail hanging over me, especially the one thoughtful letter which enclosed a stamp, I have ranged about the city, informing myself about pensions and apartments and houses. I spent four weeks doing the Mayan Highlands, and by the time the automobile gave up the quest and broke its front axle on one of Guatemala's over-rated roads, I managed to collect a lot of dope.

The statistics are optimistic, especially when you consider that Guatemala is rated, by those who know it only on short, rapid, super-de-luxe vacations, as an expensive country. It isn't; it's only about a dime a day dearer than Mexico. A good unfurnished house or flat can be had for fifteen dollars a month; furnished for twenty-five dollars and up.

Here in Guatemala you wake up to the fact that it is cheaper to furnish your own house, even if you have to abandon it after, say, six months. Because you can buy all the accessories for a top price of thirty-five dollars. Complete furniture for two can be built to your order for twelve dollars—twin beds, book cases, sideboard, chairs, tables, shelves, and a desk. The Indians of this country, marvelous craftsmen especially in textiles, will make your rugs, blankets, tablecloths, curtains, and hangings, for very little. In the land of the Quichés it doesn't take a heap of money to change a house into a home.

Man and wife, or a family looking of necessity for the rock-bottom in expenses, can do either of two things: put up at a cheap pension in the capital or a provincial town at fifteen dollars a month each; or better, look up a sturdy adobe house which can be remodeled. I ran into two ethnologists from Chicago who are studying the customs of the Indians on the shores of Lake Atitlan, probably the most beautifully blue body of water in the world, rimmed by volcanoes. They are living at an all-over cost of thirty dollars a month.

I got the broken down figures from the young scientist who is living at San Pedro de la Laguna, in two houses which were remodeled at a cost of seventy-six dollars, forty-one dollars of which was stood by the owner. The furniture was specially built for him by craftsmen of Totonicapan, the republic's carpentry experts, at a total cost in round numbers of eleven dollars and ninety-nine cents, f.o.b. (transported on Indian backs over the trails a hundred kilometers or so). Sample costs of same: chairs, fifteen cents each; beds (wooden frame, stretched canvas) a dollar each; sideboard (the most ambitious single item) seventy-five cents. Meat (first-class cuts, including porterhouse steaks) five cents a pound; excellent bread baked locally, about four rolls for a cent; milk four cents a quart, coffee (Guatemalan high grade) fifteen cents a pound; oranges, five for a cent; bananas, four to six for a cent; avocados, five for a cent. Butter has to be brought from the city and costs fifty cents a pound; if you want to economize you use aguacate as a spread. Total cost of food, never more than twenty dollars a month; rent, five dollars, servants (two) five dollars.

San Pedro is low on the shelf of a volcano right on the lake; a little path down goes to as sweet a bathing beach as you ever saw. The lake is more beautiful than anything in the way of a chromo Maxfield Parrish ever threw together. Among the native women are many so beautiful as to stagger the visitor who comes to the place unwarned. It was not until I visited San Pedro that I got a notion of how it might feel (matter of imagination entirely, you understand) to go Squaw Man. Those full-bosomed, narrow-hipped gals with the strange eyes and the carriage of princesses . . . Ah well, don't try to settle down in San Pedro de la Laguna. It is a small place; there is room for only one white family. But you might get in touch with Dr. Paul and take over his place when he leaves.

Here are some lovely places worth a loafing stay in Guatemala:

Antigua, the ancient capital with plenty of colonial ruins. Pension Rojas is a dollar and a quarter a day, cheaper by month; excellent meals, large rooms.

Panajachel, main village on Lake Atitlan. Hotel Monterey is kept by an old Englishman, Juan Vickers, in slipshod manner; meals nourishing but uninteresting. Kind of place which compels exclamation, "My God, what I'd do with this place if it was mine!" Swell location, swimming in front yard. If Juan won't come down to a dollar and a quarter or a dollar and a half, try Hotel Tzanjuyu or Casa Weimann. Look up old pirate known as Whiskers on waterfront if you are interested in settling down in a house.

Tecpan, another ancient capital, unspoiled by tourists, in beautiful natural setting. Guillermo Dubon Latona is name of a likable, enterprising man whose new Pension Ixinche (a dollar and a quarter a day) is civilized and spick-and-span. Smokes own hams; has ideas; will get horses for you (thirty to fifty cents a day) and give you all the information on what to do and where to go.

Huehuetenango, up in the highlands, as clean and fresh as if it just came from the painter's, and the center for a number of scenic excursions: over the Cordilleras (Cuchmatanes) to Chemal, a top-of-the-world trip; to Chiantla, to some ruins, to San Sebastian and Santa Barbara, two differently beautiful river valley trips. Hotel Maldonado, a dollar and a quarter a day, is where you stay.

Quetzaltenango, Guatemala's No. 2 city with interesting trips in all directions: ruins, quaint villages, geysers, hot-water baths, volcano craters and low, hot country. Modelo and Boniface both good.

Aguacatan and Sacapulas, two villages on the way from Chichicastenango to Huehuetenango by what must surely be the grandest drive in the world. These are villages set in a wide river valley, with the Cuchumatanes as a north wall. Specially recommended for artists, both on account of the human setting and the natural surroundings. Sacapulas has a fifty-cents-a-day pension back of the old white-washed church; Aguacatan undoubtedly has a livable hotel, but I forgot to look it up. I'd like to go back to both towns for a good stay. They inspire the remark, "I'd like to settle down here for awhile."

Totonicapan is a neat city with only one pension, a dollar a day—I lost the name of it, but anybody can tell you. It's high up, and around it are mountains still higher, covered all the way up with pine.

I leave out Chichicastenango, the tourists' paradise, because this is for escapists, and one thing we escapists try to avoid is those part-timers, the tourists. And I should mention that in every case where I gave a day rate, the rate for week or month is substantially less, amounting sometimes to a cut of 50 per cent. Don't ask me how they do it.

Miscellaneous costs are on the same scale. A haircut is fifteen cents, a shave a dime. For two and a half dollars in the market of San Francisco el Alto you can buy seven *varas* of homespun cloth out of which the best tailor in Guatemala City will fashion you a suit for thirteen dollars, only one pair of pants, but what do you want for fifteen dollars and fifty cents? Travel by bus and train is very cheap. Or if there are four of you, hire a private car (seven to ten dollars a day, the chauffeur paying gas, and his own board and lodging). Put the agreement

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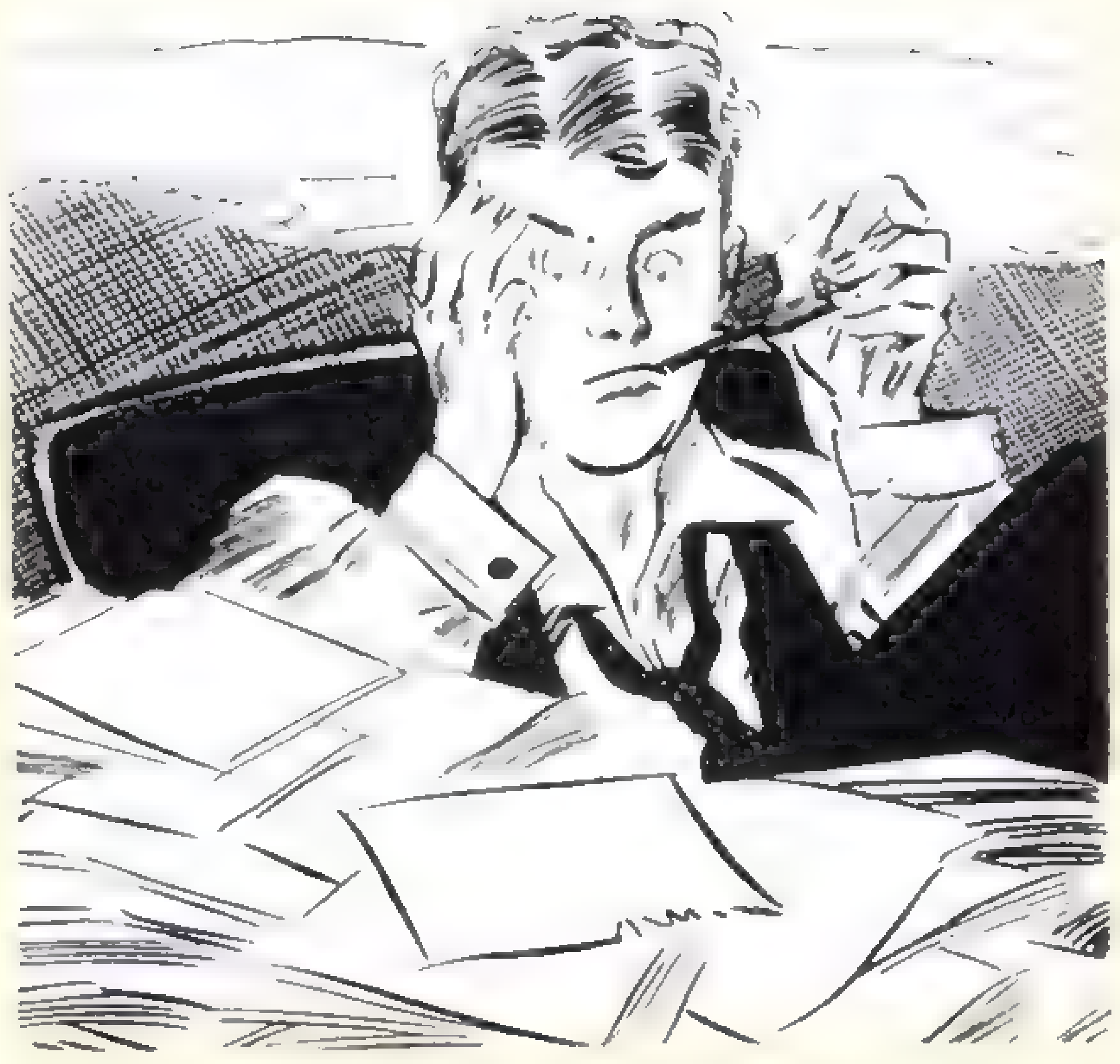
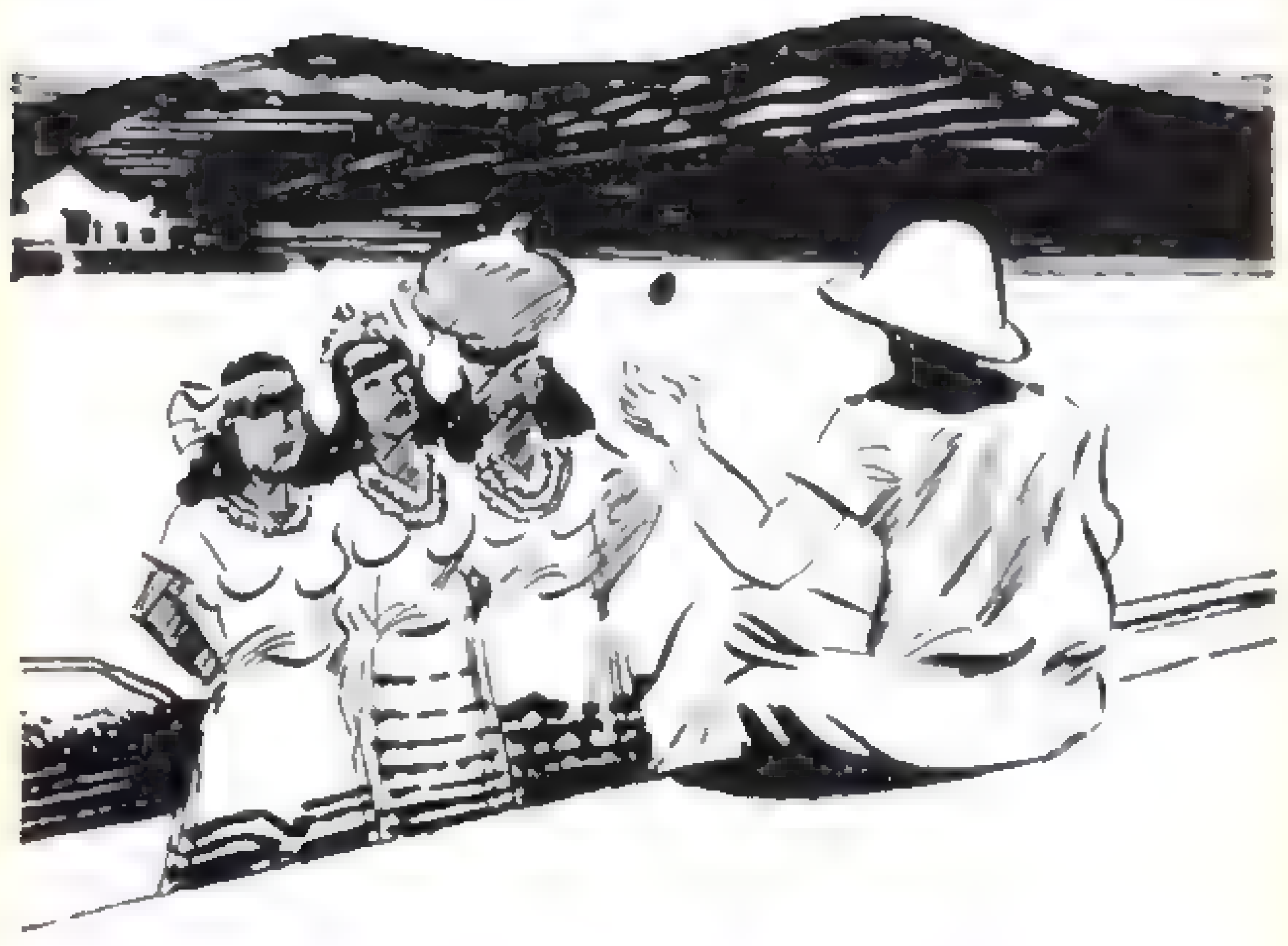
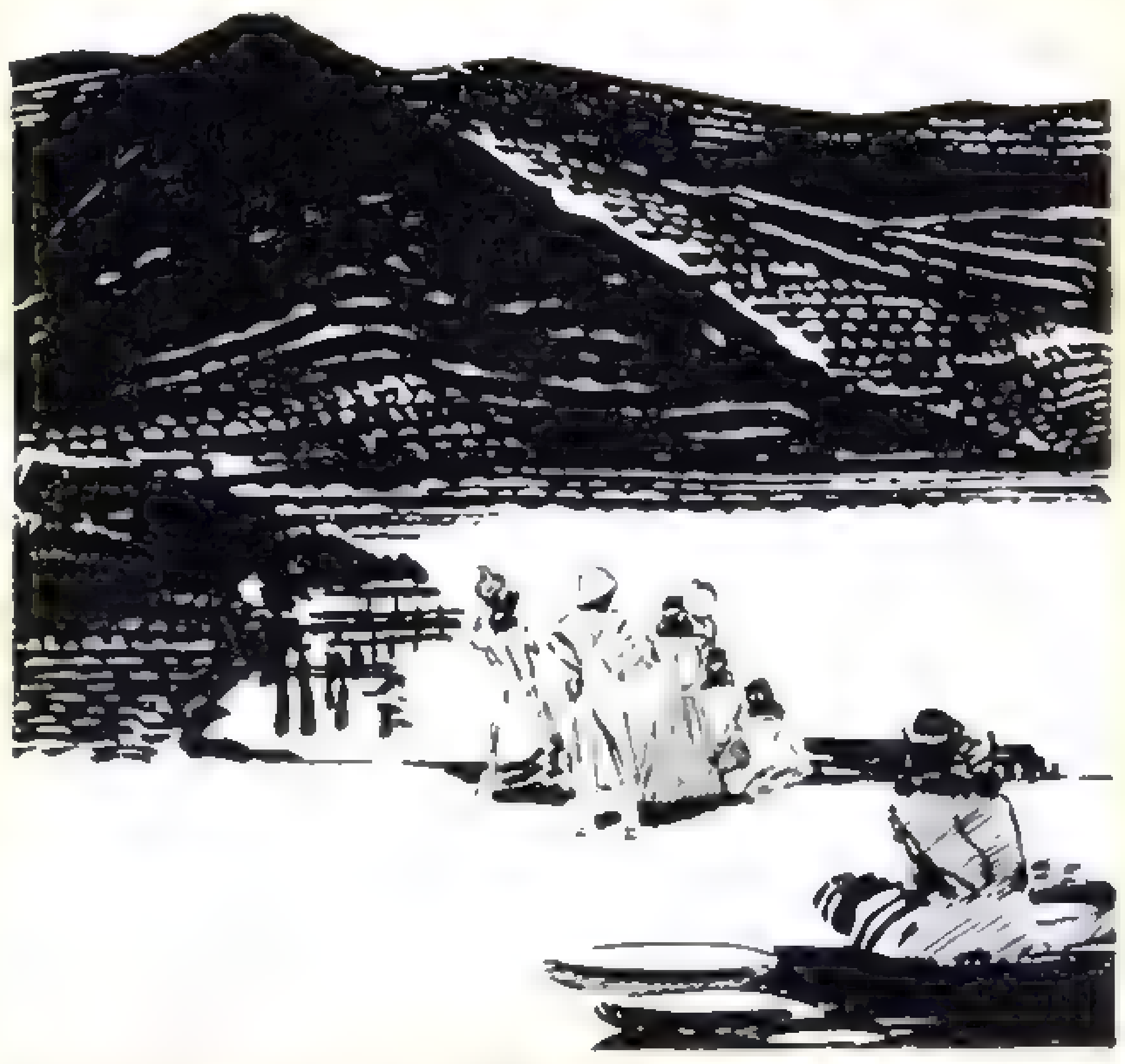


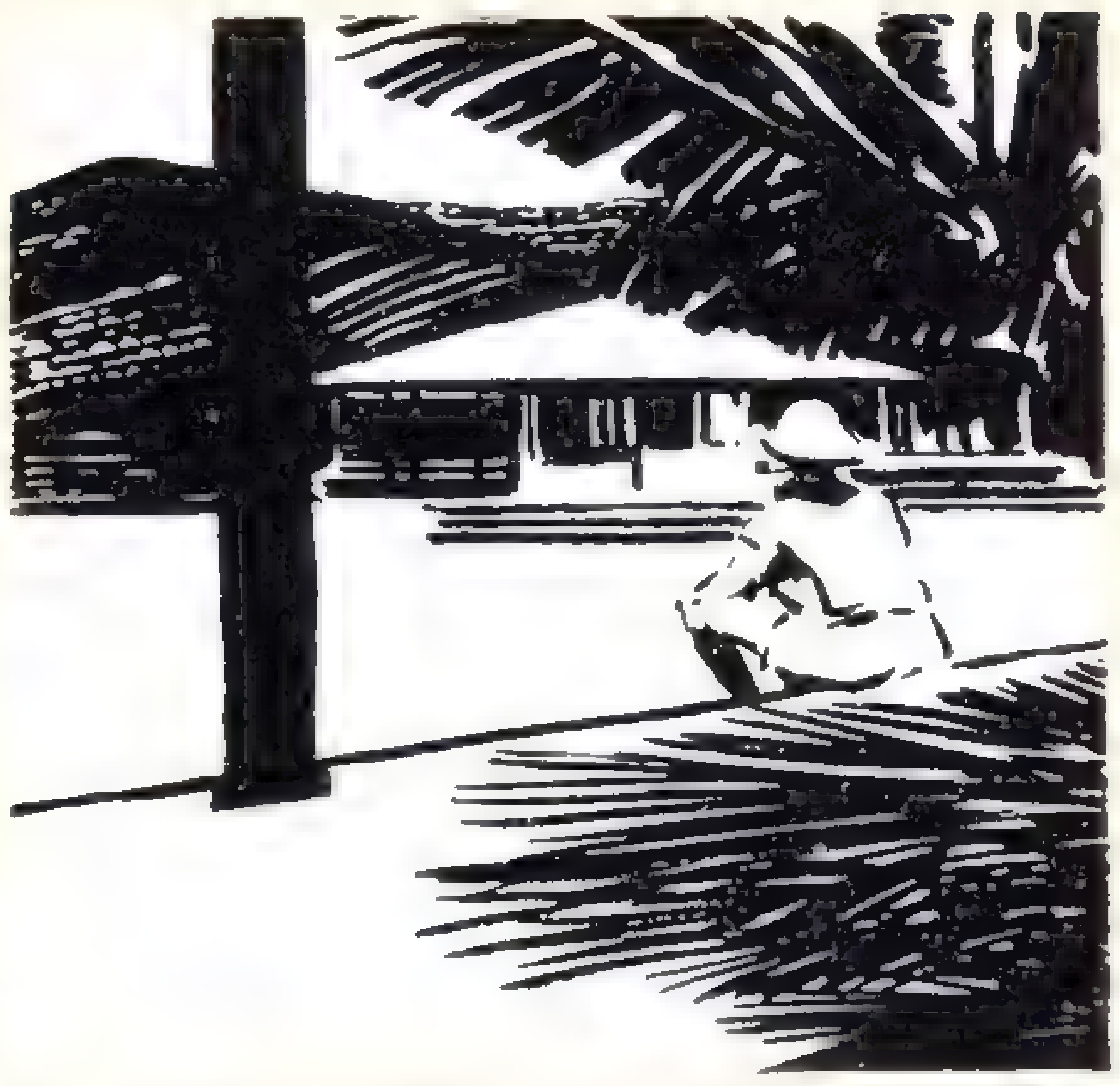
1—*Are your bills an irritation?*
Why not take a cheap vacation?



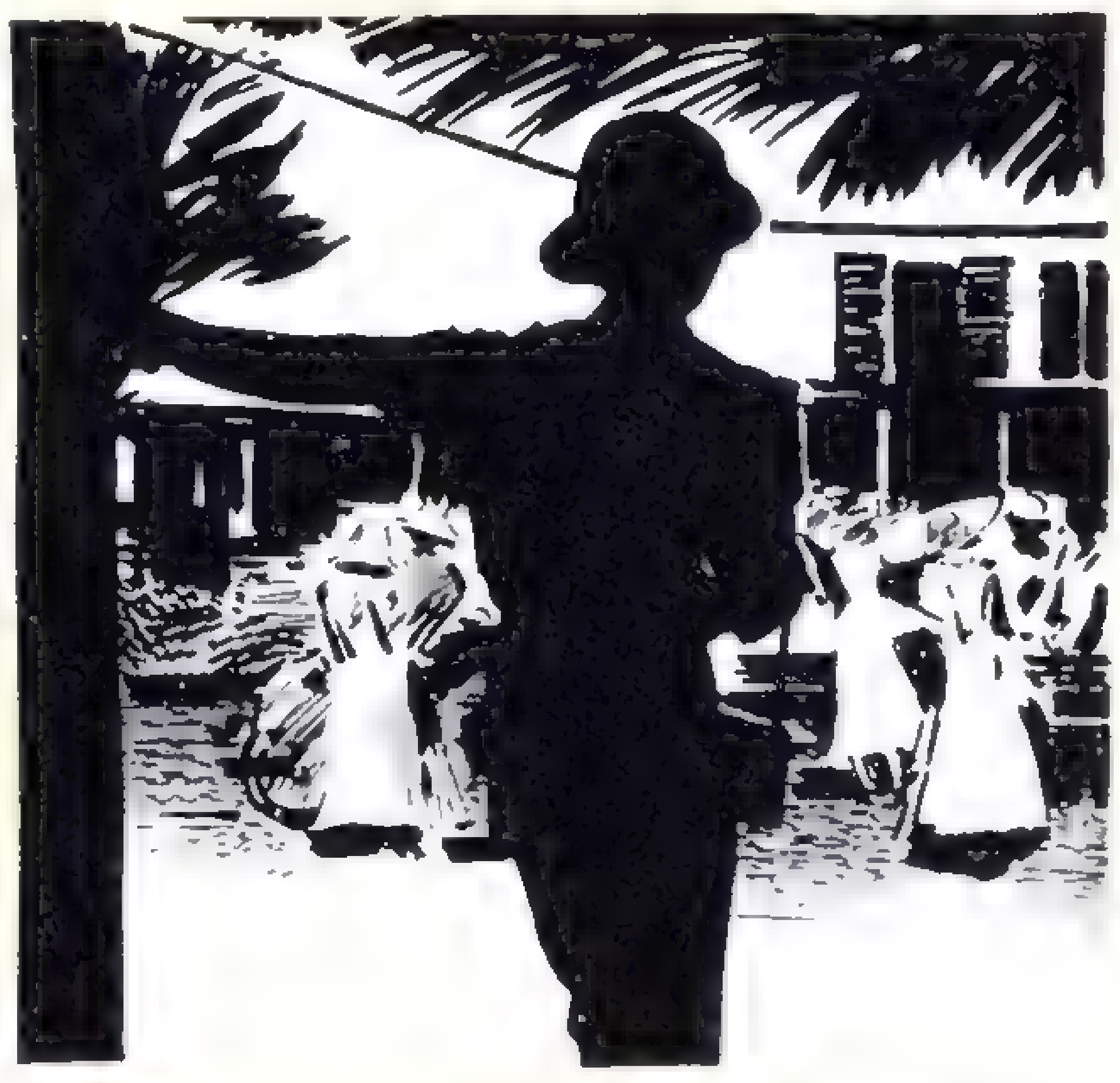
2—*For a buck a day is all a*
Fellow needs in Guatemala;



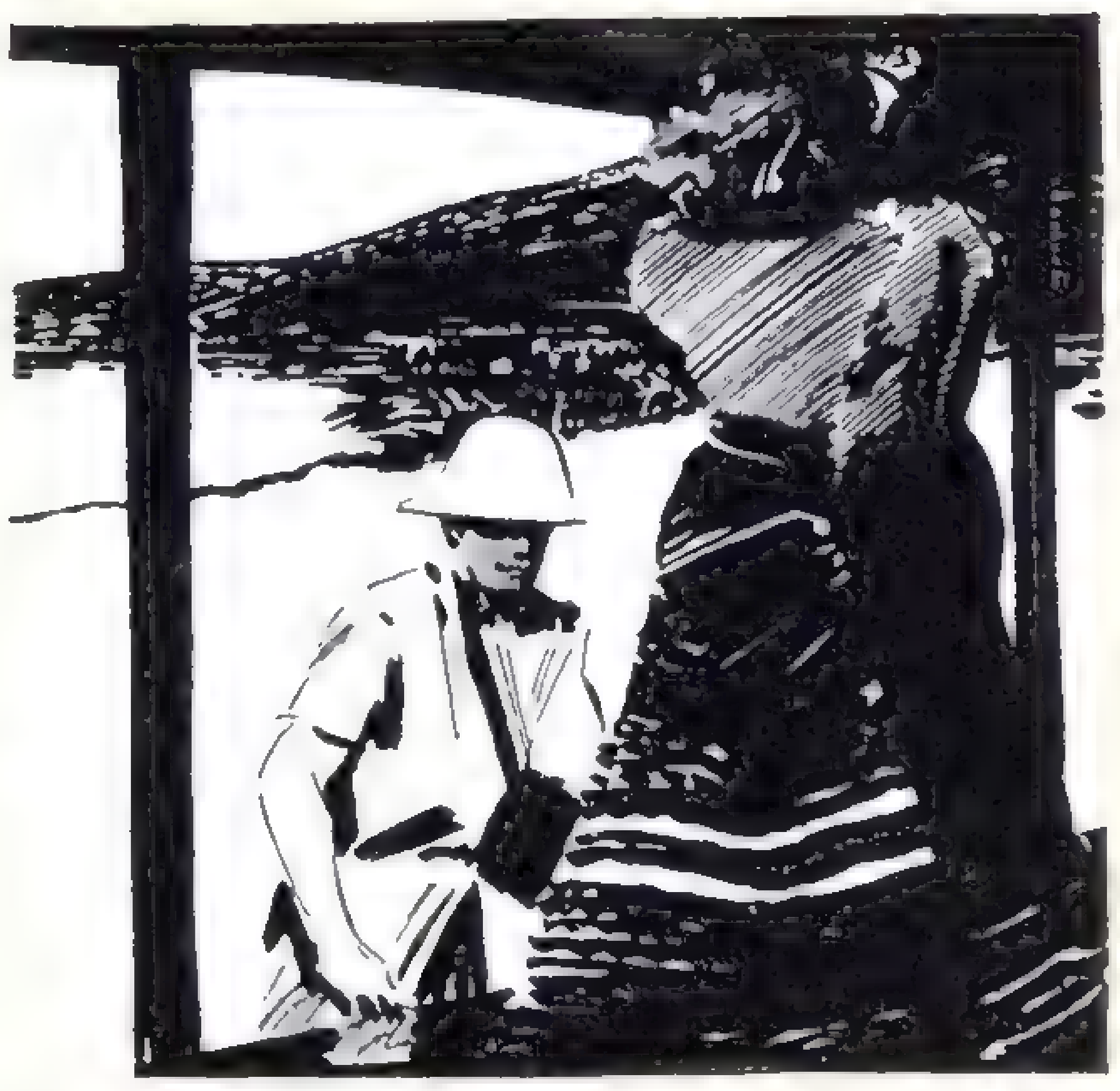
3—*In this gem of Paradises*
Spirits soar instead of prices . . .



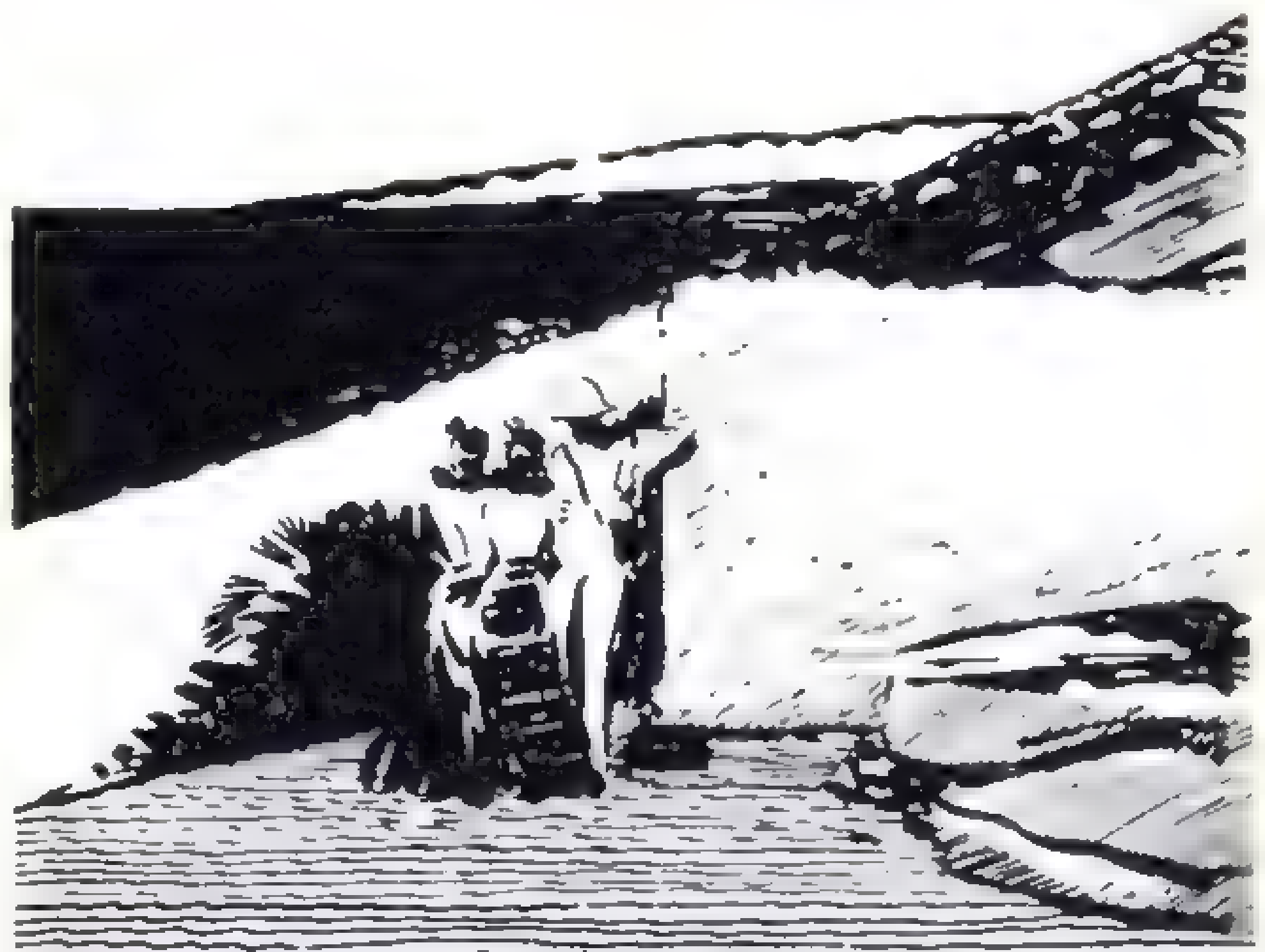
4—*Swanky villas to be rented*
Leave the bankroll scarcely dented;



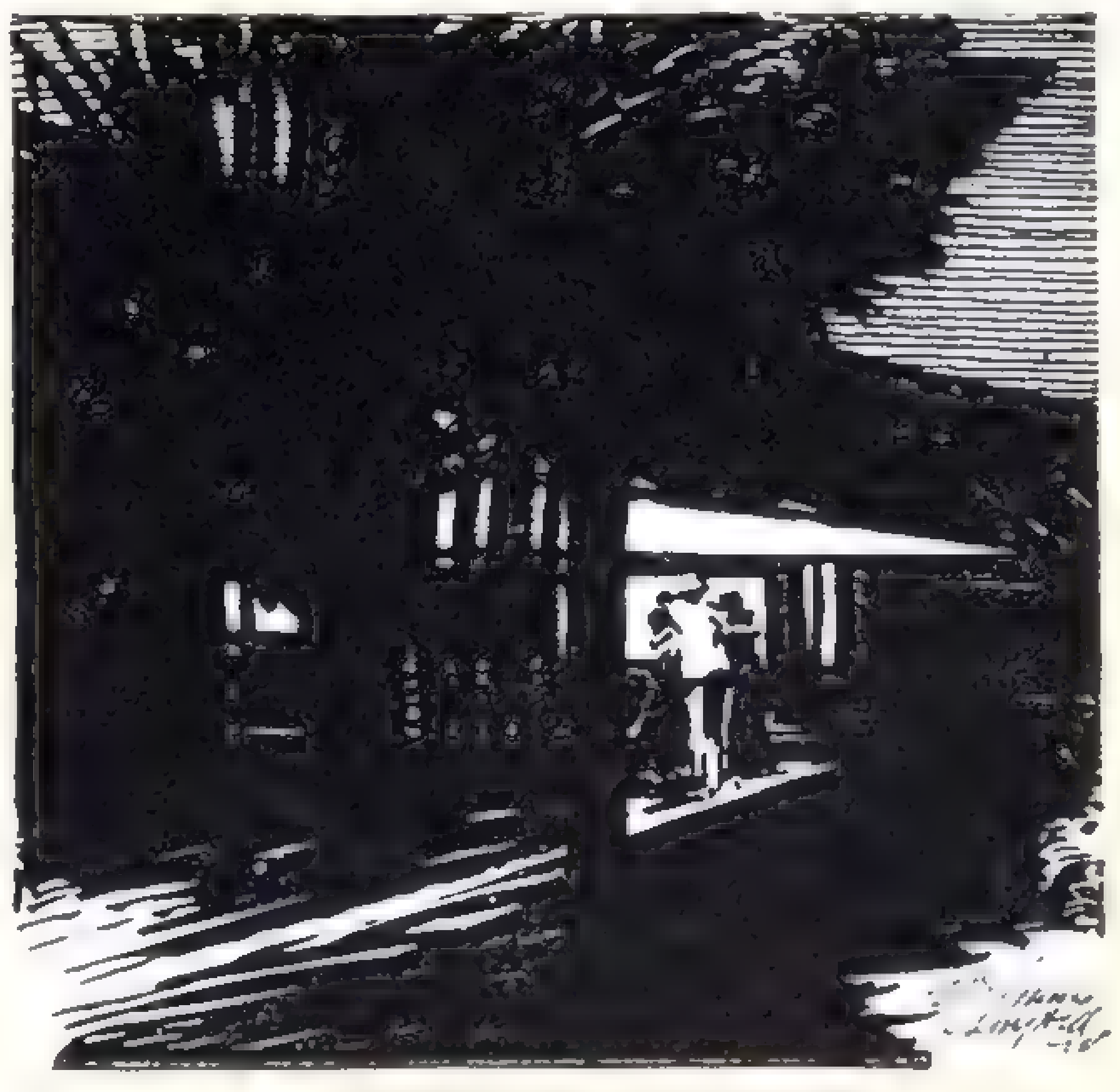
5—*Then, when restless, you can sneak a*
Little time in Costa Rica . . .



6—*Where the Honeys drop a hanky*
When they spy a lanky Yankee;



7—*Since they're open to suggestion*
You might like to ask a question . . .



8—*And you'll find their scruples vanish*
If you speak a little Spanish!

—Phil Stack

May the Best White Man Win

Despite efforts of journalists to destroy color barriers, most big-time sports are closed to Negroes

by CURT RIESS

• SPORTS •

THE peculiarity of sports, in contrast to other human achievements, is the fact that sport can be measured. About most other things in life it is possible to have a dozen opinions, but in sports there is only the opinion of the stopwatch and the yardstick.

That was something Adolf Hitler learned—much to his sorrow. The experience is one of the few unpleasant surprises he has had between 1933 and 1940. He sat in his royal box at the Olympic Stadium in Berlin and was forced to look on while his theory of Aryan superiority was shown up as so much nonsense.

With every successive day of the Olympic Games that theory became more ridiculous. It was none of Hitler's fault. He had done all he could. He had driven the German Jews out of sports, partly by making it impossible for them to train and partly by throwing them out of the country. From them there was no threat to the superiority of the Aryan race.

It was the American Negro who exploded Hitler's theory. The Fuehrer was forced to look on as these despised non-Aryans went from victory to victory. These Negroes, who numerically represented only ten per cent of the American population, were responsible for fifty per cent of the American victories in the Olympic Games.

Even Hitler had nothing to say to that—which means a lot.

It is lucky for Negroes that achievements in sports are measurable. But the record books don't give the whole story. Let us take a look at what they don't show, what you have to read between the lines. Let's say a word or two about the records that haven't been made.

Don't worry! This is not going to be a crusading article or a sob sister story. We won't pour out any tears—just obvious facts.

What are the facts? Any child knows today that track and field in this country wouldn't be what it is without the Negroes. The superiority of American sprinters is the superiority of the American Negro. From Drew, Tolan and Metcalfe to Owens, Johnson and Peacock they have all made sports history. The middle-distance runners, Archie Williams, Luvalle, Woodruff, Jimmie Herbert and Borican—just to name a few of the most important—are right up with them. And then the boxers! From George Dickson, Jack Johnson, Harry Wills, Kid Chocolate and Battling Siki to John Henry Lewis, Henry Armstrong and Joe Louis . . . it would take pages only to list the great Negro boxers.

In football, too, the Negroes have always turned out far more than their proportion of top-ranking players. At the beginning of the nineties, William H. Lewis and Clarence Matthews made football history at Harvard. Brown had her great Fritz Pollard; Dartmouth, her Matthew Bullock. Paul Leroy Robeson starred at Rutgers before he turned to other fields after the end of his football career.

And let us not forget Charles West, and among the later players, Homer Harris, who in 1938 was the Captain of the Iowa team, Bill Bell, Horatio Bell, Sidath Singh, Brud Holland, Bernard Jefferson and Kenny Washington. Anyone who follows sports knows what these names mean.

Records in track and field, in boxing, in football. But records that were not achieved without humiliations for the Negro athletes.

In track and field it isn't half bad. Perhaps that is because this sport is so closely linked with the great colleges and universities, so many of which are state-controlled. As for boxing, except for amateur tournaments in the South there is little color line now. Maybe business has something to do with that, too.

But this freedom in boxing is too new for us to crow over or to be sure that it will last. Not so long ago boxers like Jack Johnson and Harry Wills were boycotted, not because of their skill but because of their skin. Not so long ago newspaper men were badly upset about the "black menace." In 1895 Charles A. Dana wrote seriously, "The black man is rapidly forging to the front ranks in athletics, especially in the field of fisticuffs. We are in the midst of a black rise against white supremacy. Just at present we are safe from the humiliation of having a black man world's champion, but we had a pretty narrow escape."

In football there has been little change in the last thirty years. Colored players are usually welcome wherever they are good enough to help their teams win. Of course, that applies only to the Northern universities—and only so long as those universities play in the North.

In the South the color line is applied strictly—and it is ironic that of all southern universities the U. S. Naval Academy is by far the most intolerant. Of course, the northern universities must follow suit when they play in the South. When the train heads South, the Negro player stays home.

Not always, though. There are universities in which the teams have stood up for their colored members. Harvard is the outstanding example; Harvard has cancelled football matches, track and field meets and baseball games in order not to give way to racial discrimination.

An amusing near-scandal once resulted from this. In Washington, D.C. a Harvard nine was to play against Georgetown. President Theodore Roosevelt was to throw out the first ball. Georgetown objected to the Negro, Matthews, and so the Harvard Captain pulled his team off the field, President or no President. Georgetown finally had to

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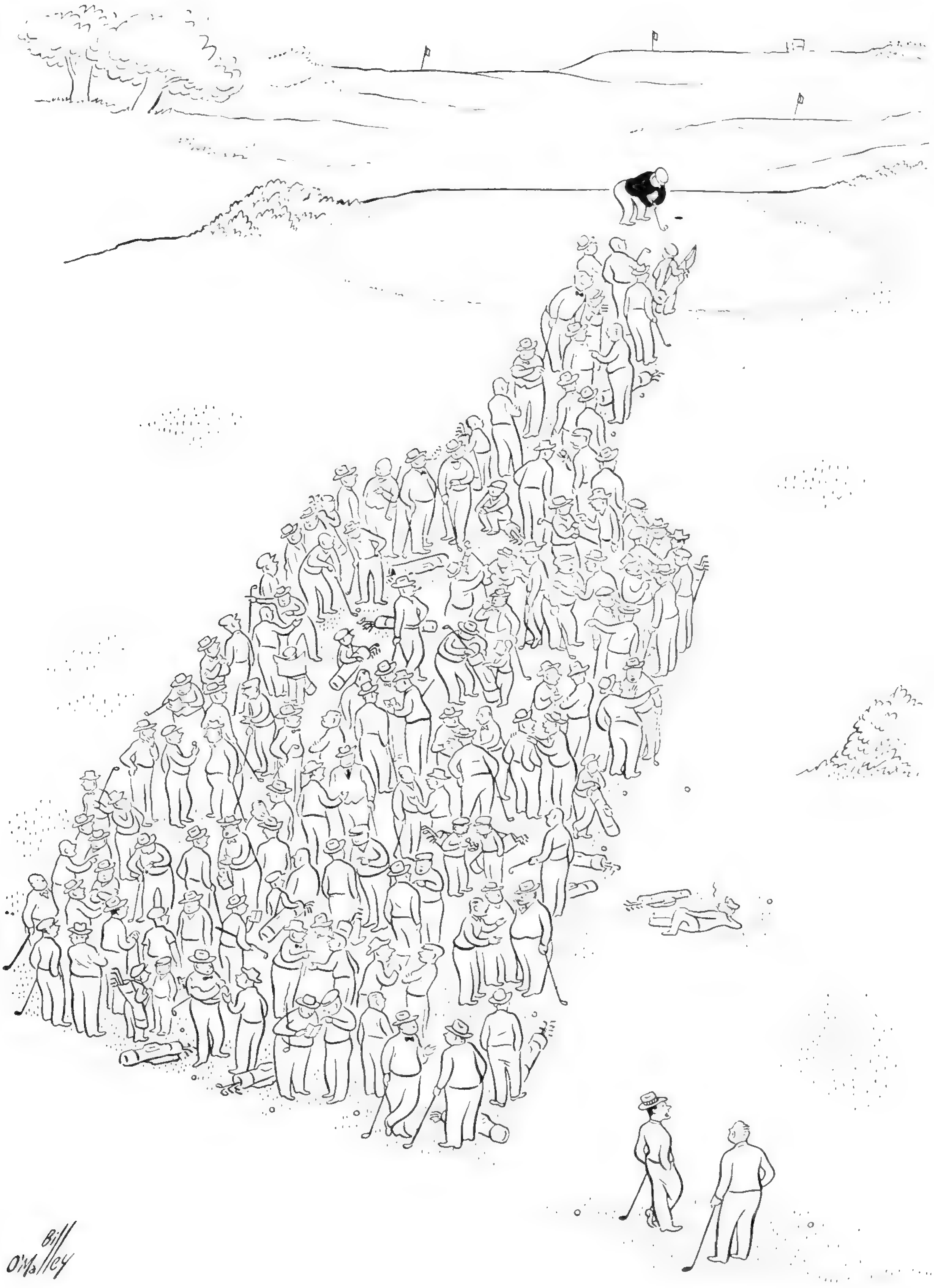
Bill O'Malley



Bill O'Malley

"He's the club's bottleneck"

Grandpa Birdwell's Last Battle

He and Grandma drank a lot of Moonshine between them, called it "Honerable Herbs"

by JESSE STUART

• FICTION •

"Adger now you hurry along and get up the Hollow to your Grandpa's," Ma said. "I hate to see your Grandma and Grandpa left alone in that old house after night. It might ketch fire and burn 'em up. Somebody might think they've got money and try to rob 'em. You hurry along and get there before dark."

"Mom I'm gettin tired of goin up there every night," I said. "I get lonesome sittin before the fire and hearin Grandpa tell his big windy tales about fightin. Grandma will sit there beside him and listen to him tell the same tales over night after night. When Grandpa gets through tellin one of his big tales Grandma will say, 'That's the truth. Battle's tellin you the truth.'"

"Your Grandpa has been a fightin man. I don't see any harm in him tellin about it. If you live long enough, you'll be doin the same thing. But you'll never be the man that your Grandpa has been. The country doesn't need the kind of men now that it needed then. The tough country made your Grandpa a tough man."

Grandpa never wore any shoes. When he got to tellin about one of his fights, and he had the man by the throat with his big hand, his toes started wigglin. Then a frown came over Grandpa's face. He squirmed in his chair. And he took another drink from the jug. I didn't tell Ma about this. I didn't tell her how Grandma sipped moonshine with him from the jug. They called it "Honerable Herbs." Ma didn't know about it. I wouldn't tell anythin on Grandma and Grandpa if I didn't like what they were doin.

"Hurry along Adger," Ma said. "The sun is goin down and shadows are lengthenin over the path. You might step on a snake."

I put my cap on my head and rolled my overalls to my knees. I started up the hollow to Grandpa's house.

As I went up the hollow, I walked under the shadows of the water-birches. I thought that sticks across my path were snakes. I thought the big gnarled roots that hooved above the ground around the trunks of the big oak and slippery-elms were piles of snakes.

"You're late Adger," Grandpa said. "What's kept you so?"

"Was late gettin my work done," I said.

"We've missed you," Grandma said.

When Grandma said this, I was sorry about the way I'd talked about Grandpa and Grandma. I looked at Grandma's white hair and her wrinkled face. Her dim blue eyes looked across the table at Grandpa. He was sittin on the other side of the table with his legs crossed. He had his hand on the jug. His hair was white as cotton. Grandpa was sittin back in his chair like the world belonged to him. I could tell that he was gettin ready to brag about his fightin.

The white whiskey jug with the brown neck was on the table between them. There was a cup on the table for Grandma. Grandpa wouldn't sip his "Honorable Herbs" from a cup. He had to drink from the jug.

"Glad to see you Adger, my son," Grandpa said. He looked at me with his sky-blue eyes. The white beard covered the wrinkles on Grandpa's face. I don't know whether his face was wrinkled or not. I don't believe it was. I never saw his face shaved.

"Guess you get kind of lonesome comin up here and stayin with us," Grandma said. "All the other boys air out fox huntin, giggin fish at the Sandy Falls and sparkin at the big revival meetins and kickin up their heels at the square dances."

"No, Grandma, I don't get lonesome," I said.

"I'll tell you where we miss it, Lizzie," Grandpa said. "We ought to take Adger into our company and let him drink with us. That's why it's lonesome for Adger here."

"He's too young, Battle," Grandma said. "His Ma would take the roof off the house if she thought we'd give him a dram."

"Guess you air right, Lizzie," Grandpa said as he reached for the jug.

Grandpa held the jug high in the air. He looked toward the newspapered ceiling as he drank. His Adam's apple worked up and down on his big beardy neck. Grandpa's big bare feet were turned toward me. The skin on the bottom of his feet was thick and tough where he had gone barefooted.

"I'll tell you that's good 'Herbs,' Lizzie," Grandpa said. " 'Herbs' like these wouldn't hurt Adger 'r any other young man. He's got a great experience comin. That will be when he partakes of the 'Herbs' and the world becomes his own."

"Yes, Battle," Grandma said as she poured a cup of "Herbs" from the jug.

"That doesn't look like it's got much power to me," I said. "That looks like clear water, Grandma."

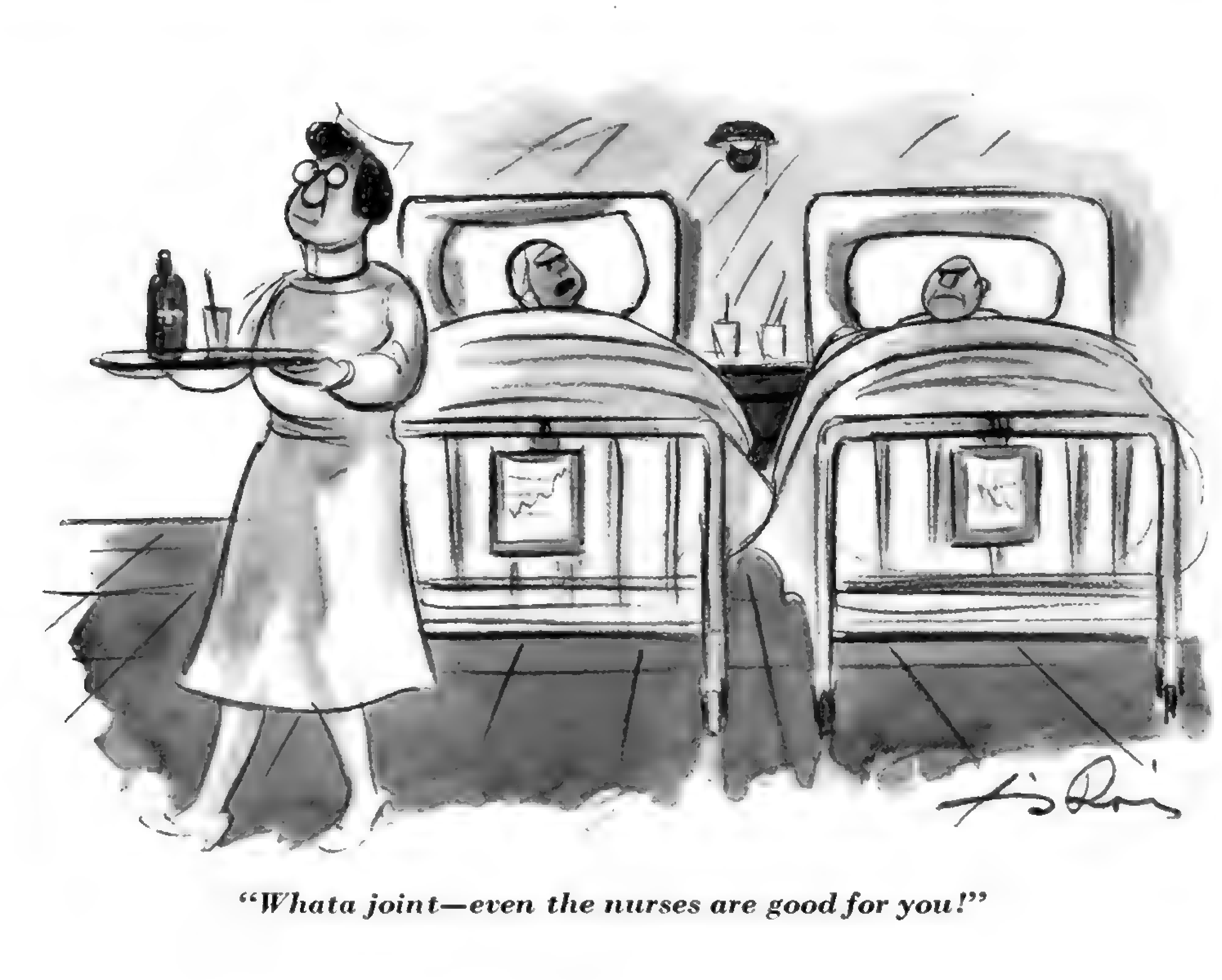
"Adger, Sonnie, it's everythin in the world but clear water," Grandma answered. "Two cups of this would make me want to stand on my head."

Grandma held her cup to her lips and sipped. She sipped like a cat drinks milk from a saucer. Grandpa watched Grandma sip her "Herbs." His mouth opened in a big smile. Grandpa laughed at Grandma the way she sipped her "Honerable Herbs."

"Here's the way to take it, Lizzie," Grandpa said as he lifted the jug to his lips. His Adam's apple worked up and down on his big bull-neck. After each swallow, he made a gurglin noise.

"Aham, aham," Grandpa said as he pulled the jug neck from his mouth. "I'll tell you that's wonderful."

Grandpa placed the jug back on the table



"Whata joint—even the nurses are good for you!"

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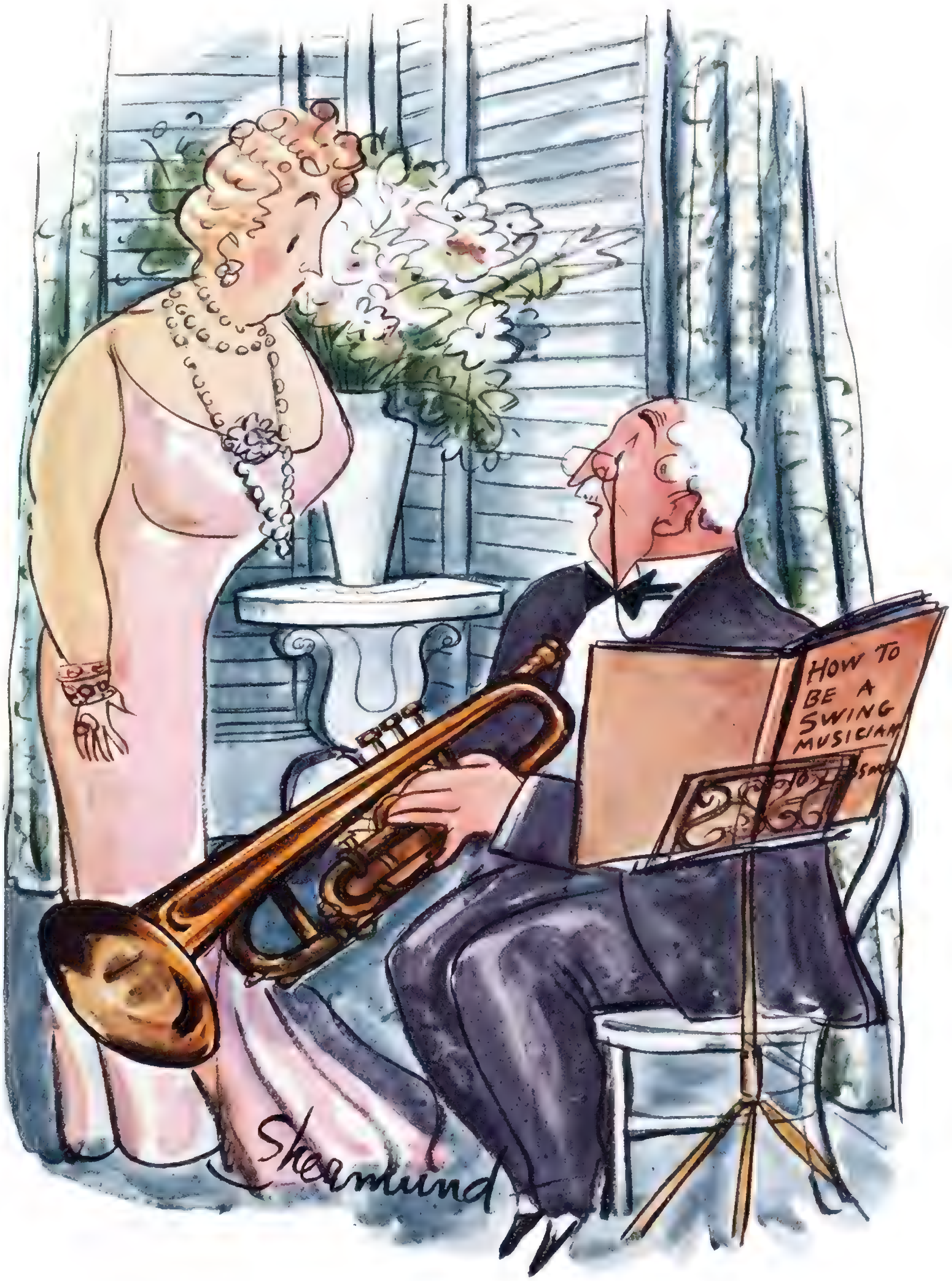
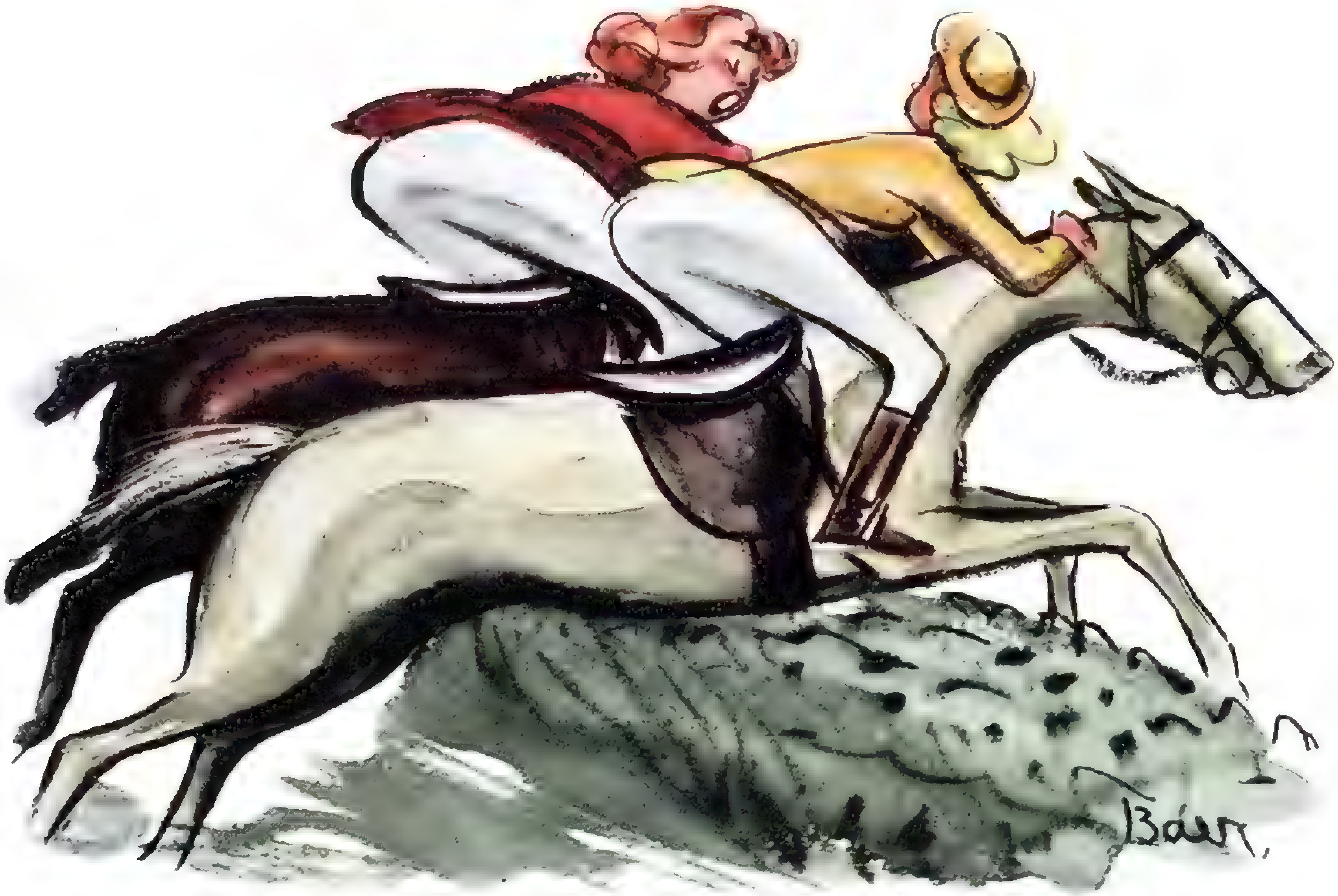
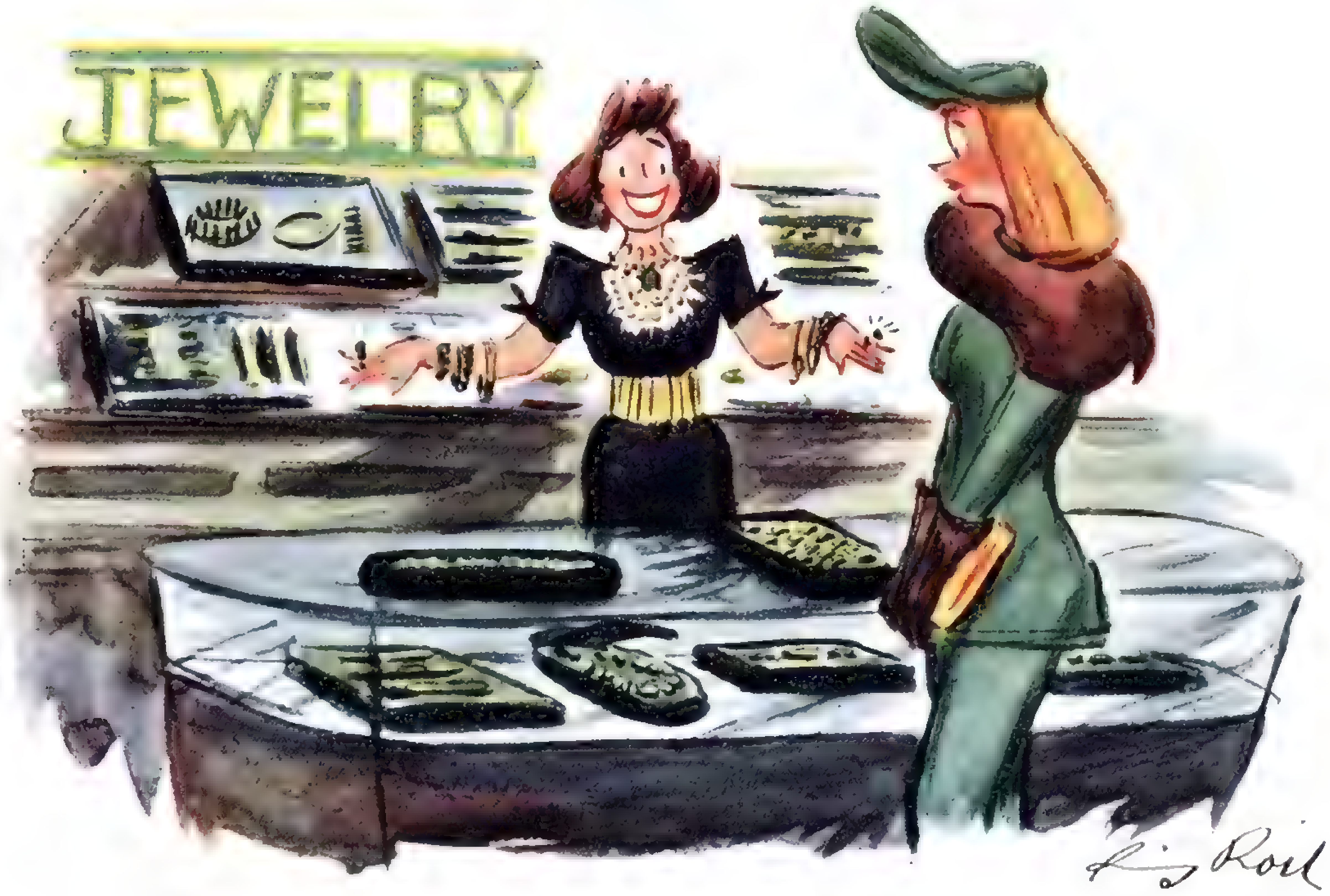

HOW TO BE A SWING MUSICIAN

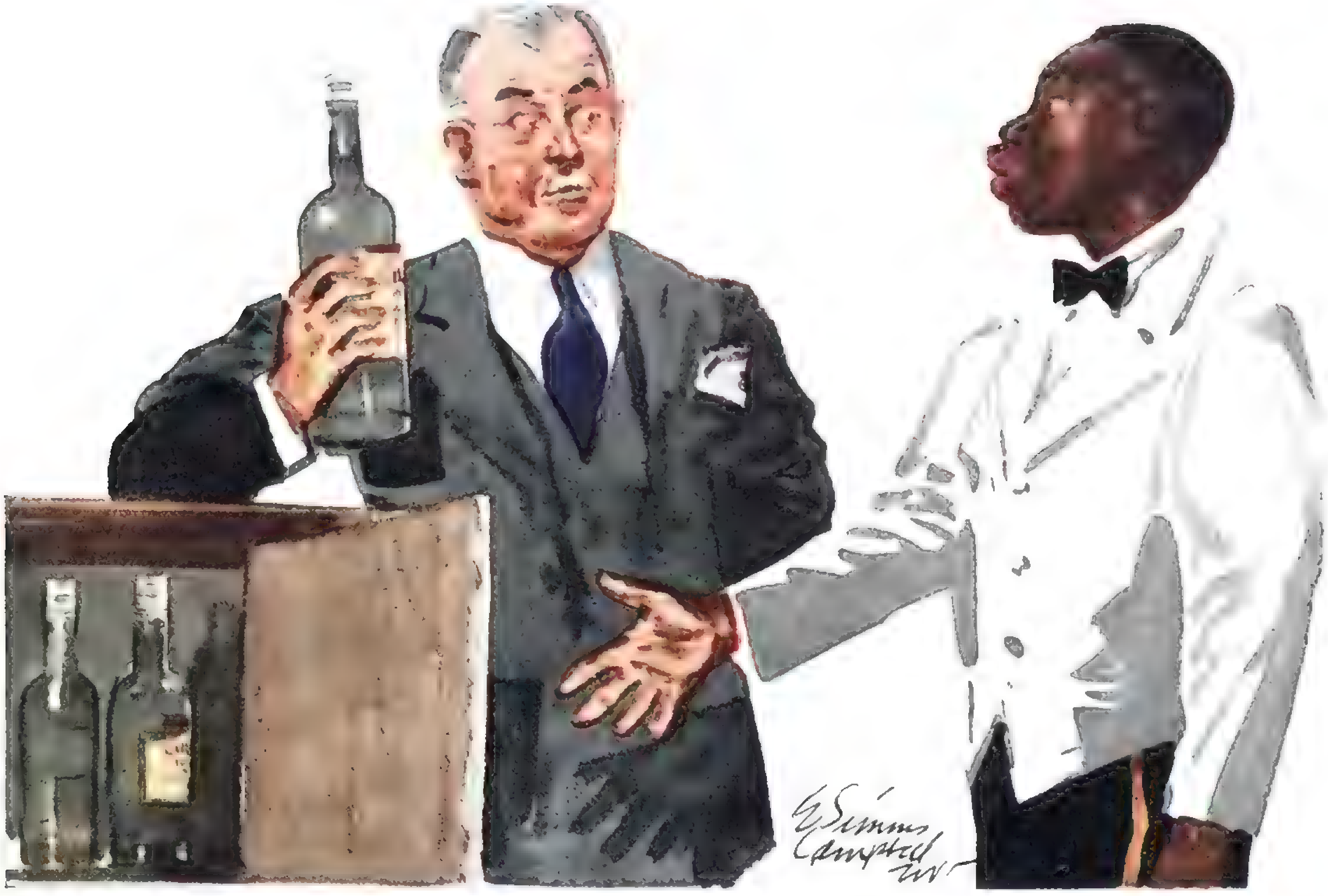
"The way international banking is these days, dear, I thought it might be wise to have something to fall back on"



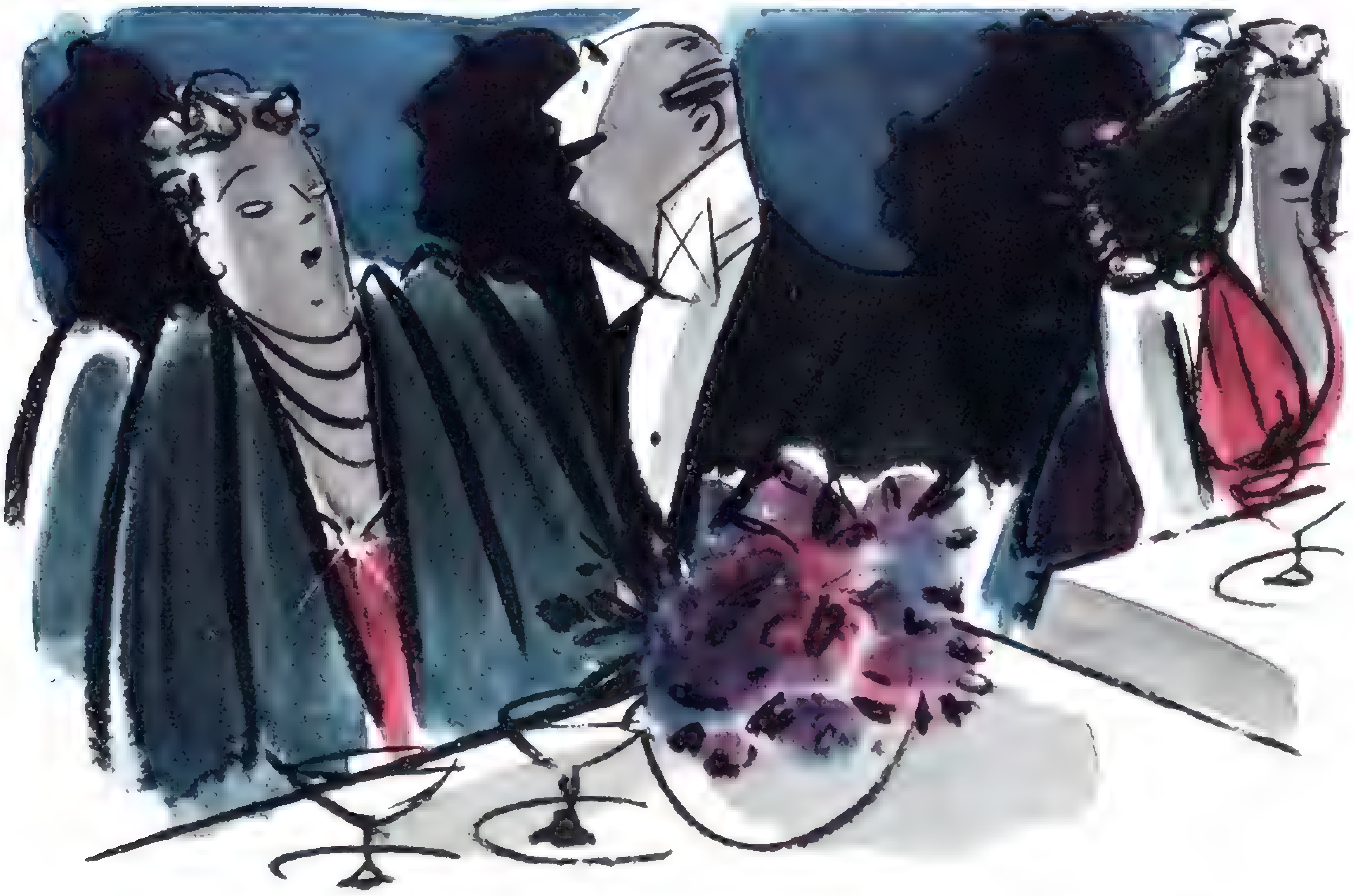
"Does your horse come up and hit you?"


JEWELRY
King Reid

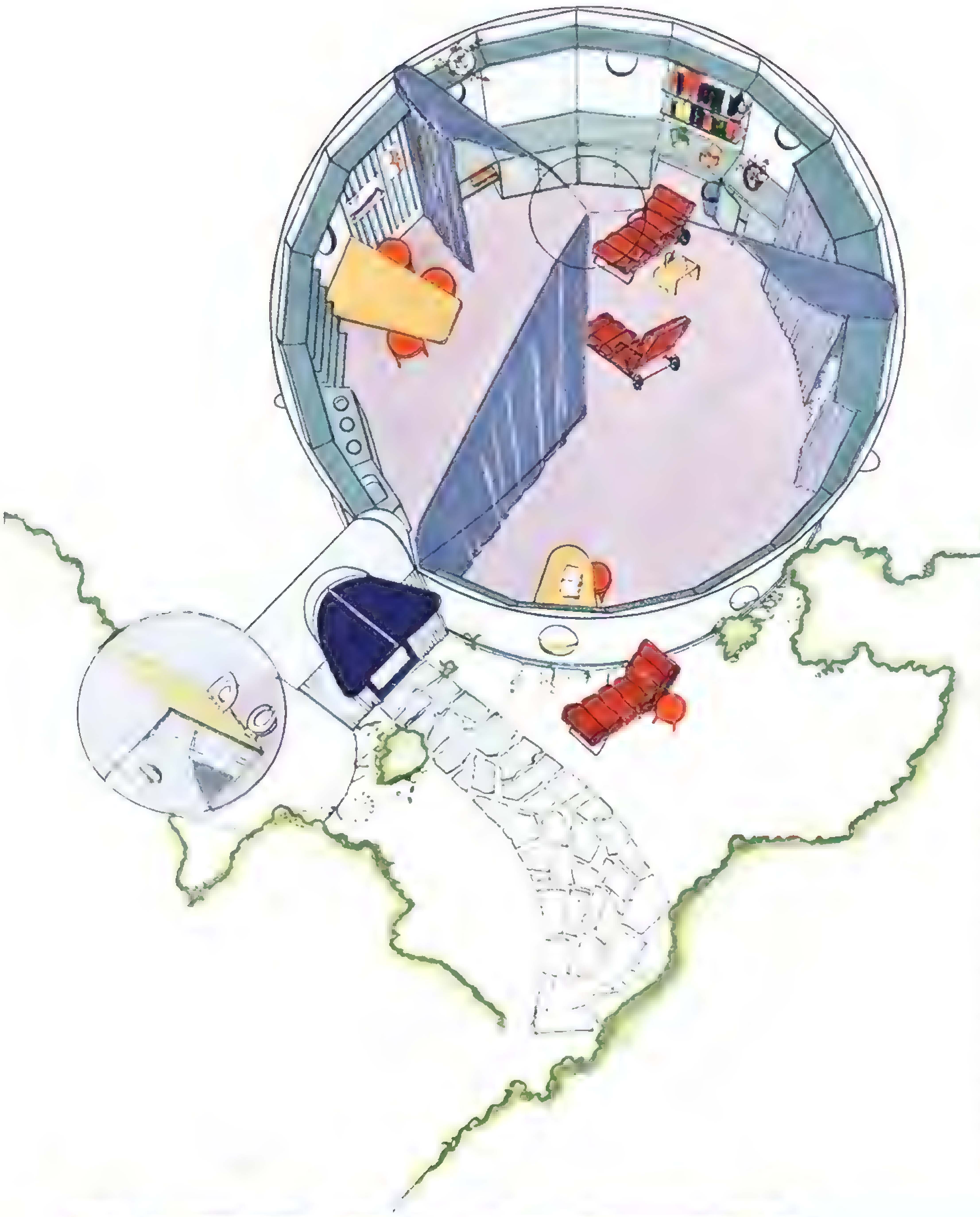
"I had so much of it I thought I'd open up my own place"


E. Simms Campbell

"Y-y-you knows how liquor is w-w-when you leave it open, sir—it evaporates"



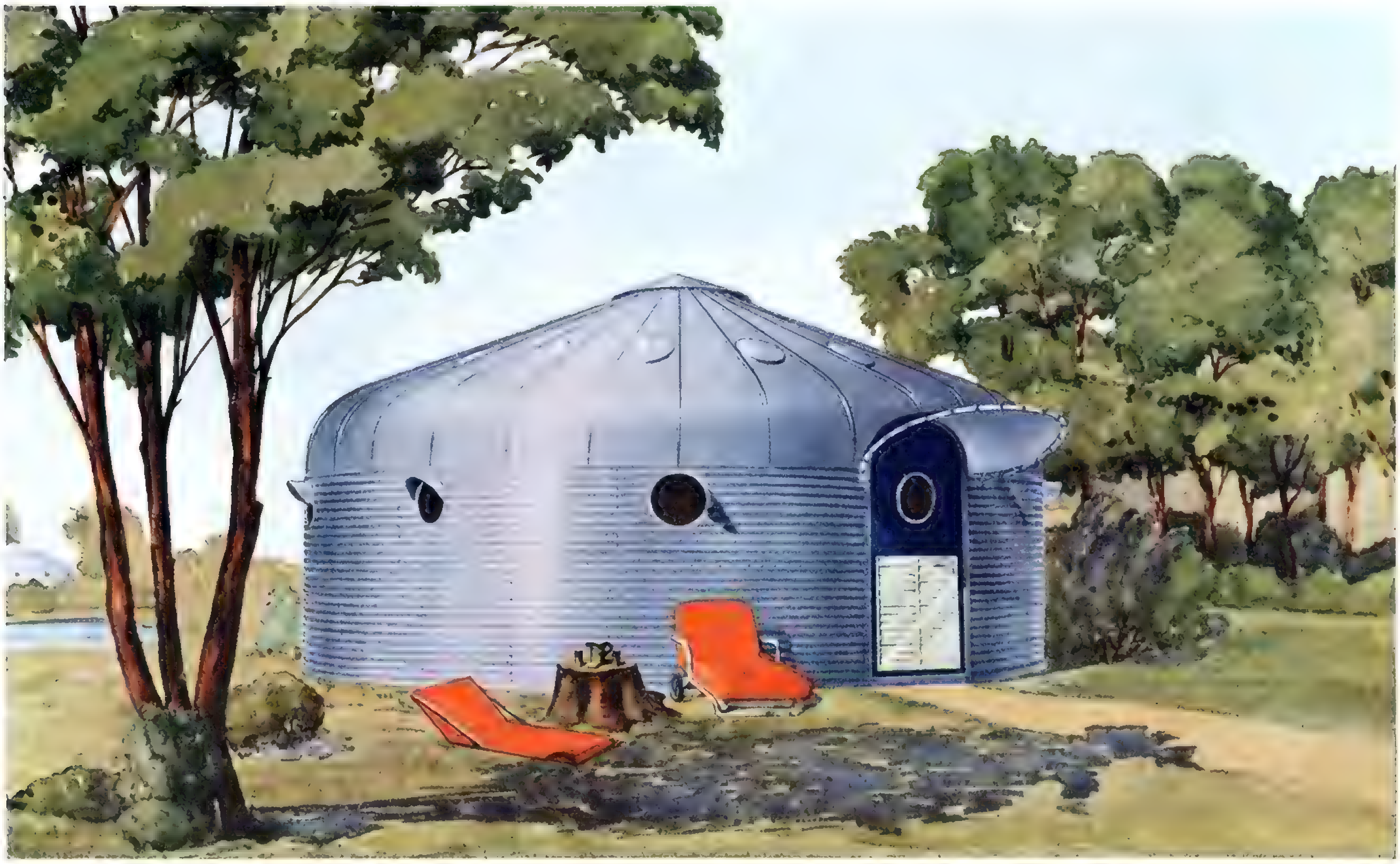
"Last night I dreamt we were back in the delicatessen business"



Home Is Where You Set Your Grainbin

by BUCKMINSTER FULLER

Who wants to settle down for life in one spot, anyhow? The old mortgage-covered homestead has gone out with stuffed birds and ancestor worship. And there's a new generation of hard-headed realists who like to get around, know what they want, and don't propose to spend the rest of their lives paying for it. Perhaps the answer to this practical and restless age is the portable steel house illustrated here which was designed on aviation engineering principles and inspired (no kidding) by farmers' grain shelters. Originally intended for military and national defense, it is easily adaptable as a studio, hunting lodge, budget house, summer house or rough house. The god's-eye view at the top of the page shows heavy curtains to form separate rooms and mitigate the noise. The placing of furniture, built-in or rolling, is up to you, but you can see it groups naturally around the curving sides, leaving welcome space in the center. Since gypsies are fussy these days, there is a bathroom (shown left of the entrance) of a special, self-sufficient kind. Light enters pleasantly through translucent panels in the roof as well as the porthole windows. The house measures twenty feet in diameter, weighs only 1,200 pounds and is easily stacked into sections and transported. And you can set it up or knock it down quicker than you can say Dymaxion Deployment Unit—its rather ponderous name.



At Last–the "Flivver" House

This portable steel roundhouse, which sells for seven hundred dollars F.O.B., begins a new era in low-priced shelter

by MARK ASHLEY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

THE problem of housing is an old problem; and probably more nonsense has been written about it than about any other subject outside of art and sex. There has been endless talk about the "functional house," the "budget house," the "bride's house," the "plastic house," the "all-steel" house, and the House of All Nations. And the arguments pro and con have been about as fruitful as the exchange of opinions between little Alice and the Mock Turtle.

But over and above all the storm and fustion, Dymaxion inventor Buckminster Fuller has put theory into practice, and the first practical mass production house on the assembly line. And today, for the sum total of $700 F.O.B. Kansas City, you can buy a modernistic "roundhouse," developed on airplane engineering principles, and spacious enough to stage an equestrian act.

This house is to the low-priced shelter industry what the Model T Ford was to the automotive field. Not by any means the last word in luxury, but beyond question the greatest value in comfort-per-dollar available today, it lifts the curtain on a new era in housing.

Symbolically, it points to the fact that primary obstacles in the way of mass-production housing have been surmounted; and that the full force of the engineer's technique, and the full cost-cutting axe of modern industrial machinery can be turned on the shelter problem. Idle speculation has been converted into an accomplished fact, and "F.O.B." has been substituted for "S.O.S."

As production is stepped up, production costs will naturally be shaved off; and it is scarcely too much to say that after the next ten years the admission, "I have no house of my own" will almost be the same as saying, "I'm sorry, but I don't have a radio." The implication will be not that you can't afford one, but that for some personality quirk, you elect to stand apart from the mass—like Diogenes with his tub, or the curious St. Simeon Stylites who was wedded to life on a flagpole.

* * *

The story of Fuller's mass production house is the story of a curious hunch. And the real backer of the project is the mythical Kitty Foyle.

One sunny afternoon, last summer, Fuller was driving through the grain fields of the West with Christopher Morley. Dotting the landscape were circular metal grainbins. Fuller, whose engineering creations are now old hat to many people, turned to Morley and said, "There is the perfect basis for a simplified metal shelter unit. The round house is the most efficient form for radiant heating; steel, in compound curve shapes, is rigid enough to carry relatively heavy loads without additional support from structural members (having the strength of the eggshell). Steel is the cheapest and most practical material to work with for quantity production. What's more, all the production facilities you need are already in operation . . ."

"Buckey," said Morley, "you know *Kitty Foyle* is an almost embarrassing financial success; I think she would like to take a little flyer in backing you."

Well, the crux of this story is that *Kitty Foyle* and Buckey made a strong team.

"It was all just a hunch," Fuller said; "but it was well worth playing."

Now Fuller is of that rare species of genius which combines long-distance visions with ABC practicality; in fact he is so practical that his conclusions are usually a little shocking, like the little boy in Grimm who concluded that the Emperor was wearing no clothes at all. Forthwith, he drew up his specifications and his adaptation plans. Congenitally sybaritic, he designed a house that would gladden the spirit pasha; and coldly realistic, he planned it with the minimum of surplusage.

The result was a house equally useful as a barracks, a war shelter, a marginal subsistence shelter, a studio, summer house, or kiosk of pleasure. It was immediately pointed, however, for military and national defense housing in the United States and in Great Britain.

In time, Fuller flew to Kansas City, and presented the detailed conversion plans of the ex-grainbin shelter (technically called the "Dymaxion Deployment Unit"), to the country's largest manufacturer of steel grainbins.

Flint struck steel; and the sparks that resulted set fire to a reservoir of enthusiasm. Details were threshed out; refinements added. And within a few months, the company's productive capacity was dedicated to housing. The first "flivver" house was in the works.

* * *

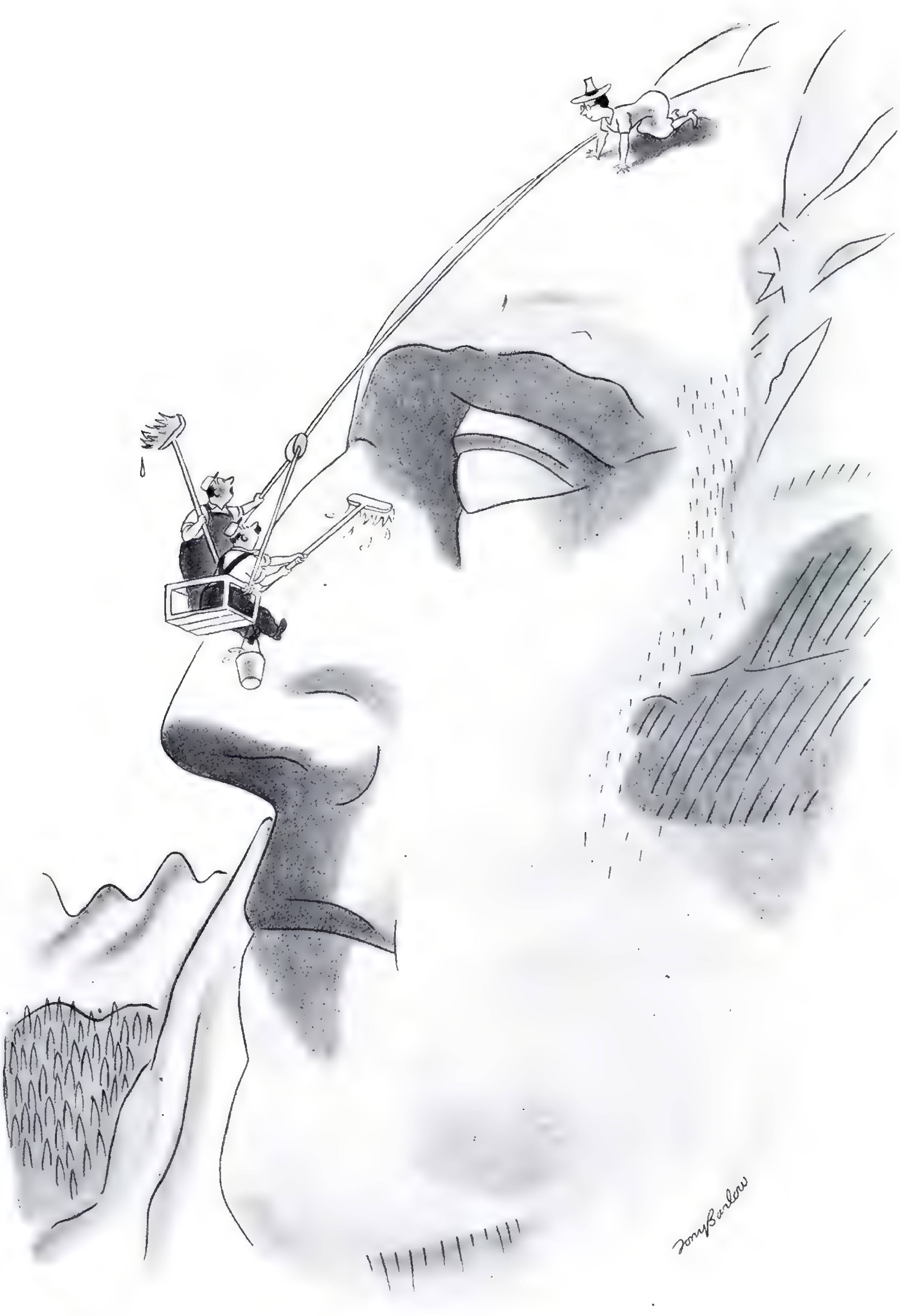
Now rolling off the assembly line in knockdown form, the D.D.U. is a shot in the arm to the conservative architect's mind—to mix a metaphor. Its possibilities are almost limitless. Since you can knock it down, or put it up, within a couple of hours, it makes every man a potential Arab, ready at any moment to fold his streamlined tent and quietly steal.

It revamps the dream, "A room of one's own," to be dreamed as "A house of one's own." It makes the old saw about a man of the world being at home "wherever he hangs his hat," revise itself to read "wherever he bolts his house."

It solves the age-old mother-in-law problem, getting her out of the house, while still keeping a roof over her head. It will take double-decker thinking out of the American

Continued on page 122

"Twice every day I've written to her and now she's gonna marry the postman!"



Tony Barlow

"She's from Elizabeth Arden and wants to know what we're using for a cleanser"

Big Names Take Over

With first-rate writers like John Steinbeck in pictures, Dreiser in radio, entertainment is on the up

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

It is a good five years since I noted the arresting combination of Bing Crosby, Marcel Proust, and the Kraft products; but that was only an accident; Proust had never written for radio and Mr. Crosby's engaging hour did not condense *Remembrance of Things Past* into a twelve-minute dramatization just after the middle commercial. No; Mr. Crosby merely mentioned Proust in passing, as you might mention Joe DiMaggio. I did not think at the time that Theodore Dreiser would be writing a script for *Big Town* (Edward G. Robinson's show for Rinso) and that every writer of standing would be taking a whack at radio as a matter of patriotic duty. Among other things I didn't foresee our plight in the Year 1941, and in that I was not alone.

I did see, and I didn't mind saying, that professional writers, the intellectuals as a whole, and a number of other high-minded people, had neglected radio as they had previously neglected the movies; and were, therefore, disqualified from complaint. And I find it as entertaining as usual to watch the swing of opinion, from condemning radio for its vulgarity, to praising it condescendingly for its efforts, and finally to embracing it as a heaven-sent opportunity, still with a faint overtone of surprise, as one saying, "Why didn't someone tell me it was like this?" The heavy intellects haven't captured the radio; but radio has reached out and picked writers famous in other fields, giving them a medium which is technically developed and now can use new materials. And the same thing is happening in other fields.

John Steinbeck has just written the script for *The Forgotten Village*, Herbert Kline's documentary film of superstition and science in darkest and most attractive Mexico; and Steinbeck has also supplied the brief captions, drawn from the narrator's text, for the book of stills separately published (by the Viking Press). The arrival of a famous writer in the documentary field is not news; Archibald MacLeish, for one, wrote a text for a book of pictures several years ago. But here you have photographs from a motion picture treated as the easy equal of any "art-photography"—and I may say that these are supremely fine pictures, giving you the feel of the movie from which they stem, and gratifying to look at all by themselves. And you have a text so concise that it may be only three or four words, and these words may even be repeated later for another picture—yet the entire story is told. The book has 136 pictures, the film has 8,000 feet; and the story the book tells is simple, moving, complete. So you have something like a new technique, an art beginning perhaps from the combination of the old movie-caption and the new still-picture documentary-article as presented by *Look* and *Life*.

Actually in each of these magazines you may see pictorial essays, Miss Dorothy Thompson in *Look*, I recall, and Mr. Walter Lippmann in *Life;* but I am willing to bet large sums (large for me) that neither of these publicists conceived their works *as pictures;* they wrote text and the magazines supplied pictures, sometimes to illustrate, sometimes to present a visual parallel or even a visual projection of the ideas. I do not know anyone among professional writers who is composing in word-and-picture, although that is the medium in which some of the most effective communication of our time is being done. Luckily the editors of the best pictorial magazines are perfecting a technique and at the same time presenting respectable material; the printed documentary doesn't have to go through the dreary and ugly phases of early movie-making or early radio. Only if some day an angry idealist cries out that this technique is being used to forward the basest of expressions, I hope I'll be there to say that none of the people with the loftiest ideas bothered to learn the method when it was young.

The movie situation is completely upside-down. Long before they needed great writers, the movies imported great names; and to some of these names, talent was attached. Then came the middle period when the downright silliness of the Hollywood product as a written story was so obvious, that good writers had nothing to do there. This was, however, a period of enormous boom in America and a lot of writers made a fortune, contributing nothing to the art of the movie and conspicuously failing to learn the business. The present stage entered with dialogue which gave the writer a reasonable reason for working in pictures; the ones who adapted themselves to pictures, learned the technique, and worked up to being directors or better, went into a new medium. The others are still writers, sometimes doing a good job, sometimes writing a Broadway play, seldom using the movie to say much of anything, except some witty remarks.

On the other hand, the serious writer has had a hard time in Hollywood. He wants to discuss current economic problems and Louis B. Mayer doesn't want him to; the writer also wants to leave a few delightful characters in black despair and have Looney Tunes follow, and the exhibitor doesn't want that at all. The serious writer doesn't understand one basic thing about the movies, which is that millions of people don't want to see Loretta Young unhappy at the end of the picture because they love Loretta; they would hate to see Deanna Durbin in any situation requiring her to impersonate a character presumed to be doing a dirty deed; because they think Deanna is sweet. The writer, in brief, doesn't follow the public in its identification of character and player; the writer is accus-

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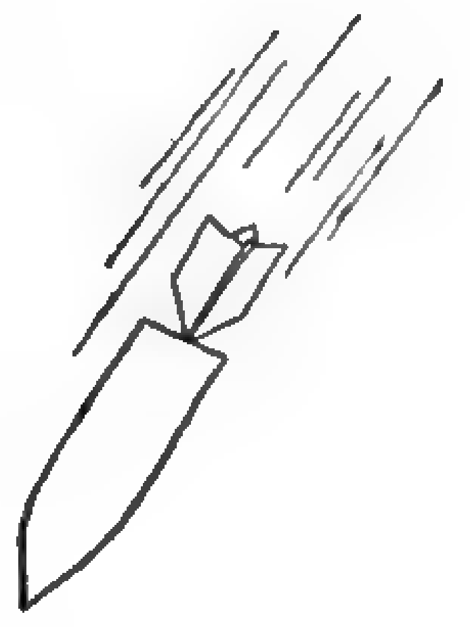
ORANG
METROMOUNT
NEWS REEL
Ned Hilton

One Must Carry On

As bombs rock the Gentlemen's Club, Major Mawkley recalls an unpleasant expiddience at Eton



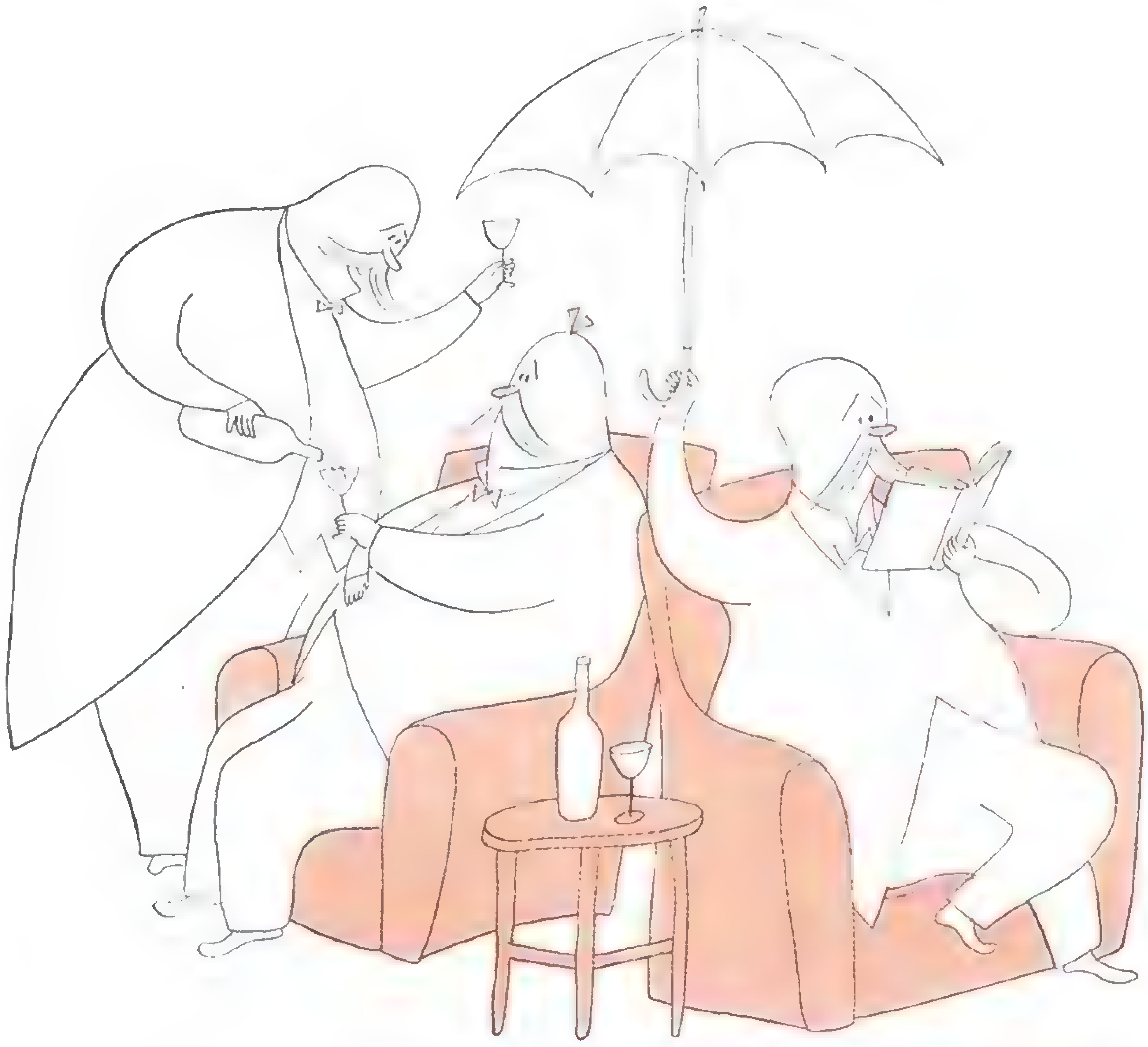
by LOUIS PAUL

• SATIRE •

I WAS late in arriving at the Gentlemen's Club in Twiddenham. For one thing my hotel the previous evening had been partly demolished, making it necessary to arrange for other diggings. For another thing the Twiddenham omnibus had been rerouted due to bomb craters in the streets. On top of that I'd got sidetracked watching the fire wardens fighting an interesting blaze, a warehouse full of caviare.

Caviare blows up in a fascinating way.

When I arrived at my destination most of my companions were on their second bottle. Major (Sir Robert) Mawkley had already acquired that peculiar reddish gleam in his eye which indicates that his faculties are working with well-oiled efficiency. Reliable old Peterson-Jones was staring unseeingly through a monocle at the cracked mural which runs around the ceiling of the clubroom. Young Ransome, the Epsom Downs bookmaker, was sucking the stub of a pencil while he studied with professional concentration the hieroglyphics on a racing chart. The other member of our company, Lord Broadknoll, fifth Earl of Chisham, had succeeded in trapping nine flies beneath his whisky glass. It was his favorite pastime. He laid them out on the tablecloth in a pattern. He was trying to capture a sufficient quantity to spell out his initials.



The Earl had already completed a quite legible B.—I apologized, explaining the nature of my delay.

"Awkward," Lord Broadknoll sympathized. Broadknoll was attired in the natty uniform of aide to the O. C. in charge of club morale. Like Major Mawkley, who had come back from retirement to serve in a minor capacity in the Military Intelligence, Broadknoll had enlisted to do his bit. "Awkward,"the Earl repeated. "Blahsted woah. Causes no end of confusion. Had an appointment myself lahst week end to obsarve a tennis match. Beastleh contest held up no less than hahf an hour.

One of the playahs a leftenant in the air sarvice, ran into head winds on his way back from Barlin. Had to make the best of it. Good sport, though, the playah. Simpleh said, 'Soddy,' and went on with the match."

"Trouble with woah," observed Sir Robert, nodding. "Cahn't keep up interest in the thing. Veddy vivid exahmple of this, little incident I obsarved in the lahst wald woah, the case of Igor Petrovitch, extremeleh clevah Russian agent, went completeleh to pieces as the result of sheer ennui."

The major poured himself a fresh libation, sprayed it with a faint mist of soda, and continued. "I'd bean operating out of Basle, Switzerland, a membah of the Secret Sarvice, M.I.D. There were any numbah of us idling about, including this Petrovitch fellah. The Swiss, a nation of hotel keepahs, knew a good thing when they saw it. Made it an easy mattah to get in with impropah pahssports, vartualleh impossible to get out."

"Deuced practical, the Swiss," Lord Broadknoll murmured as he moved up with practiced technique on a fine specimen of bluebottle, a large fly which he no doubt intended to use for a period.

"This Petrovitch chap became bored no end with sending false reports to Barlin, breaking down Austrian codes, pursuing Polish countesses, poisoning German agents, directing sabotage by secret wireless, seducing beautiful lady spahs—the routine deutehs of the intelligence operatah. Tried to amuse himself by capturing the Huns' caddiah pigeons and having the hotel chef sarve them up for squab. Finaleh became melancholy and depressed, indeed quite unhinged mentalleh, attempted to do away with himself. When this failed he escaped across the bordah and maddied an Amedican garl. Parfect exahmple of the boring natchah of woah, what?"

"Read the papahs most mornings," said Peterson-Jones, taking his eyes down from the badly cracked clubroom ceiling. It had been severely damaged during a recent all-out bombing. "Feel it my deuteh to keep up with events. Believe every Englishman should inform himself on the progress of the woah. One does tire dreadfulleh of Hitlah's speeches, of course—puts a barden on one trying to make head or tail of the fellah's thoughts. In a woah we oll must be prepared to make sacrifices, howeveh."

"True, milors." Ransome took the pencil stub out of his mouth. "Myde the acquayntince of a fortuneteller lydy the other mornin'. Figgers things out by the bleedin' stars, she does. An astrologess. 'Andsome, wiv black eyes. Paid 'er a crown fer a readin'. It ayn't that I'm superstitious, but I 'ad a good bit o' chaynge plyced down on My Beau in the fifth. Read me fortune, she did, this 'ere astrologess lydy. Couldn't tell me nothin' abot My Beau, said she 'ad to 'ave the exhact dyte of the 'orse's birth. I told 'er all thoroughbreds' birthdys is January first no matter when they was born, which got 'er mixed up. 'Owever, fer me crown, she went ahead and told me future. Said I shouldn't do so good until Mars come in conjunction wiv Saturn. Mars is a good sign fer both 'orses and war, she says. Well, you all remember the price My Beau pyed, milors. The way I figgers it out, we all got to make these 'ere sacrifices, at least till Mars comes in conjunction wiv Saturn."

"Silly woah causes no end of confusion," Lord Broadknoll commented. "Blahsted business having an extrodinry effect on the cellah at Chisham Cahstle. Most distarbing to m

Ninety-eight Pinot blanc vrai. Constant shaking from air raids tends to give it a narvous flavah, extremeleh narvous flavah. Communicates itself to one. Opened a bottle onleh the othah evening. Lord Fowlah-Tuffington sensed it by mareleh inhaling the bouquet at dinnah. 'I say, Broadknoll,' he exclaimed. 'Your Pinot blanc vrai is narvous, decidedleh narvous!' As for the Moselles—"

The Earl was interrupted by the familiar wails of the warning sirens. Apparently Jerry was sending over a daylight raiding party. Ransome got up and sauntered over to the windows, glancing up through the wire netting with which they had been protected. Icy shivers tingled up and down my spine. "Beastleh bore," murmured Lord Broadknoll, returning to the conversation. "What was I saying? Oh, yes. As for the Moselles, they're taking it rahthah well. Had it with the fowl. Less parvious to shock, the Moselle. Good thing to know. 'Your Moselle is standing up undah the emargenceh rahthah well,' Fowlah-Tuffington commented. Made me—"

The moan of the Nazi engines was plainly audible above the shrieks of the sirens and the AA fire. Their engines don't drone, they go *woe woe woe* in peculiar moaning fashion.

"Almost direckly over'ead, they are, milors," Ransome informed us. "Flyin' 'igh. Probly wants to set a few blazes to see by durin' the blackout."

"Made me feel rahthah rosy inside when he mentioned the Moselle," Lord Broadknoll continued, "One doesn't have a compliment from Fowlah-Tuffington every week end."

"Sound fellah, Fowlah-Tuffington," observed Major Mawkley. "Both of us came down from Eton the same yeah."

"I say, no!" said Peterson-Jones, interested. "The same yeah?"

"Quite. Reminds me of a cuddious expiddience. He and I became involved togethah in a rahthah unpleasant incident with the Headmahstah. Caught tossin' spitwads, you know. Had to toss spitwads. It was the thing to do. Old Bailey nipped us in the veddy act, put us on report. Meant a caning. You had to fetch the switch yourself. Fowlah-Tuffington (Fowlah-Tuffington Minah he was then) had it farst. We—"

" 'Old on, milors. 'Ere it comes!"

The next moment a deafening roar beat into our ears. The incendiary bombs were falling somewhere in our vicinity. One blast after another exploded with ear-shattering detonations. Vibrations shook the bottles and glasses on our table, disarranged Lord Broadknoll's pattern of flies. I expected any moment to be blown to bits.

The major waited a moment for the noise to subside, patiently as though allowing a boor who has stupidly interrupted a conversation to complete his remarks before going on. "Fowlah-Tuffington Minah had it fahst, as I say. I was outside, and it wasn't difficult to imagine what was happening. I heard the switch descending four times in rapid succession. Then the door opened and Fowlah-Tuffington Minah came running out grahsping the slack of his trousahs. Tears had stahted in his eyes. I shall nevah forget the wads he spoke on that occasion. Pausing a moment in his haste, he marmured, 'Painful meeting, Mawkleh—one ahss with anothah.' Headmahstah overheard the remark, blushed to the roots of his hair. Didn't make it any easiah for me. Blahst oll this beastleh noise anyway," he added as a second series of violent explosions took place outside the club. "What seems to be the mattah, Ransome?"

"Jerry flingin' down blinkin' incendiary bombs. Over now, milors. Don't see any fires started. Smothered one out in the street below." He came back and sat down again at the table. Lord Broadknoll rearranged his dead flies. He needed only a few more to complete his initials. Peterson-Jones refilled his whiskey tumbler, adding an imperceptible dash of soda.

"Still think one ought to keep up with the woah," repeated Peterson-Jones as though it were a fixation. "I don't mean air raids. Air raids do bore one finalleh. But Wavell, you know. There's Wavell out in Africah. One ought to keep up with Wavell."

"Agree," said Lord Broadknoll. "Deuced wily chap, Wavell."

"Sarved with Wavell in Indiah," Major Mawkley announced.

"Dash it oll, no!" exclaimed Peterson-Jones.

"Rahth-ah. Admired him no end. Enormousleh good at billiards. Wouldn't think it to look at him. I was a leftenant then. Full of Kipling. 'So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan you're a pore benighted 'eathen but a farst-clahss fightin' man.' That sort of thing. Nevah saw a heathen that made a farst-clahss fighting man, of course, but there you are. Agree with you, howeveh—one should keep up with Wavell out in Africah. A little woddied, nevertheless."

"Woddied, sah?"

"May become bored, you know. Wavell a man of vahst energeh. Used to fighting benighted heathen, men of spirit. Italians don't seem capable of offering the propah resistance to keep up interest in the thing. Always the risk of becoming bored with a dull woah."

"Bored or no, one must caddy on," insisted Peterson-Jones.

A sudden repetition of the *woe woe woe woe* of enemy raiders sounded overhead. Little cold shivers again commenced coursing down my spine. Ransome got up once more to look out through the windows. "It's another batch of 'em, milors. Incendiaries. Flyin' lower than the last ones. Think maybe we orter go down in the bomb shelter. They're comin' orful close."

"Blahst my soul, Ransome!" cried Mawkley irritably. "Do stop that etarnal chattering. What was it you said, sah?" he turned back to Peterson-Jones.

"I say, bored or no, one must caddy on."

"Oh, quite," agreed Sir Robert as he poured himself a new tumblerful of whiskey. ⧻

Rodney deSarro

The Real Viennese Schmalz

The refugee knew old Vienna, but how could he write about the Blue Danube when he remembered it red with blood?

by BUDD WILSON SCHULBERG

• FICTION •

Harold Edson Brown's indignation could be heard throughout the entire studio. The only thing that was louder than his voice was the sport coat on which a couple of gag men had once played a game of checkers.

It was an outrage. Here he was, Harold Edson Brown, the highest paid writer on the lot, the only Pulitzer Prize winner on contract (though that winning play had been written twenty years ago with an enthusiasm and intensity which had sickened and died before he ever reached Hollywood), the man who had juggled such themes as mother love, comraderie and sex for over ten years without ever dropping a script, being denied the fattest assignment of the year.

"What d'ya mean I can't write it?" Brown demanded in that golden voice that had gilded some of the most wilted Hollywood lilies of the past decade. "I didn't do so bad with *Mardi Gras*. *At the Pole* ain't exactly a stinker either. I got range."

(Actually Harold Edson Brown was one of the town's better educated writers. Bad grammar was a luxury he took childish delight in indulging because he knew everybody else knew he knew better.)

"But you don't know Vienna," the producer repeated. "I'm going to throw a million dollars into *The Blue Danube*. I've got to have the real Vienna—the old Viennese *schmalz*."

"The real Vienna—that's right down my alley. Don't you think I've ever been to Vienna?"

"Sure. For two days. The only time you left your hotel room was when you chased that dame into the lobby. I happen to know. I was with you."

"But I'm an expert on Vienna. I didn't spend seventeen months on *The First Waltz* for nothing."

"I should say not! Not at two grand a week. But *The Blue Danube* has to make *First Waltz* look like a quickie! I want the whole picture to sway like a beautiful waltz from start to finish. It's got to be absolutely lousy with the real Viennese *schmalz*."

"And just who is going to supply this R.V.S.?" Brown asked irritably.

The producer spoke the name with the proper air of mystery. "Hannes Dreher."

"Hannes Dreher! Never even heard of him. What are his credits?"

"Myron Selznick sold him to me. He's come straight from Europe. He's written Vienna's favorite operettas for years. This picture has got to be authentic. So it's going to be written by a one hundred per cent genuine Viennese."

II

Harold Edson Brown sat at the head of the writers' table in the commissary dishing out the latest inside dope like the man-about-studio he was, when a funny little stranger edged himself into the room.

"Who's that penguin with a hat on?" asked a gag man.

Harold Edson Brown prided himself on being a one-man studio bulletin. He always knew who had just been hired and who was about to be fired. He was supposed to have an *in* with the producers. "That must be Hannes Dreher," he announced. "He's the Austrian genius they imported for *The Blue Danube*. I'll get him over."

The lunch hour was at its height and the commissary vibrated with rapid talk punctuated by the grating clatter of many plates. Hannes Dreher was still standing close to the door, like a bewildered child arriving at boarding school for the first time. His coat looked as if it had started out to be a cutaway and changed its mind, and beneath it he wore the old-fashioned white vest which gave him the penguin look. His heavy grey fedora was balanced on his head like a book. The eyes were a gentle, light watery blue, and the only weapon he had developed throughout his half century on this earth was the vagueness which drew a screen of gauze between him and the brashness of life.

As Harold Edson Brown strode toward him with his two-thousand-dollar-a-week smile and his hand outstretched in the manner that had earned him the nickname Ward-Boss of Writers' Row, Dreher shied like a horse that had been whipped.

"You must be Hannes Dreher. Glad to meetcha, boy. I'm Harold Edson Brown."

Dreher smiled at him gratefully, bringing his heels together so gently that they produced no *click*. Because he always tried to be kind, he did his best to act as if he had heard Brown's name before.

"The same gang put on the feed bag here together every day. Make yourself at home."

Dreher bowed timidly. "Dankeschön, Herr Brown, you are very nice."

As Dreher ate, Brown nudged him familiarly. "Well, kid, you're running into plenty of luck. Just between you and me and Louella O. Parsons, the boss is throwing Jeannette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy into *The Blue Danube*. Which means you grab yourself an A credit right off the bat."

"*The Blue Danube*," Dreher reflected. "Der schöne, blaue Donau." He looked out, through the window, and Brown's eyes followed, but there was nothing out there to see.

"You're in a great spot, baby," Brown continued. "We've had plenty of these Viennese horse-operas but they've always been strictly phonies. The boss tells me you're going to give it the real Viennese *schmalz*."

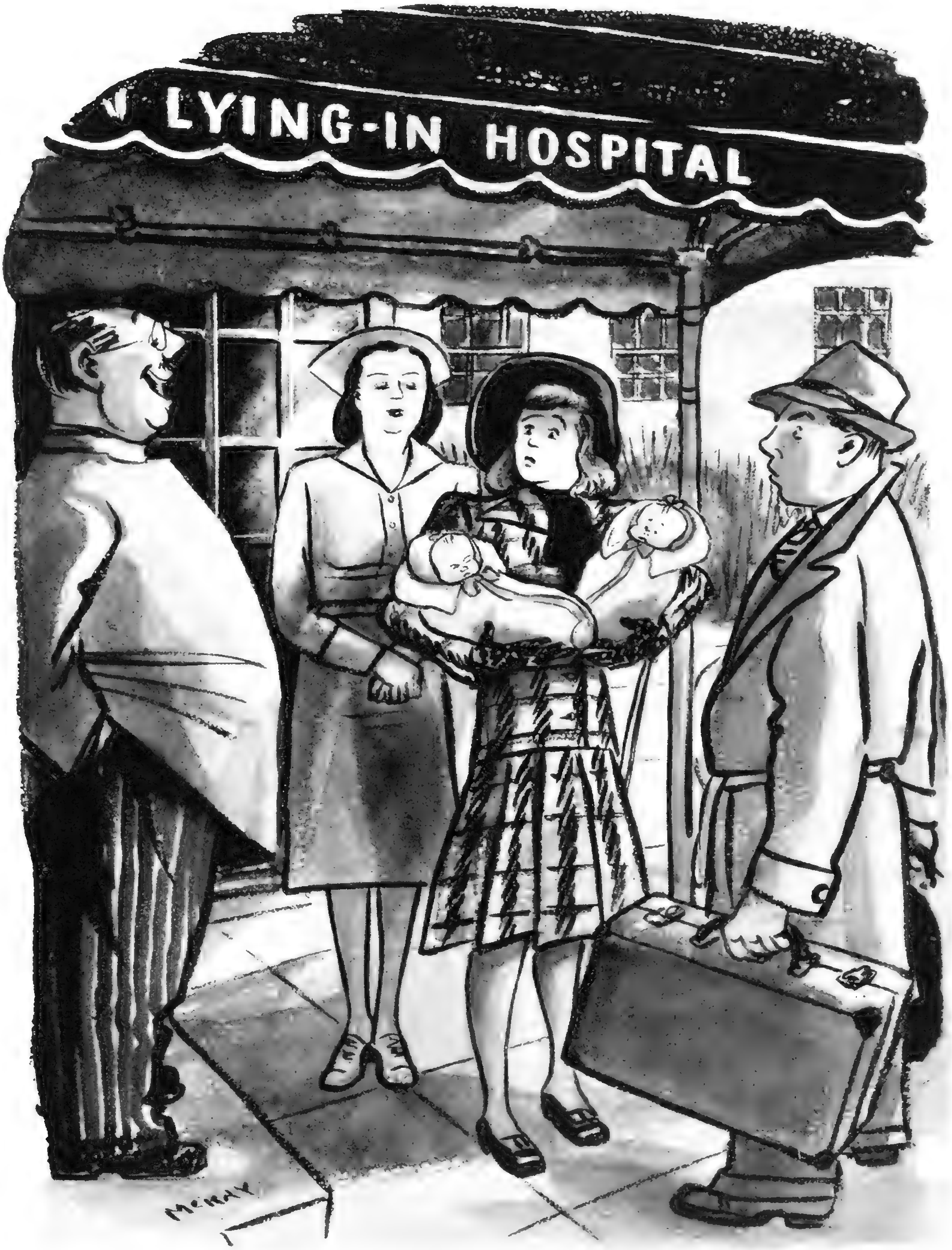
"The real Viennese *schmalz*," Dreher repeated with a slow smile his eyes did not reflect. "Ach, that is very hard to give, ja?"

"You sure you wouldn't kid me, Mr.

Continued on page 102

Simms Campbell

"Your nephew—he must be an awfully interesting little fellow"


LYING-IN HOSPITAL
MCKAY

"Till next year then—"

Menkes: Yeast from Paris

His portraits are simple and tender, his landscapes, warmly sensuous, but his richest painting is still lifes

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

Among those who profess the faith into which Sigmund Menkes was born, there is a ceremony through which, when they have reached the age of thirteen male children are inducted, at least symbolically, into the responsibilities of manhood. At the age of thirteen, or approximately thereabouts, a long-legged, gangling, awkward, retiring and generally unprepossessing Zygmunt Menkes (to give the original spelling of the name) became not only a symbolical man but a potential artist. He was in a particular hurry, not only for the reason that he was one of a reputedly impatient people, but for a special and specific reason. Young Menkes was in a hurry because he feared he wasn't going to live long. The fear was the consequence of a medical false alarm, to wit, that he was doomed to die of tuberculosis.

I do not think, however, that he would have been in much less of a hurry had no such fear hung over him. He had other reasons for being in a hurry, besides those of temperament and ambition. Young Menkes was not a good student, and has never been distinguished for his pursuit of learning or for general unamusing information. He did not participate in athletics or in outdoor sports; he was not a forward person among his companions; his parents were poor and obscure and could give him no guaranteed advantage; he was one of six children who lived in cramped quarters and who could look forward to a life no better than that which they could make with their own sharp and vigorous elbows. These hazards and drawbacks only strengthened the boy Sigmund's determination to make his mark in the world. He early wanted not only the satisfaction of achievement, but the perquisites that go with achievement, food, drink, clothes, amusement, travel, admiring glances, especially of women—in short, the most satisfying compensations for a definite sense of physical inferiority. The fact of the matter is that, at the present stage, the long-legged, gangling, awkward, retiring and generally unprepossessing boy Menkes has realized his ambition without compromise of his aesthetic standards. The boy Menkes has made good.

In Paris, in Berlin and in many of the cities of Poland the name of Menkes was not unknown. He was one of the more distinguished members of the School of Paris in art. Picasso and Matisse need not have looked down their noses at the work of Menkes. American painters saw his name in print in this country for the first time when his canvas, *Dolce far Niente*, was awarded the fourth W. A. Clark prize at the latest Corcoran Gallery annual in Washington. About the same time artists in New York saw painting that was painting, forms realized through dense and emotional color, at his one-man show at the Durand-Ruel Galleries. Menkes is not to be placed among the refugees who came to these shores with the collapse of France. When he reached New York, the Maginot Line had not only not crumbled, it had not even been completed, but the depression had already begun to sap and undermine the privileged and sheltered position of even the successful artist, and he came—it was in 1933—to make a new life in a new world. The award of the Clark prize to a painting by Menkes was a happy indication that judges of pictures had eyes which were open to values other than regional, for although *Dolce far Niente* "represented" a view in Woodstock, New York, it could have been hung in any gallery in Europe and have served as its own sufficient explanation.

Menkes today in America is what he has always been, or the natural development of what he was. He will not allow himself to be regimented by pressure or propaganda, or if he does allow himself thus to be reshaped, he will become someone else, and therefore a person of less consequence on the level on which he wishes today to be judged. There is such a pressure and he feels it, however unofficially and indefinitely it is exerted. If he were completely indifferent to the physical rewards of success, he would not be aware of this pressure, but he is, and I, for one, think it is better that a Menkes should give America what he has to give—let us say nothing more than richly painted still lifes—than be compelled to resist the temptation of compromising with his vision.

He has well expressed the cultural privilege as well as the peril in America's shepherding and sheltering of Europe's intellectual élite, in which expression he proves his capacity for taking a long, impersonal view. America, says he, has assumed the great honor of salvaging the spiritual values of Europe. Well and good. But that is not the end of the matter, not for the men and women rescued, not for the cultural values they represent, the spiritual seed they bear within them, and not even for America. Lives have been salvaged, hospitality extended, and for these things there should be gratitude. But America has assumed with this obligation "the tremendous responsibility of being faced with the query, let us say fifty years hence, 'What did we do with these spiritual values?'" In other words, fifty years hence, the question will be: Did America nourish or starve, encourage or discourage, develop or pervert the potentialities as well as the already matured gifts possessed by the Europeans whom she received on her shores? This large question has of course a personal application for Menkes, as for other artists who cannot apply their gifts to science, research, commerce and industry.

It is possible to prosper in a cultural vacuum. It is possible to starve with great ex-

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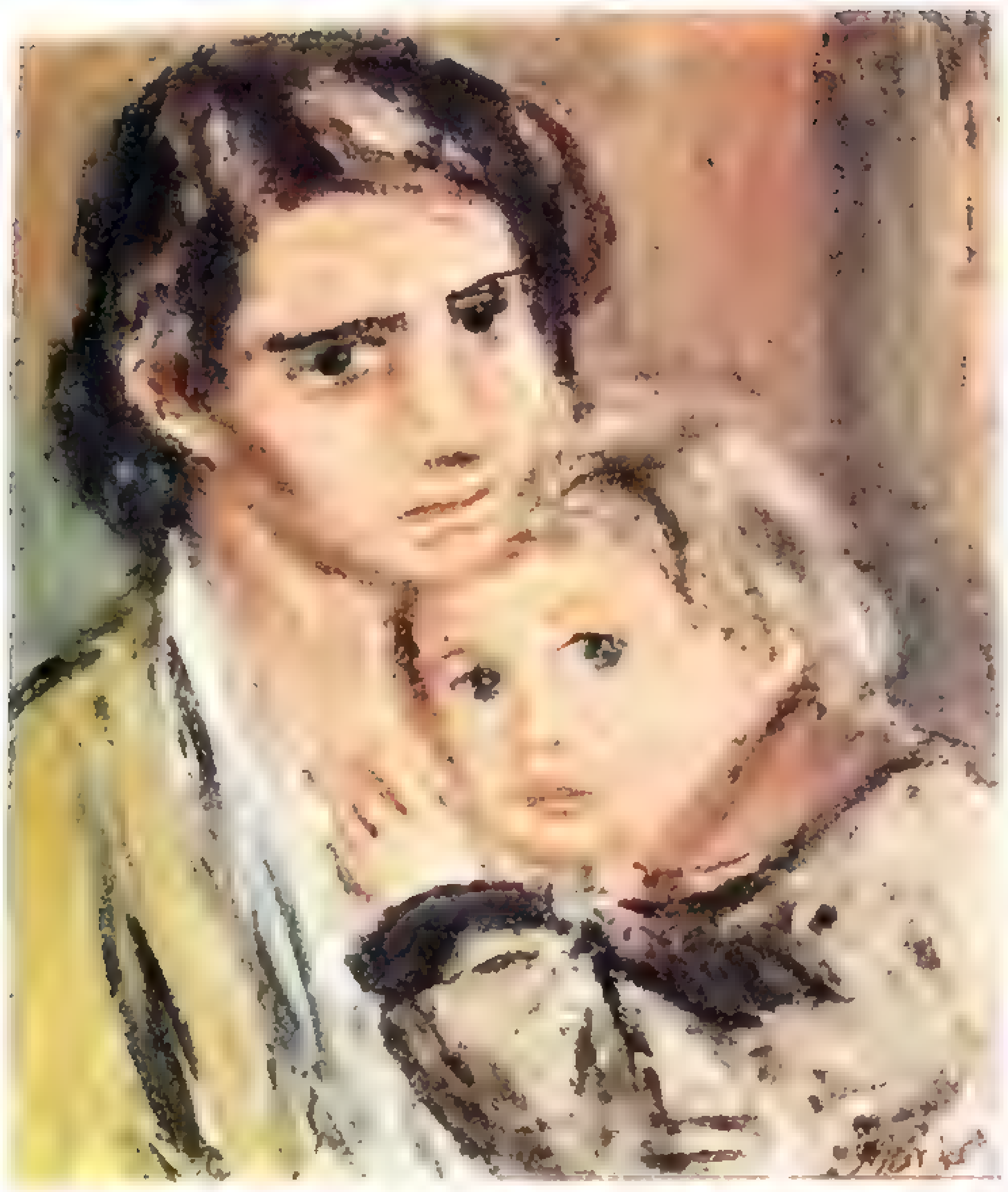
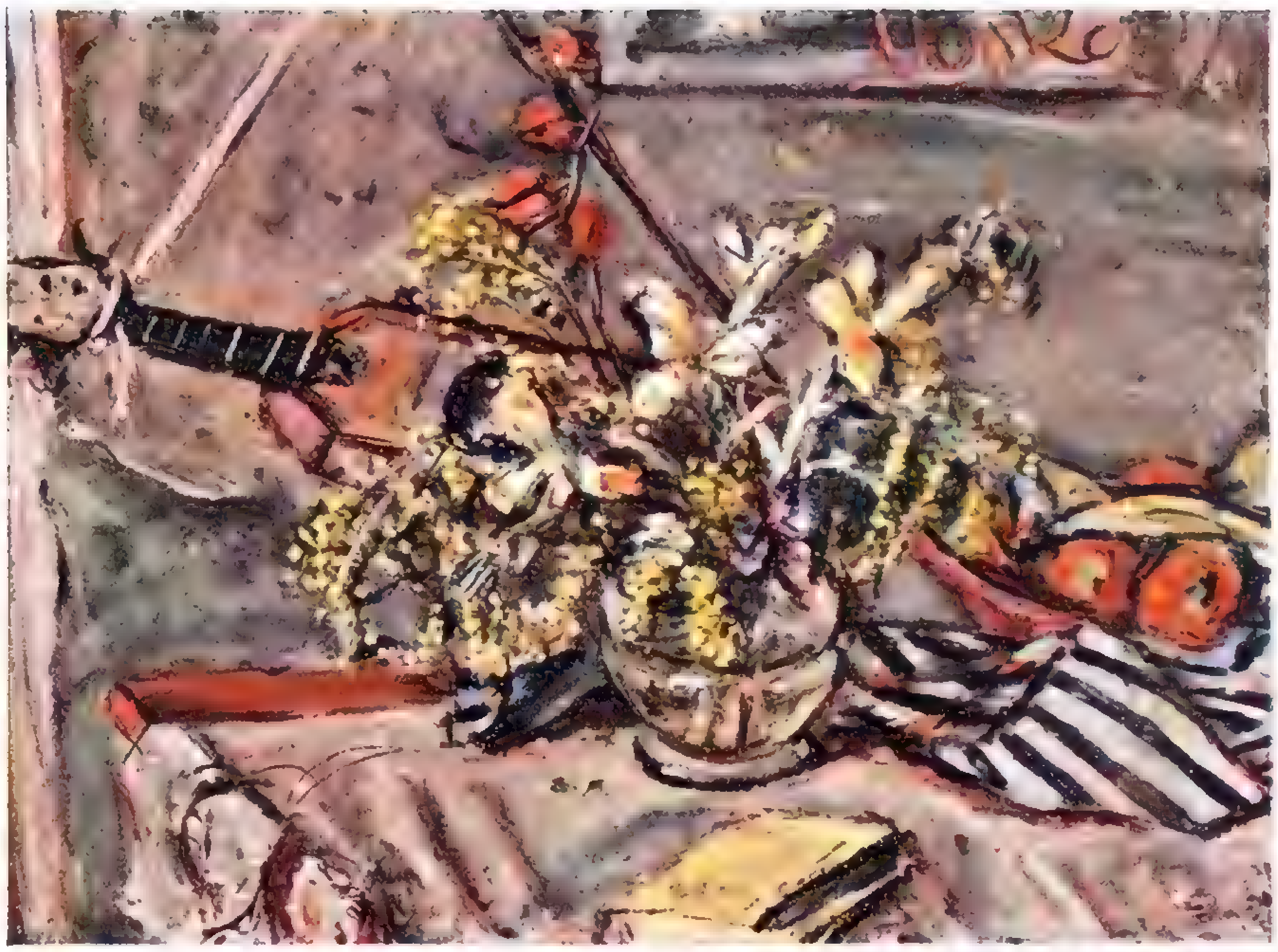
"Shall I take off my lipstick, too, doctor?"

A Group of Paintings

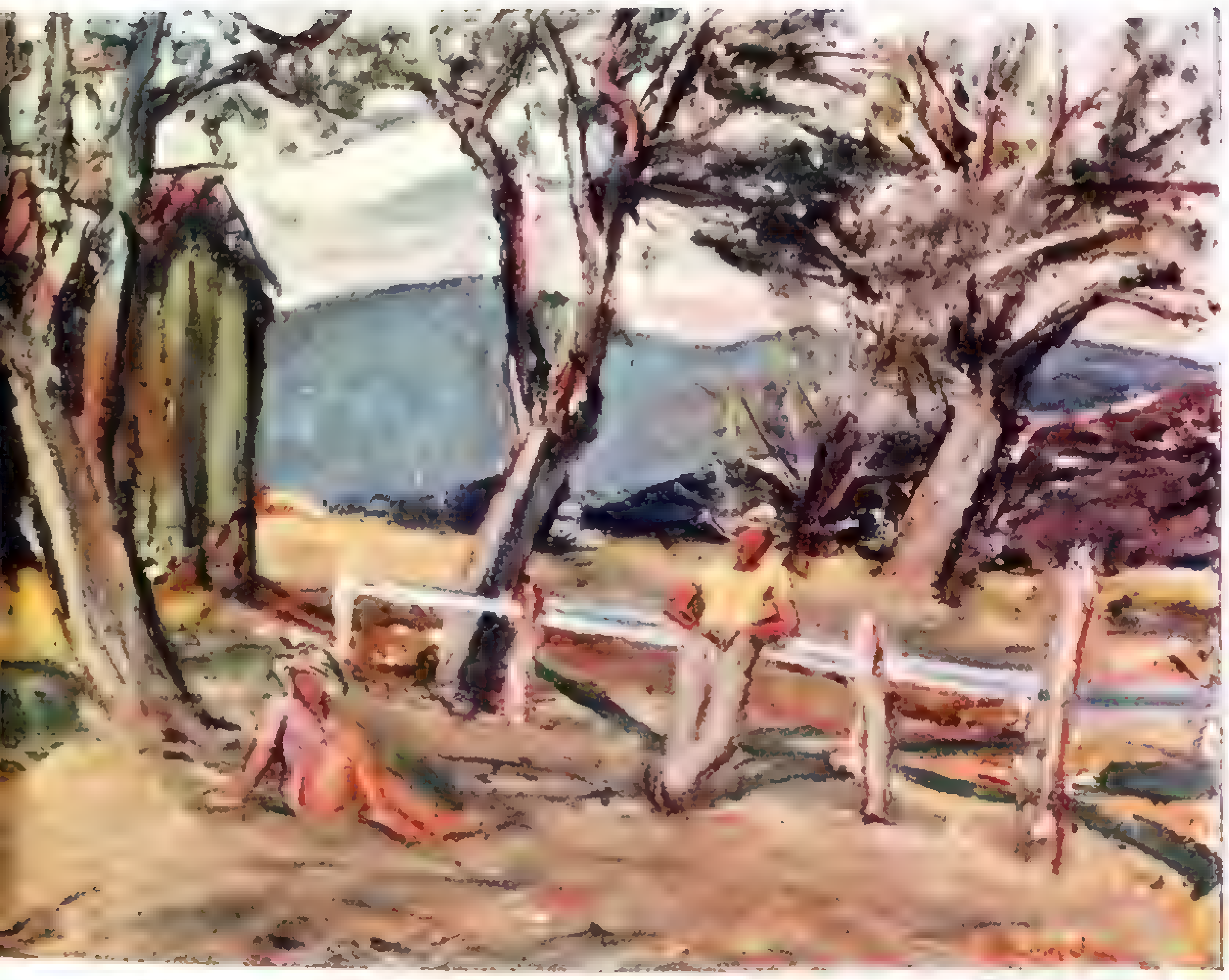
by SIGMUND MENKES



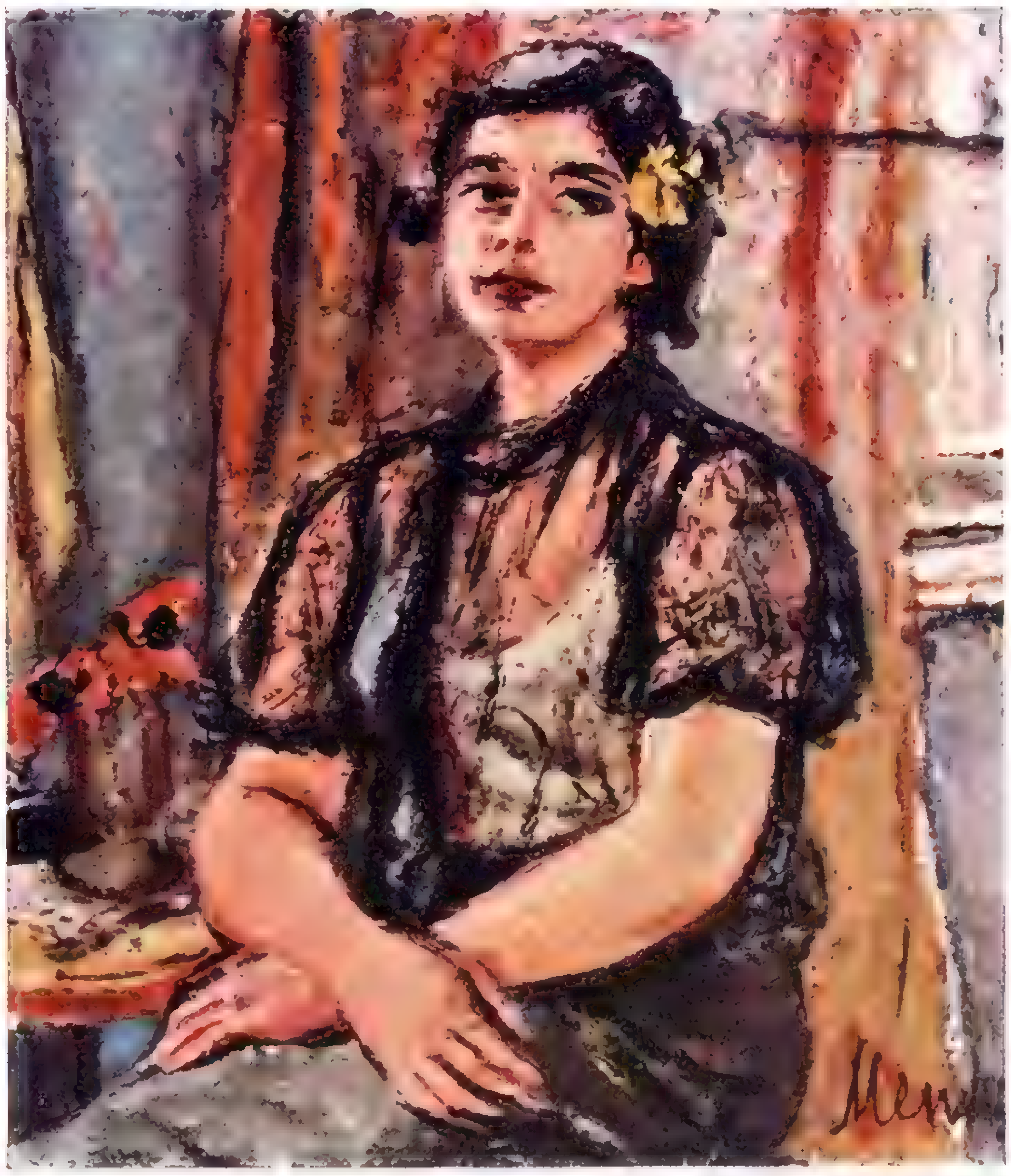
MOTHER AND CHILD



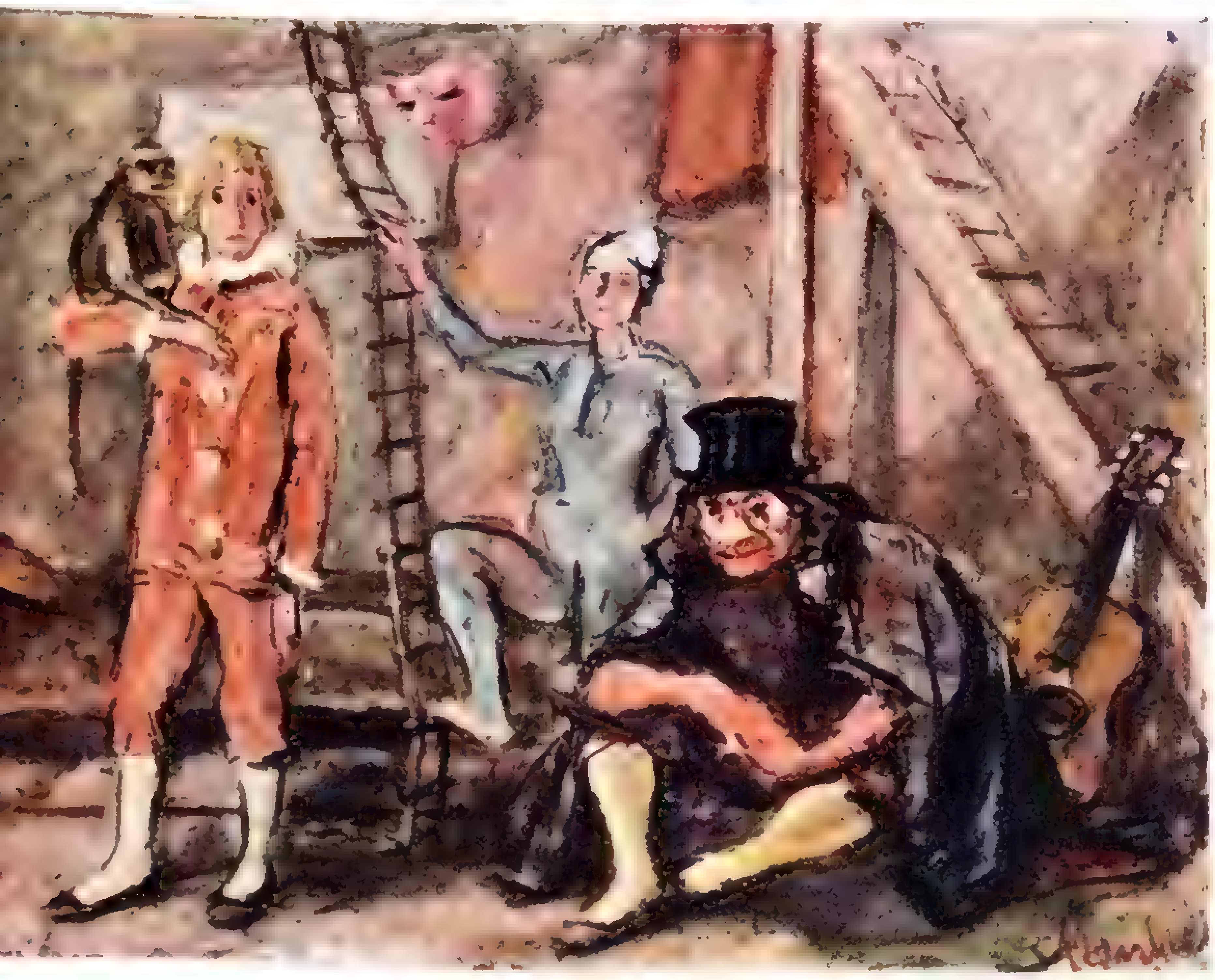
FLOWERS AND YELLOW BOOK



SUMMER DAY

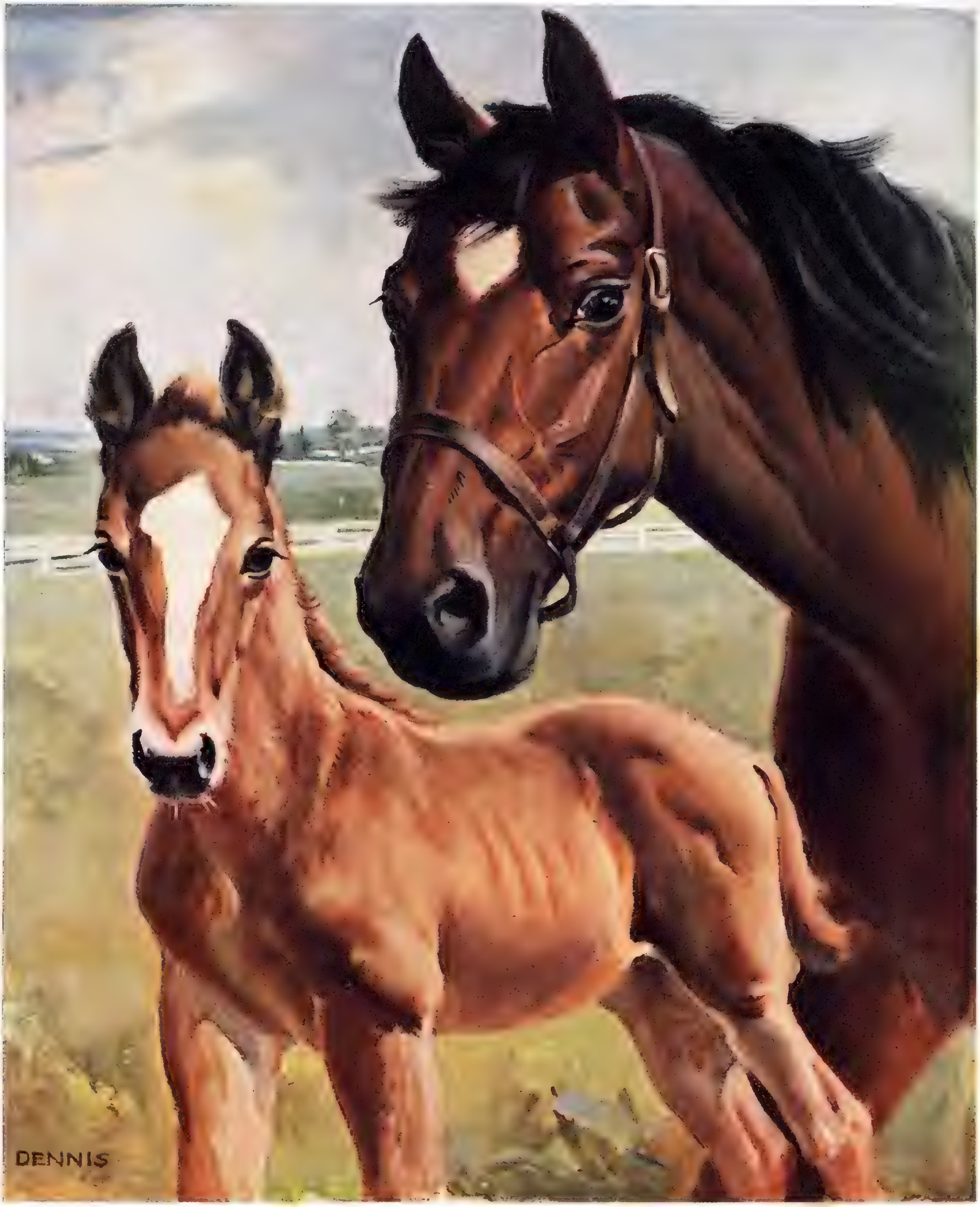


GIRL WITH LACE DRESS



CIRCUS FAMILY

These paintings were reproduced in Chicago through courtesy of Sigmund Menkes and are now on display at his studio, 12 West 69th Street, New York City.



Bloodroot is the best young mare on the Idle Hour Stock farm of the great Colonel Bradley. She was the running mate of the famous Black Helen, was second to her in many big stakes, defeated her several times. Some racing men consider her Black Helen's superior. Her foal is the current white hope of the Bradley stables.

Bloodroot

and Foal

It was foaled on St. Patrick's Day, as was Bloodroot, in the year 1932. As Bloodroot was out of an Irish mare named Knockaney Bridge this nameless foal will doubtless have a good Irish moniker. It will begin with a "B" of course, as do all Bradley names. This foal has another reason for boasting; its sire is War Admiral.

NO. 5 IN A SERIES OF AMERICAN HORSES PORTRAYED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE BY WESLEY DENNIS

Rubber, Reason, and Rot

The Army's idea of curtailing consumption isn't enough, our defense needs synthetic rubber

by ROBERT W. MARKS

• MOTORS •

In one way or another—particularly one way—we use more than half of the world's supply of rubber. This is an amazing tribute to the vigor of the American people, our energy, locomotive habits, automotive civilization; but, in times past, it has also been a signal of potential danger. For ninety-seven per cent of our rubber supply has come from Malaysia; and Malaysia, for some time, has been a pawn in that tragic-comic game we laughingly call diplomacy.

Sixty-eight per cent of the world's automobiles roll on our highways. Precisely why they roll as they do is a question for psychopathology; it may be our peculiarly American pattern for escape, comparable, say, to China's opium. But roll they do; and our whole civilization, such as it is, is geared to this rolling. And that means rubber, rubber, and more rubber.

Yet 12,000 severely-contested miles separate our tire plants from the Far East's rubber plants. And this suggests a too-neat slogan for the Nazi navy: "A submarine a day will keep Americans from play."

Time was when rubber was closer at hand. That happy *Hevea* tree from which all natural rubber flows is, like Carmen Miranda and the samba, a native of Brazil. The milky Latex was tapped by the natives of the province of Pará, up the Amazon, and smoked into balls of native rubber, which were distributed to the waiting world through the famous port at the Amazon's mouth, the city of Pará (now called Belem).

This kind of rubber (which, also was to be found in other South and Central American and West Indian countries) was formerly known as "India Rubber" or "Caoutchouc." It was first mentioned by a certain Herrera, who tagged along on the second voyage of Columbus. Herrera noticed that the natives of Haiti played games with balls made of this stuff, and that these balls, "although large, were lighter and bounced better than the wind-balls of Castile." Torquemada, the Gestapo chief of his day, was the first to write about the Hevea tree, being interested in rubber, no doubt, for truncheons.

Industrial history, however, begins shortly before the turn of the century, when a wily Englishman gathered seeds of the *Hevea braziliensis* and transported them to England where they were sprouted and nurtured in the expert horticultural confines of Kew Gardens. The seedlings were then planted in Ceylon, Sumatra, and the Malay peninsula. Thus was the start of commercial Malaysian rubber.

Brazilian rubber came from trees growing wild. Malaysian rubber came from carefully cultivated trees, maintained on modern plantations under a setup of strict control. Science bears dividends: Malaysian rubber was better.

The great Brazilian bubble burst; and the beautiful port of Pará became a ghost city, perfumed, enchanted, and empty. It exchanged the vulgar turmoil of bustling business for the more-lasting charms and the soft-voiced echoes of a music sounded far away and long ago.

* * *

We now face a queasy situation: the islands of the Indian Ocean are in grave danger of becoming a second Crete. And the rubber plantations of Brazil are in no condition to be geared up to the 600,000 long ton quota that this peripatetic country requires annually. (Incidentally, there's some leaf blight on the Amazonian *Hevea braziliensis*—a point we'd rather not mention, because of our Good Neighbor Policy.)

Glimmers of trouble were seen in years past. Goodyear experimented with plantations in the Philippines, Ford in Brazil, Firestone in Liberia. But it takes seven years even for God to make a rubber tree; and to say that time is of the essence is to pun directly into the path of escape.

Outside of winning the war, our best chances for becoming rubber barons, or even rubber fiefs, lies in the realm of essence: in synthetics.

Our chemists have had traffic with the molecule in its most secret moments; they have made big molecules from little molecules grow; and they can turn an oil drop into a pencil eraser as easily as you and I can turn a phrase, a somersault, or about.

One of the most interesting of these latter-day Hermes Trismegistuses is Dr. Waldo Semon, discoverer of B. F. Goodrich's *Ameripol*. His story has one foot in *Faust*, the other in Horatio Alger.

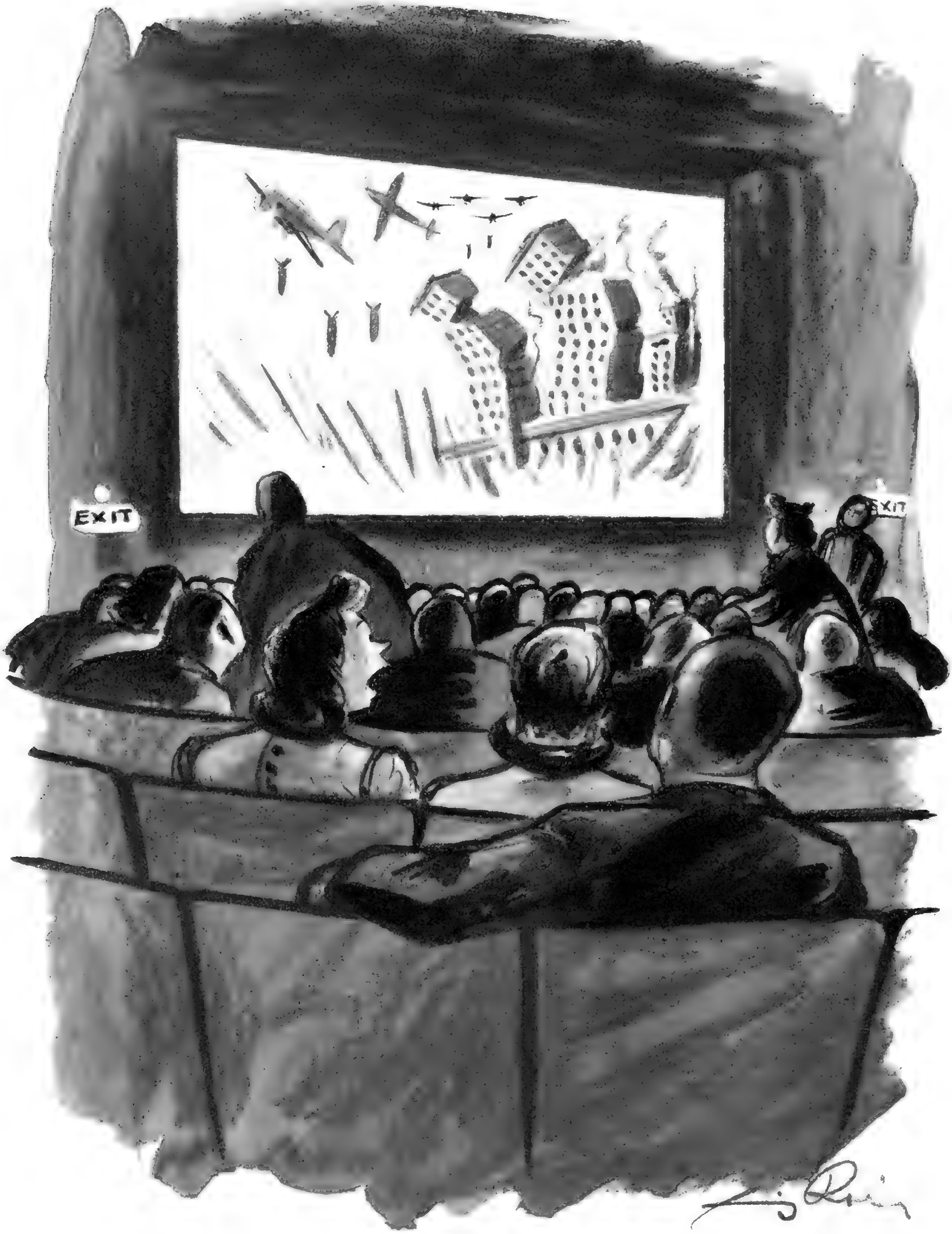
Dr. Semon was born in Demopolis, Alabama, which is not to be held against him. His father was a civil engineer—a profession which made the young Waldo as cosmopolitan and as traveled as a trapeze performer. He took his degrees at the University of Washington; and once having developed academic roots, stayed on the same soil as a professor.

One of the curious thaumaturgic incidents of modern industry then occurred: Dr. Harry Fisher, of the B. F. Goodrich Company, had converted rubber into a shellac-like material which had the property of adhering to metal. The commercial possibilities of this substance were enormous. Among other things, steel tank cars could be lined with rubber, thanks to Dr. Fisher's bonding material, and acids could be transported at a fraction of the cost formerly involved; rubber cushions could be more effectively attached to engines, and water-lubricated rubber bearings could be attached to motorboats and destroyers. The process was carried to its final stage by Dr. William C. Geer and was graced by the name

Continued in center of page 173

USED
CAR
BARGAINS
$5.00
ED HUNTER

"Speed isn't everything, my dear man—riding comfort and durability must be considered"



"You'd think they would at least make it less terrifying by reversing the film and showing the houses springing together again"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Disputing the wisdom of John Mason Brown, Wolcott Gibbs, Burns Mantle, Brooks Atkinson and assorted sages

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

▪ THEATRE ▪

Homer McRausvogel who, as you all know, is one of the most distinguished producers in the American theatre, was talking to me the other day about the critics. "Personally, I surely have no complaint," he allowed. "They have treated me well; indeed, often too well. But though unlike some of my fellow-producers I am not a Harvard man and don't dance the rumba, I nevertheless sometimes suffer serious intellectual misgivings about them."

"Yes?" I asked.

"Yes," he added. "Take, for instance, your friend Brooks Atkinson, of the *Times*. Writing of Emlyn Williams' *The Corn Is Green* he said: 'It comes as close to being a masterpiece as a journeyman theatregoer can reasonably expect. Let's call it a masterpiece and stop quibbling about inconsequential details of construction or matters of taste, like the hackneyed seduction scene!' Inconsequential details in the appraisal of a masterpiece?"

"I think I'll have a beer," I said.

"Then there is your friend, John Mason Brown, of the *Post*," Mr. McRausvogel continued. "Writing of the Chilton-Lewis *Fledgling* he enthusiastically observed: 'It goes proudly on its way daring to raise issues not ordinarily raised in the theatre.' What daring new issues did it raise? Mercy killing, which had been raised years before by Maugham in *The Sacred Flame* and by others. Atheism, which had been raised forty years before in a play by even E. H. Sothern, to say nothing of dozens of others. What else?"

"I think I'll have a beer," I said.

"Take your friend Burns Mantle, of the *Daily News*," he went on. "Speaking of *The Talley Method*, Mr. Mantle asserted: 'Indeterminate conclusions in drama may be ever so reasonable to the logicians, but they are pretty hard to sell to audiences.' What about the indeterminate conclusions of many successful plays from *The Case of Rebellious Susan* to *The Night of January 16* (with its guessing game flung at the audience), and from—on a higher level—*Uncle Vanya* to *Juno and the Paycock?*"

"I think I'll have a beer," I said.

"Take the same play," pursued Mr. McRausvogel. "Your friend Richard Watts, Jr., of the *Herald Tribune*, had this to remark against it: 'When you encounter situations which could have ended minutes earlier if anyone had behaved with even a show of intelligence, the necessary humanity is for the time being destroyed.' You encounter situations which similarly could have ended minutes earlier if anyone had behaved with even a show of intelligence in *Twelfth Night, As You Like It* and *Much Ado About Nothing* and the necessary humanity is not destroyed, so what the heck?"

"I think I'll have a vermouth cassis," I said.

"Take that same friend of yours. Writing of *Beverly Hills*, he ironically remarked: 'It is my impression that the chief appeal for the layman of the cultural capital known as Hollywood is something or other called glamour (always spelled with a *u*).' How else may it properly be spelled, for godsakes?"

"I think I'll have another vermouth cassis," I said.

"Revert to your friend, Mr. Atkinson," Mr. McRausvogel proceeded. "Denouncing *Pal Joey*, he stipulated: 'It is not possible to draw sweet water from a foul well.' Yeah? What of Sophocles' *Oedipus*, Gorki's *Night Refuge*, and a lot of other such grand plays? Then again, in an essay on Barry's *Liberty Jones*, he rhapsodized: 'Now the spirit of our culture is recorded abundantly on the stage, in the libraries and concert halls, on murals in public places, in the corridors and on the walls of museums and in the soaring architecture of modern cities. But who is to say that these flowers of culture are any better than the lives of millions of undistinguished Americans who are trying to reach up into the light and hold their children a little higher? They are contributing to American culture.' "

"Who is to say it?" inquired Mr. McRausvogel. "I am to say it!"

"I think I'll have a Martini," I said.

"Let me go on. Your friend Wolcott Gibbs, of the *New Yorker*, had this to say of *Cabin In The Sky*: 'There are many times when a quality of fake innocence turns up to remind you that after all you are looking at a white man's conception of Negro mythology. I don't know how Mr. Connelly and his associates managed to avoid this error, but they did, and it seems a pity that they weren't around to assist at the Martin Beck.' Well, Mr. Connelly was around."

"I think I'll have another Martini," I said.

"I don't know who your friend is who writes the criticisms for the *Wall Street Journal*," carried on Mr. McRausvogel, "but, whoever he is, listen to this in connection with *Charley's Aunt*: 'There is something about humor, or man's appreciation of it, which seems to foredoom it to an extraordinarily short life, and the experience of the theatre suggests that it cannot be corked up and put away like a bottle of fine wine to be relished at a later day.' The critic mentioned *Charley's Aunt* as a remarkable exception. Heigh-ho! What of the humor of dramatists from Aristophanes to Sheridan, from Shakespeare to Congreve, from Molière to Shaw, etc., etc.?"

"I think I'll have a double Martini," I said.

"Go back to your friend Mr. Atkinson," lamented Mr. McRausvogel. "This, in a review of something called *Brooklyn Biarritz*: 'If it were cheap-minded or cleverly phrased,

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Lowell Hoppe

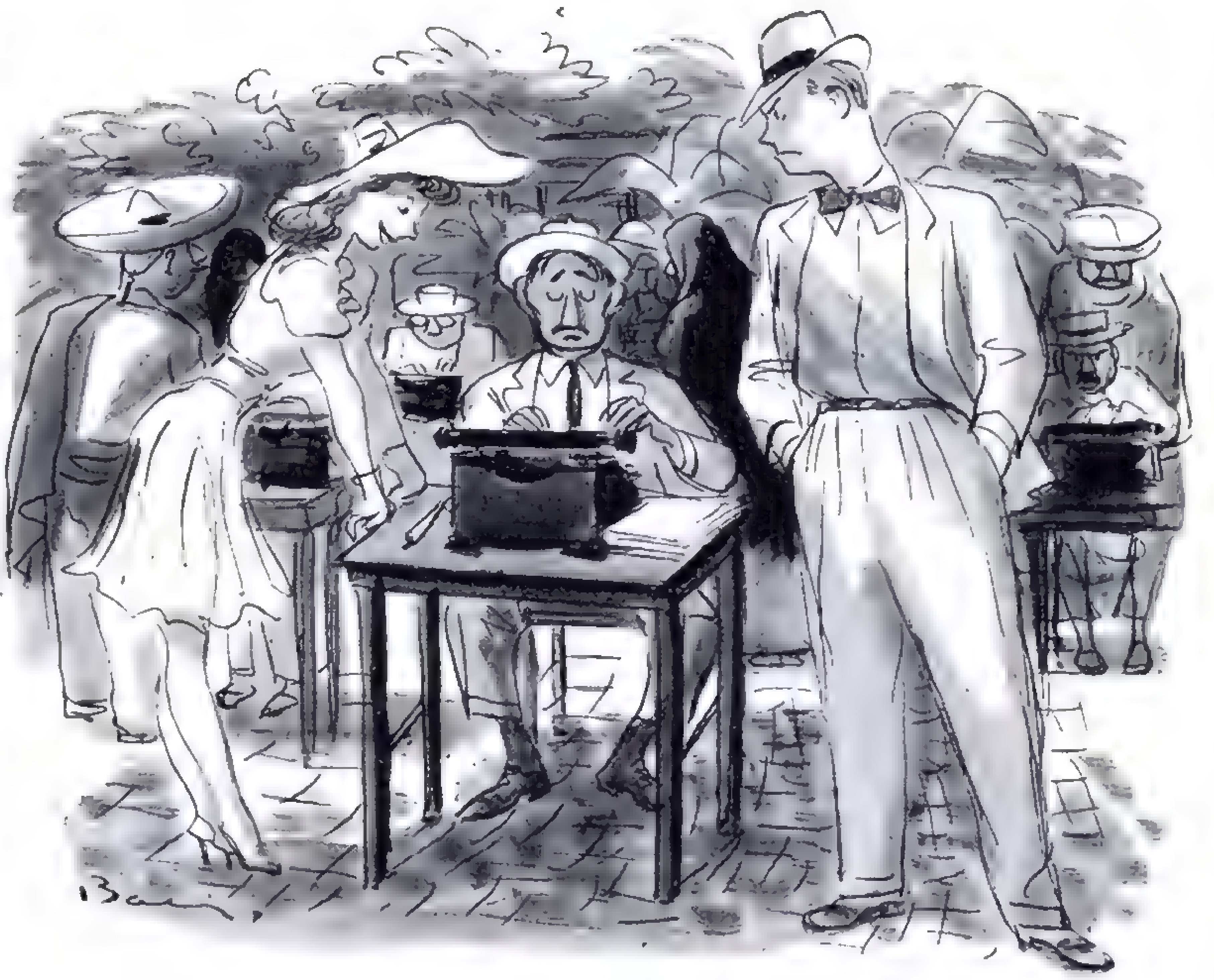
"Kinda dead around here on Sunday afternoons, isn't it?"

The Pearl Pelican

Bill feared the worst when Figuero, the scribe, admitted he knew a very sad tale about the pawnshop pelican

by PAUL T. GILBERT

SATIRE



"WELL, of all the romantic things! Bill—look!"

Prudence Parker had come to a stop under the portals of the Santo Domingo square, where a battery of typewriters was clicking.

"What's so romantic about that?" demanded Bill, to whom typists were an everyday experience.

"Can't you see?" cried Prudence. "If they only had on baggy trousers and turbans, they might have come right out of the Arabian Nights. They're public scribes, Bill. Think of it. They write love letters and so forth. I read about them in our guide book. Here's one who isn't busy. Let's get him to write our picture postcards."

José Figuero, public scribe, glanced up from his machine into the radiant face of a young bride and the somewhat less enthusiastic countenance of her husband. Since coming to Mexico on her honeymoon, Prudence did not seem to care with whom she scraped up an acquaintance.

"Here's a nice one with a bull fight on it," said Prudence, selecting a card from her handbag. "Let's send this one to Jane. I'm sure she'll like it. Let's see—what shall we have him write on it?"

"Oh, the usual thing," suggested Bill. "Having a swell time. Wish you were here."

"No, no. That won't do at all. You're so prosaic, Bill—but that's why I like you."

Handing the bull fight card to the scribe, Prudence directed, "Write this . . . Are you ready? Write 'Jane darling: We are having a wonderful honeymoon in Mexico City.' Have you got that? . . . 'This card is being written by a public scribe, who, if he only had on baggy trousers . . .' Why did you stop?" For Figuero had looked up quizzically at his client.

"Pardon, señora, but one experience at masquerading was enough. Since then I have preferred to dress as usual."

"Oh! Well, never mind the part about the trousers, then. Write this: 'The people down here are so picturesque. We just saw the grimiest porter sound asleep on the doorstep of the Santo Domingo church. Bill says he was probably full of pulque . . .' "

"Indeed he was," interrupted the scribe. "I doubt if in all Mexico you could find a more unworthy fellow."

"Really?" said Prudence. "Well—'His yellow dog, basking beside him in the sun . . ' "

"You're sure the dog was asleep, señora?" There was a note of anxiety in Figuero's voice.

"Why, certainly. Of course. What does it matter anyway?"

"Nothing—nothing, I assure you señora."

"Then why . . .? But never mind. Go on . . . What's that? You don't get any more on that card? Of course. Take this Monte de Piedad card, then. Are you ready?

" 'was asleep too. Jane, dear, we've just come from the Monte de Piedad, the most wonderful old treasure house in the world. It's the national pawnshop, you know, and it's full of the loveliest old things. Think of it! Tapestries and jewels—heirlooms—left there by the fine old families when the Mexicans took away their lands and gave them to the Indians.' Is there room for any more?"

"I would suggest a new card, señora."

"Hey! Ain't that enough?" This from Bill, one of those restless persons, who, whenever you found a nice spot, wanted to go somewhere else.

"Just one more," insisted Prudence. "I want to tell her about that curious pearl pelican in the pawnshop. You saw it, didn't you? The one with the wonderful oriental pearl for the body, and the rest in gold and silver? Do you know? I believe, if it could talk, it could tell a wonderful story."

"Indeed it could," broke in the scribe. "And a very sad story it is—as I, myself, happen to know."

"If it's a sad one," said Bill, "forget it. I don't want to hear it." During his brief sojourn in the New World's oldest capital, Bill had listened perforce to a number of sad stories at an average cost to him of some ten pesos each. His present admonition, however, was unnecessary.

"Why—he's gone!" cried Prudence. "And it isn't nearly siesta time, either. You've insulted him, Bill, that's what you've done. You've hurt his feelings. And these Mexicans are sensitive."

Figuero's typewriter was deserted. The scribe had disappeared as if whisked away by magic. In his place stood a gaunt yellow dog—no other than the sleeping dog of Santo Domingo.

* * *

A solution of the mystery was vouchsafed several days later when the honeymooners on another sightseeing tour, again found themselves under the portals where the public scribes were gathered in work.

"Oh, there you are!" cried Prudence, pausing at Figuero's desk, and pointing an accusing finger at him. "Where did you vanish to the other day? I hadn't half finished my letter to Jane, and I hadn't paid you, either."

"A thousand pardons, señora, but it was that dog. Surely the señora must have noticed him."

"Yes, but he seemed perfectly harmless—unless maybe he had fleas."

"It was not that, señora, though he doubtless had. He was—but how can I explain. He is a beast of ill omen, that dog."

"You mean he brings bad luck?"

"It is a long sad story, señora. This is not the time nor place for it. But if the señora wishes—during the siesta hour—there is around the corner a little hole-in-the-wall . . ."

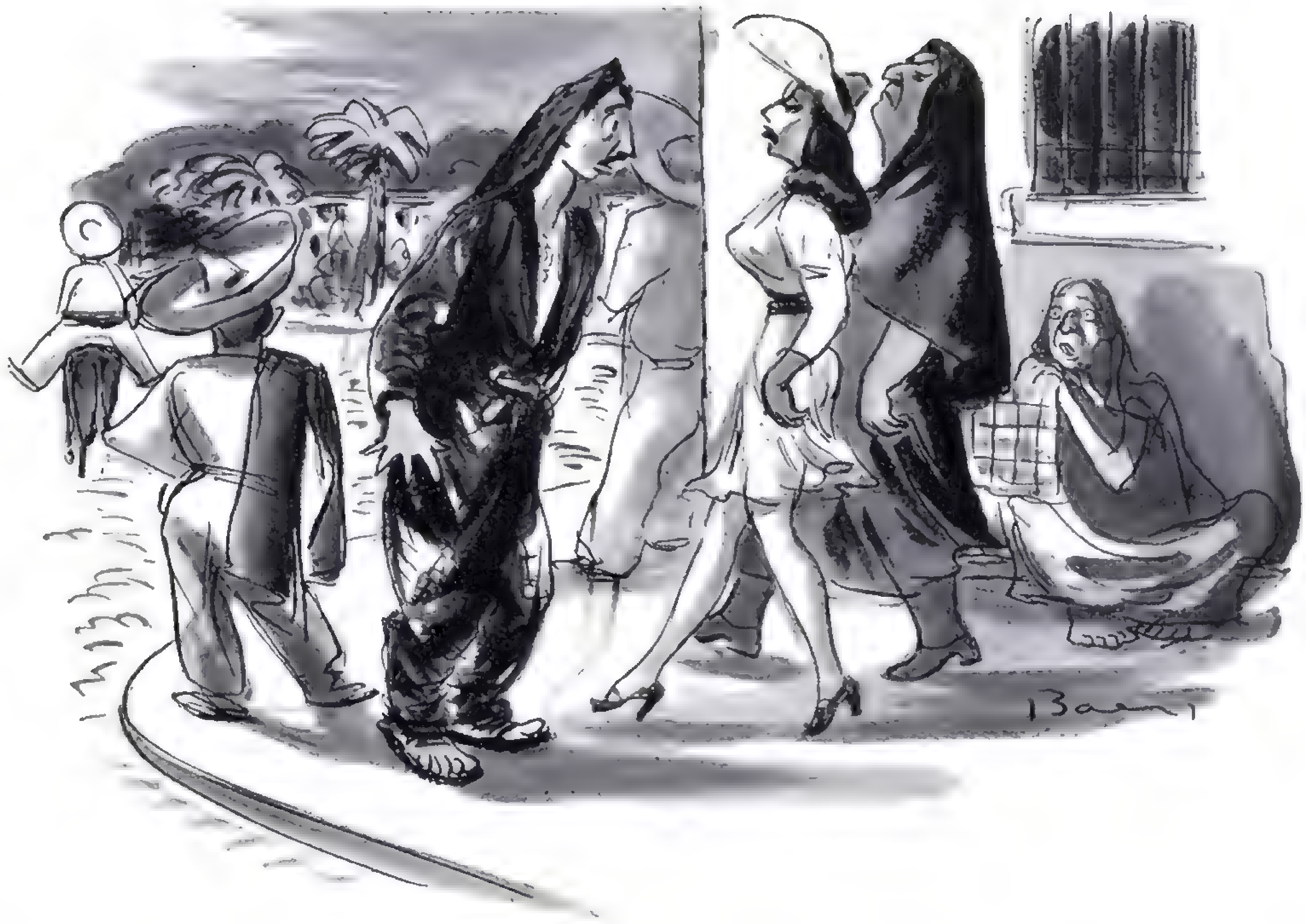
"Tio Ernesto's?" said Prudence. "Where the drinks are on the house if you can lift that fifty-kilo dumbbell? We know the place. We've been there, Bill and I. We'll meet you there—say at 1:30. O.K.?"

"Está bien," agreed Figuero.

* * *

At the appointed hour, the hour at which galvanized iron shutters rattle down and business throughout Mexico City is suspended, the honeymooners put in their appearance at the rendezvous. Figuero was on time. Daquiris were ordered, shaken up, and duly served.

By reason of his speed and accuracy in typing, the neatness of his finished product, and his flowery diction when his clients



lacked for words, José Figuero had built up a large following as a public scribe.

His prospects were bright. He was engaged to the loveliest girl in all Mexico, a certain Miss Prim, and was buying on the easy payment plan a house and lot in Colonia del Valle.

Then one day a yellow dog appeared—Figuero was busy at the moment on a legal document—and after turning around once or twice, flopped down on the pavement beside him, and promptly went to sleep.

Mexicans, as a rule, can take dogs in their stride. Their attitude toward dogs is one of toleration—live and let live. There is such a thing, however, as carrying a good thing too far. This dog, whatever his intentions, proved a detriment to trade. Customers fought shy of the beast. Those who might otherwise have ignored him, found themselves unable to get close enough to Figuero to dictate their more intimate correspondence. And who would shout love letters or confidential business communications, for that matter, from the house tops?

Figuero, accordingly, lost no time in driving the creature away. The following day, however, at approximately the same hour, it returned and again proceeded to make itself at home. And for the second time Figuero sent the unwelcome guest about its business.

Then—one will hardly believe this—the dog, on the third consecutive day, came back. It even made so bold as to try to lick Figuero's hand. But at this presumptuousness the scribe lost all control of himself.

Seizing a stone, he hurled it at the animal with such force and such unerring aim that it struck with a hollow clunk on the dog's ribs. With a yelp the cur slunk away, but not without casting a reproachful glance over its shoulder at the perpetrator of this outrage.

"Why do you drive that dog away?" demanded an old beggar woman on the inner circle of the small crowd that had gathered.

"Yes, that's what I'd like to know," spoke up another voice—a voice which Figuero knew only too well. Miss Prim's. His novia, who had been approaching his stall with Mexico's own sunshine in her smile, but who now stood there stern and indignant.

"You brute! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. I'm glad I found you out in time. Don't ever dare to speak to me again." And before Figuero could recover his poise, Miss Prim had turned on her heels and departed.

"You with the face of a mosquito," the old hag now resumed, "do you want to bring down the very wrath of heaven upon you? Do you not know it is bad luck to banish a dog which has made its home on your doorstep?"

"But this isn't my doorstep—it's my place of business," said the scribe, quite beside himself with mortification and chagrin. "That hound frightens away customers. He's always under foot. He's a beast of ill omen, I tell you, and the less I see of him, the better."

The crone stood where she was, tapping the pavement with her cane and mumbling to herself. "You mark my words," she said. "That dog was sent by Providence to bring you some good fortune. Lucky for you the day he sought you out. Drive him away and you drive good luck from your door. Allow him to stay—but I have spoken." And leaving him to chew on that, she disappeared.

To Figuero's credit, he gave the beggar woman's words some thought. Banking on what she had said, he tapped off a letter of apology to his novia. Then he invested ten pesos in the national lottery. And when the dog returned the next day, as he did, the scribe refrained from molesting him.

But it was in vain that Figuero waited either for customers or for a forgiving word from Miss Prim. As for his lottery tickets, they were worthless. On his way home that night, he narrowly escaped getting run over by a Villa Madero bus.

This was on a Saturday. When on Monday he arrived at his stall and found the dog already there, he took a firm hold on himself. This persecution, he decided, must stop.

Whistling to the dog, he made his way across the Zócalo, determined to lose the creature in the mazes of the Merced market. What with its narrow lanes, its confusion of smells and noises, its myriad dogs, cats, chickens, geese, and turkeys, the Merced market, one would think, was an ideal place in which to get rid of a canine.

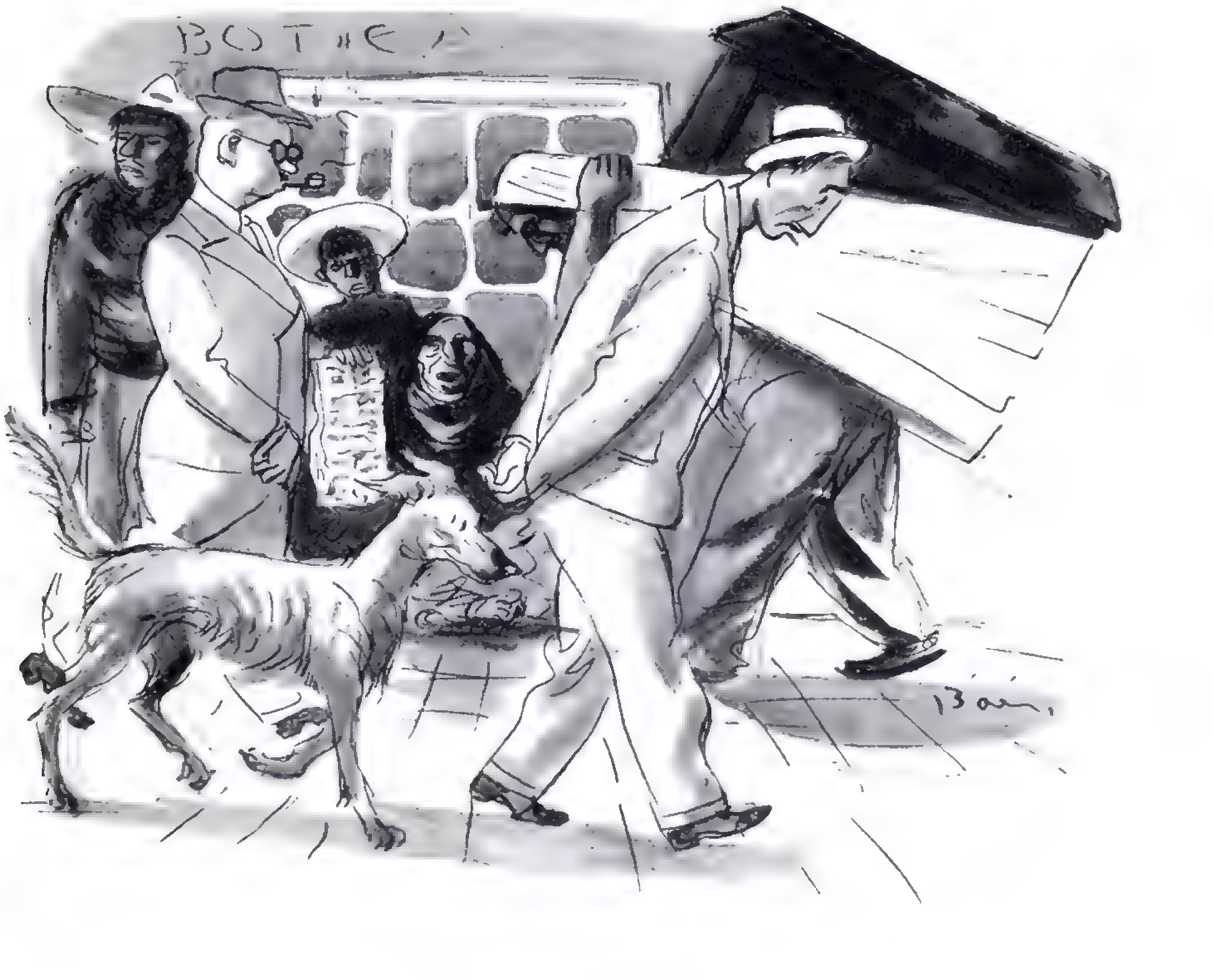
But when, after half an hour of dodging in and out and doubling on his tracks, the dog still clung to his heels, the scribe became desperate.

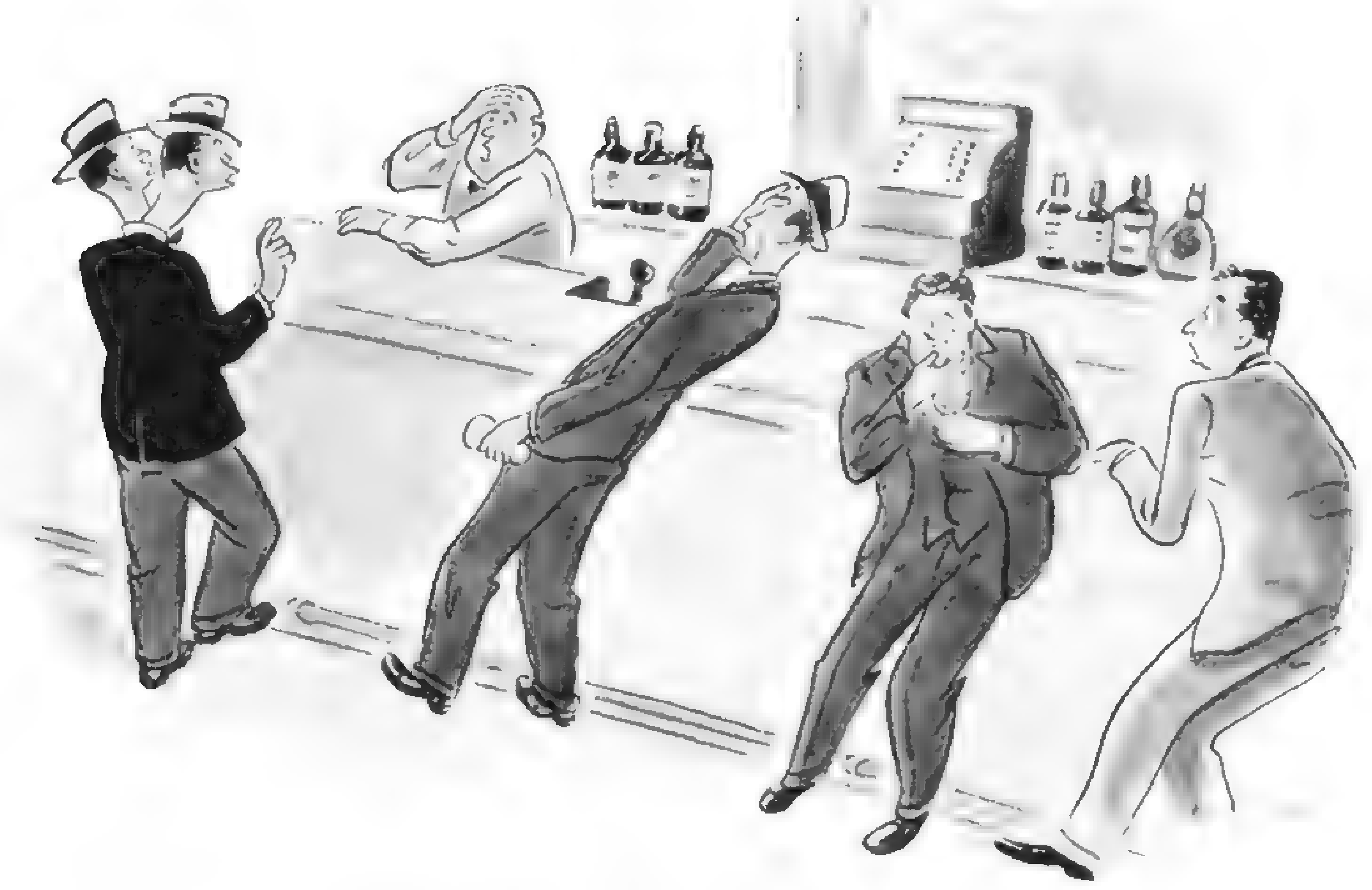
"A pest on all the yellow curs in Mexico!" he cried. And rushing blindly down Calle Uruguay, he plunged into the street of the charcoal burners. Here, in dark and sooty bins, men black as gnomes keep Mexico's home fires burning. Grimy porters, burlap sacks slung over their shoulders, line the curb awaiting orders.

To one of the grimiest of these, Figuero dashed up, and shoving a handful of pesos at him, said breathlessly, "Ask me no questions, but obey. Step into this bin here and exchange garments with me. Pronto! Do you understand?"

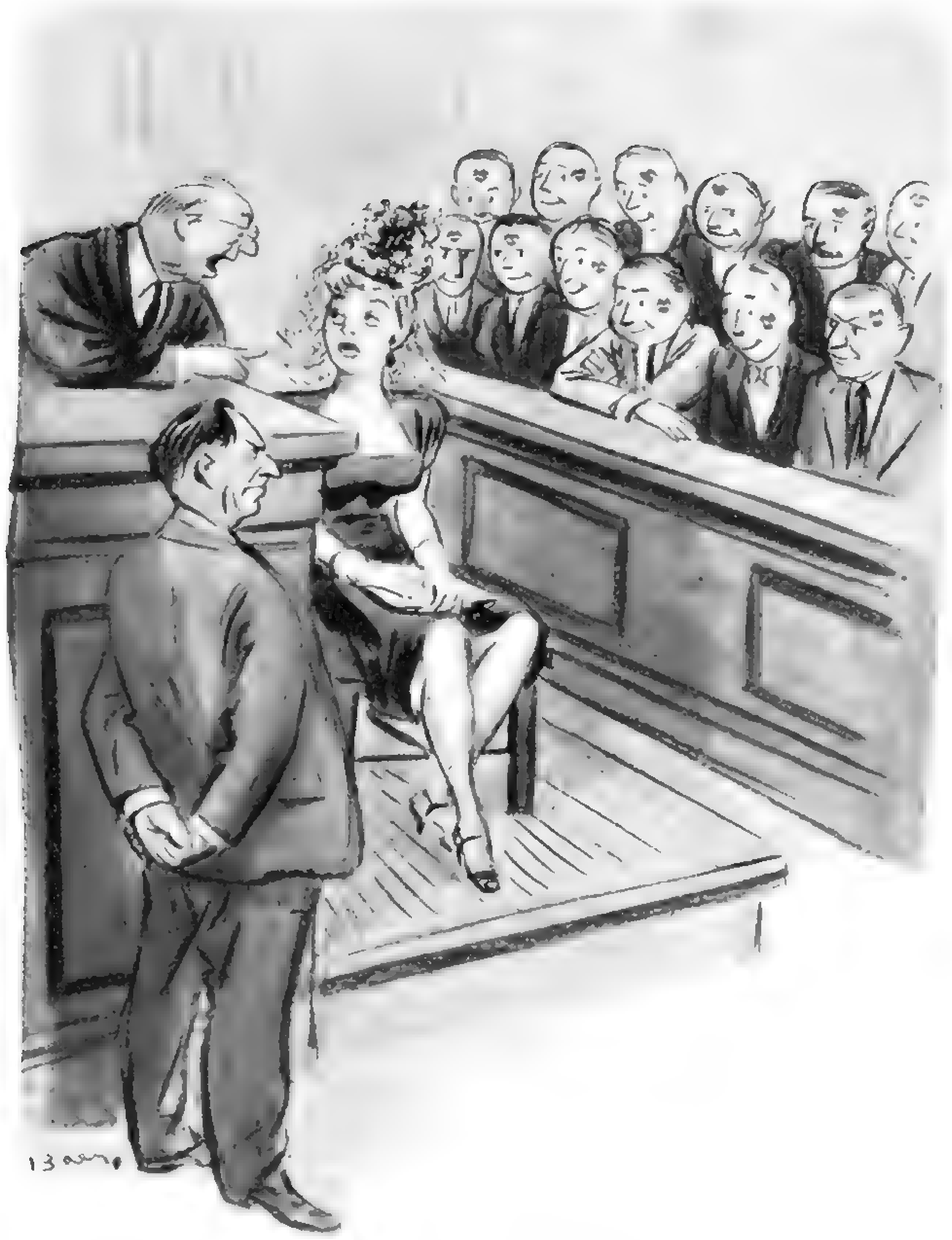
Struck dumb with amazement, the cargador

Continued on page 154

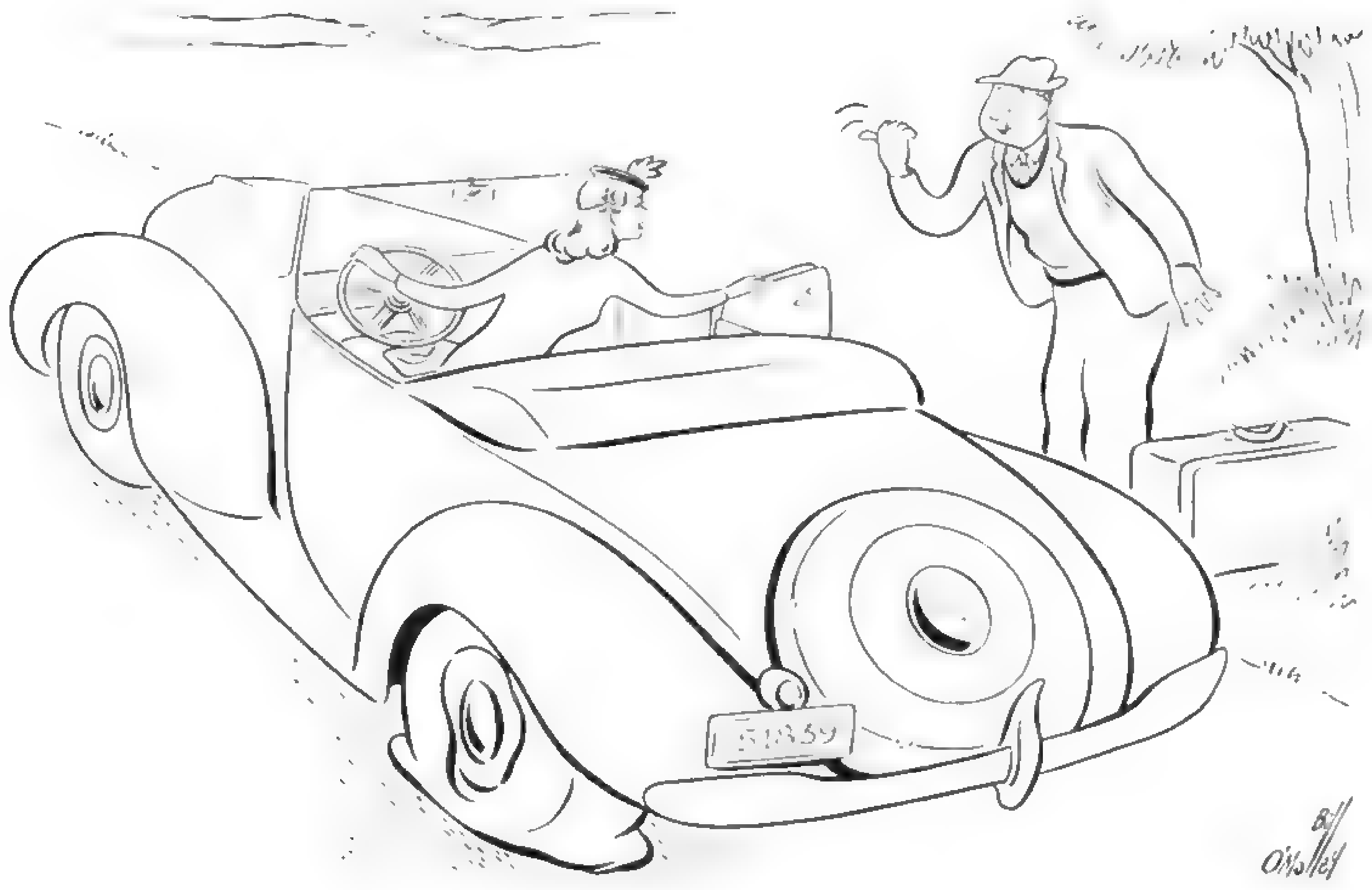


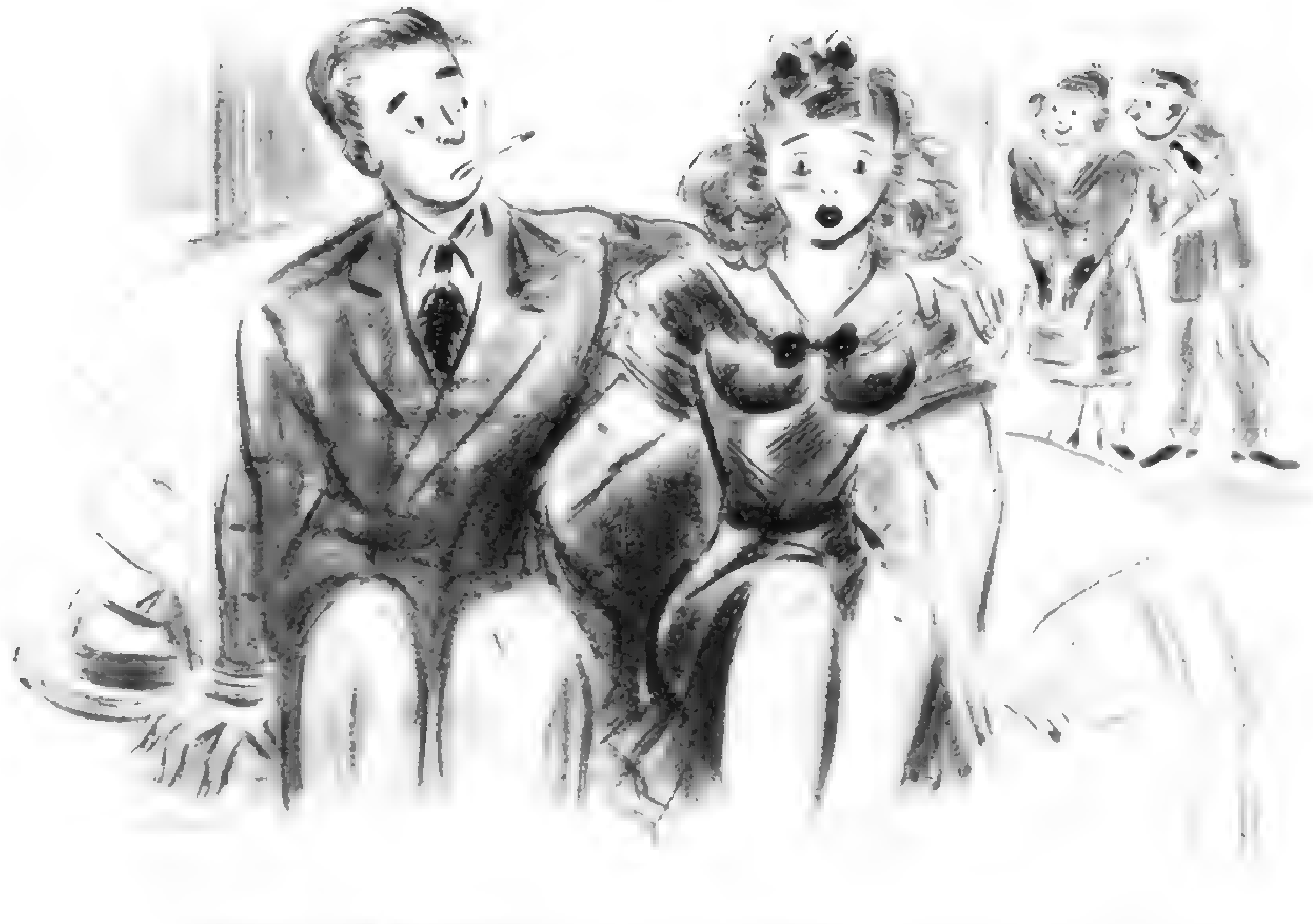


"A double martini, please!"

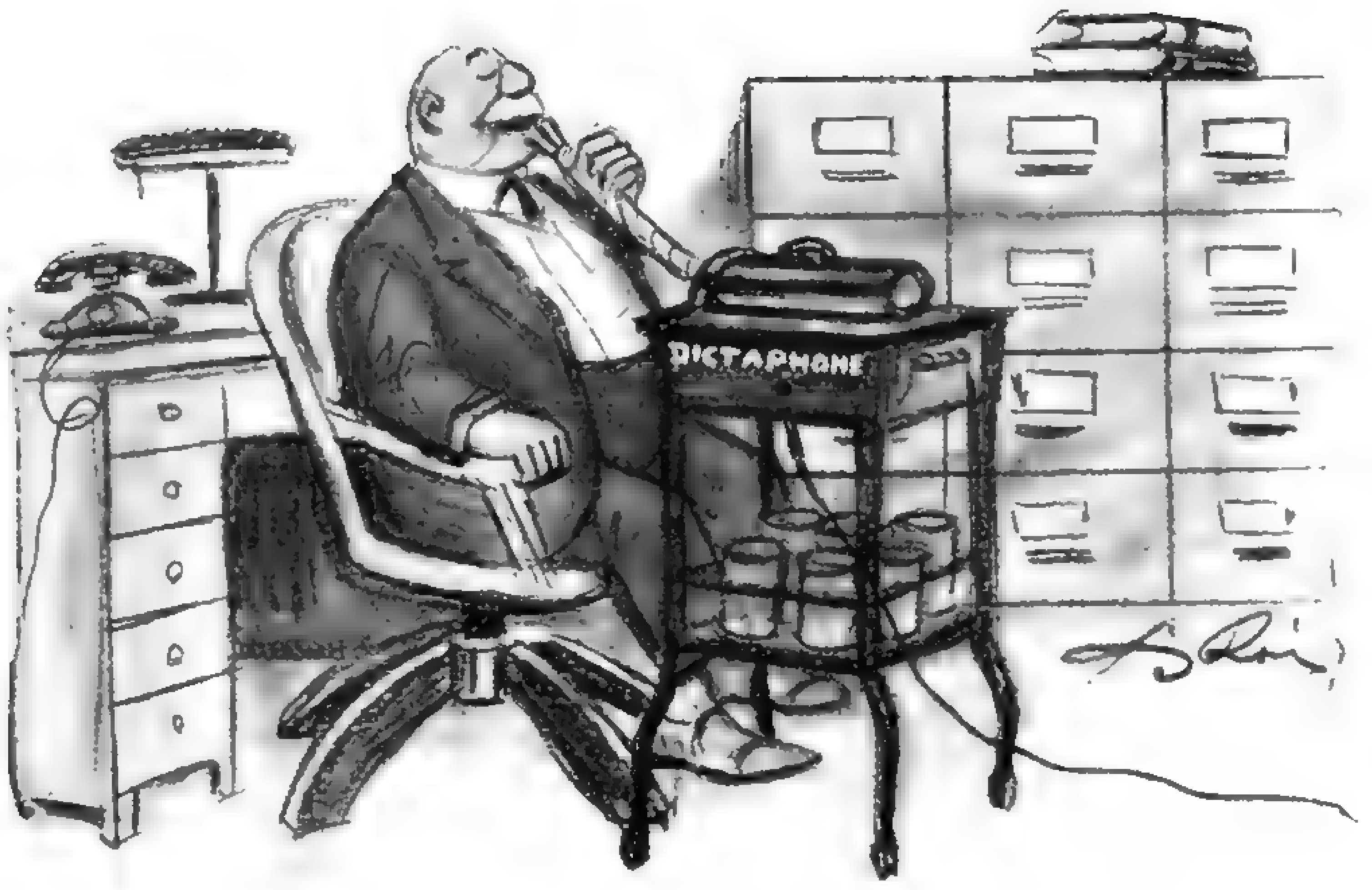


"Will the witness please rely on testimony alone to convince the jury"

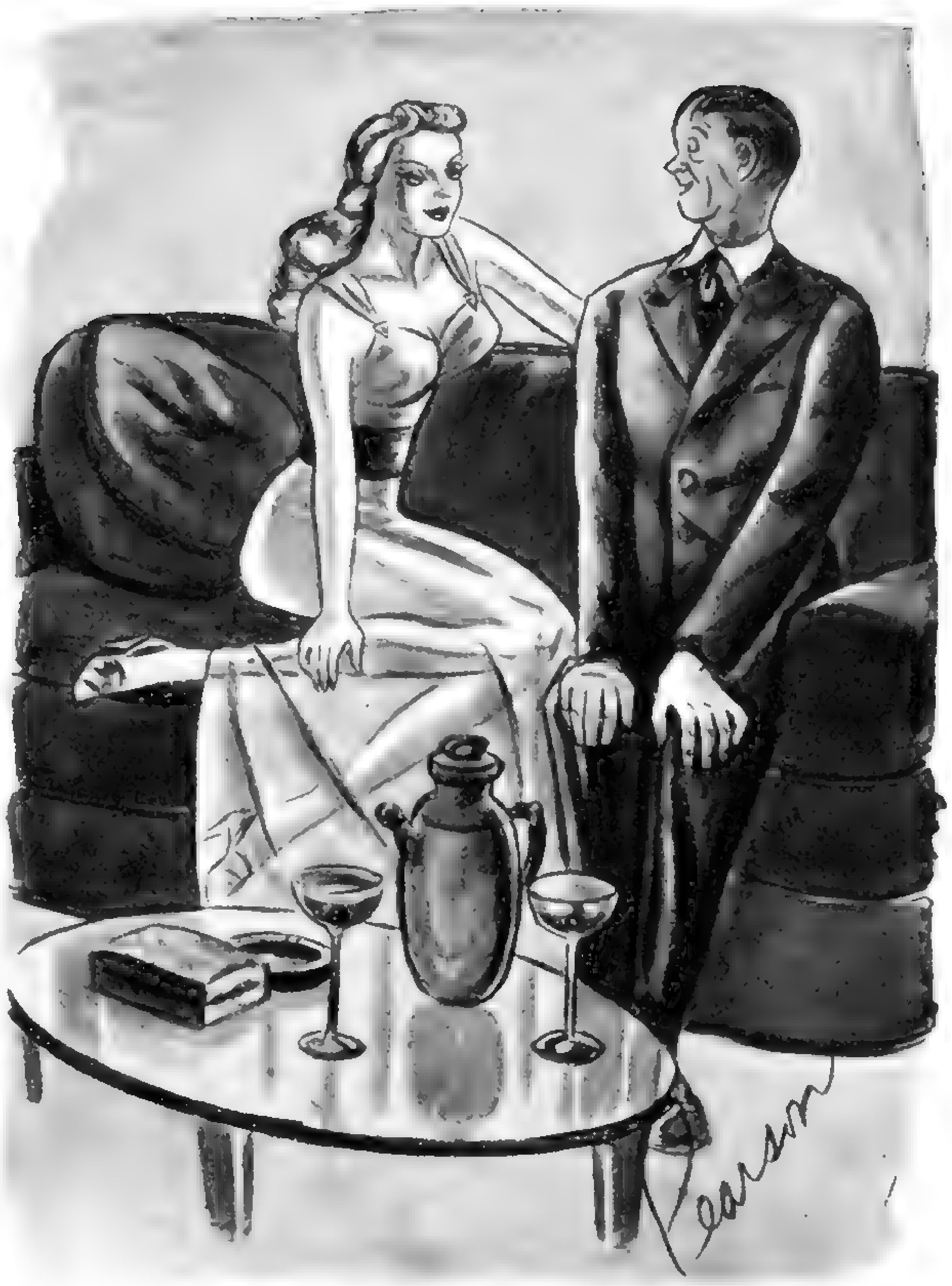




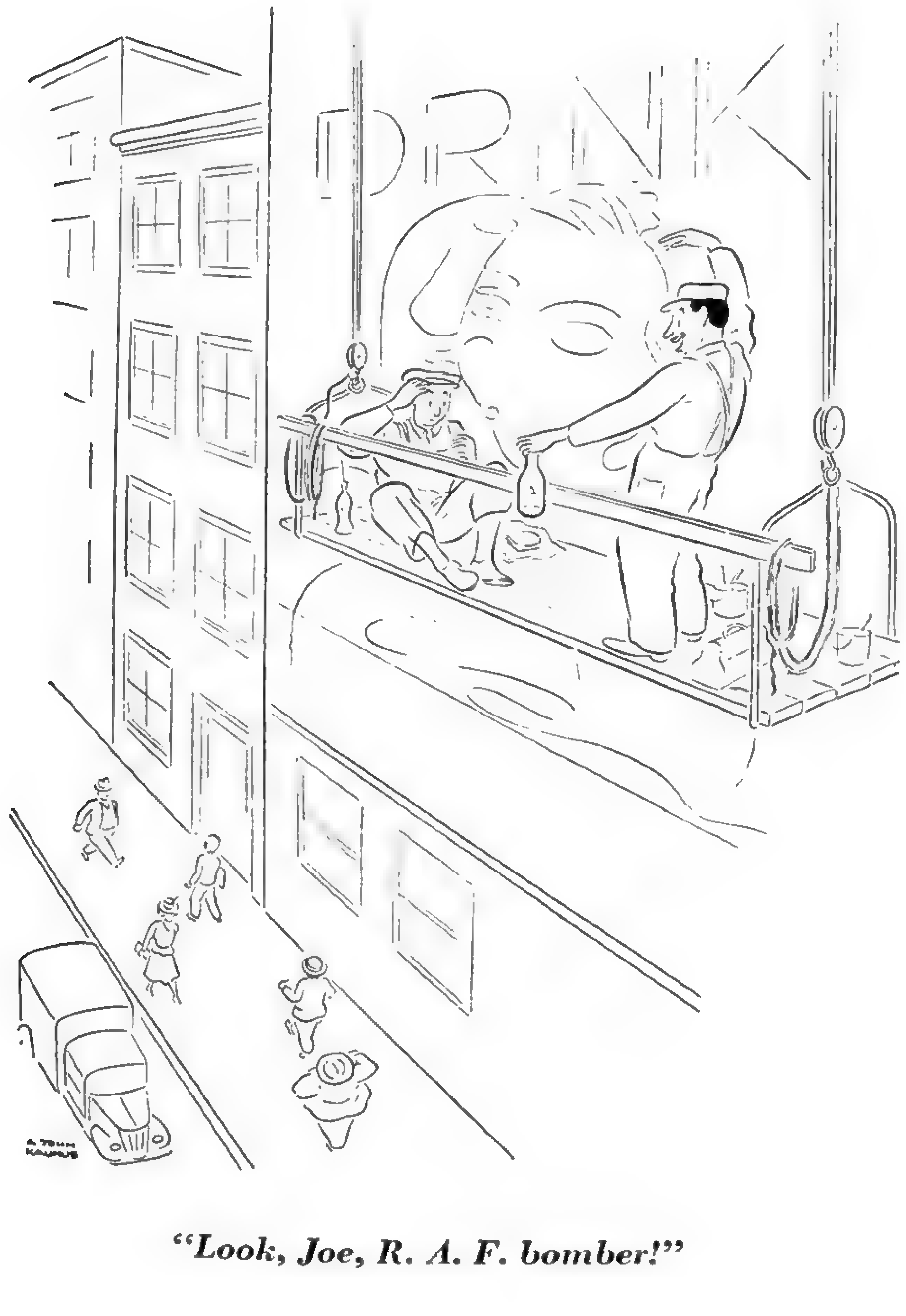
"Papa and myself are going to the movies—we'll phone you just before we start back"



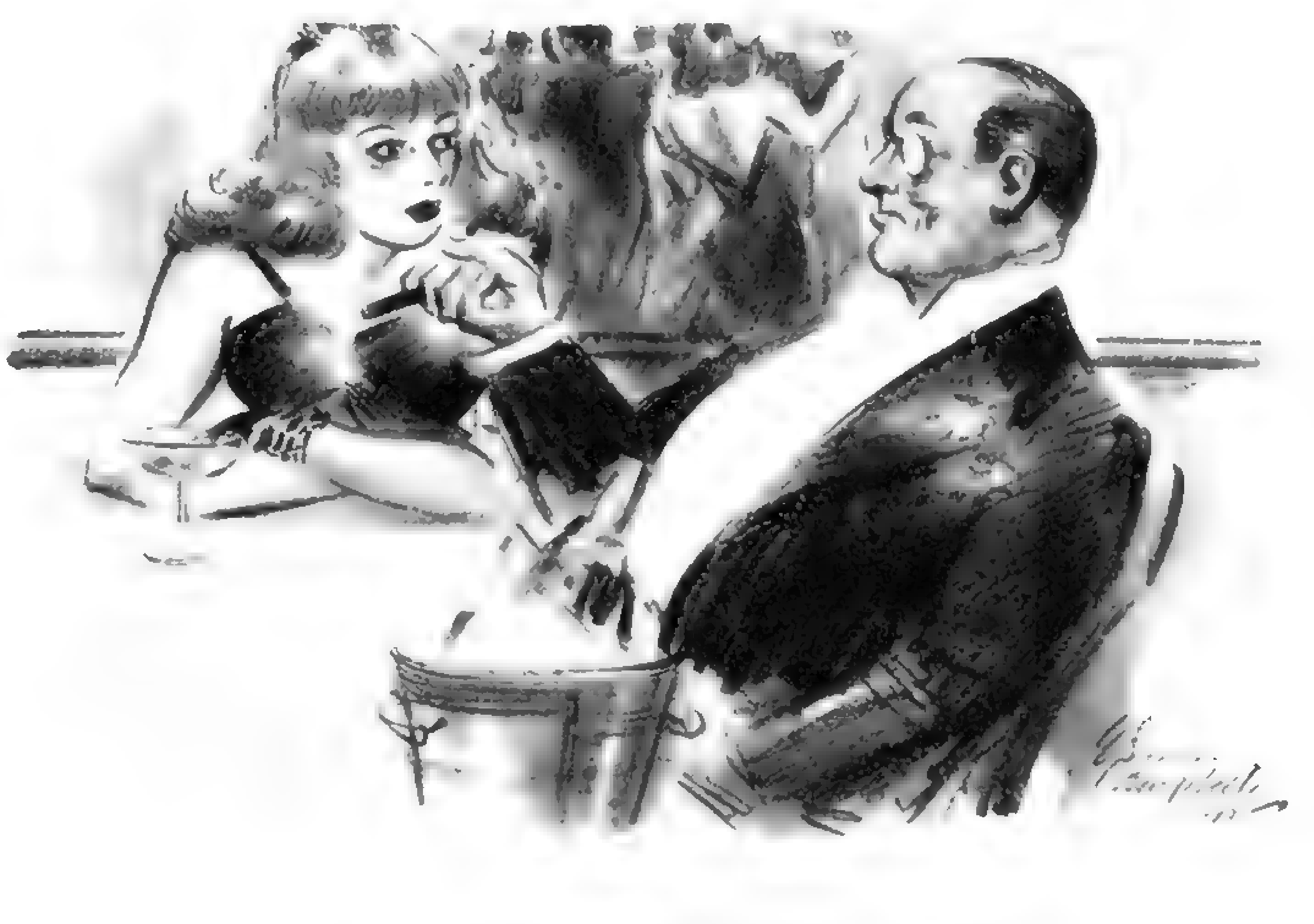
"Very truly yours. And now, Miss Burke, I return you to your chewing gum and compact"



"I don't see what a beautiful girl like you can see in a mere night watchman in an airplane factory like myself"



"Look, Joe, R. A. F. bomber!"



"Order something expensive—I've got a government contract"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Impromptu on the *Police Gazette*, the plays of Barrie and Shaw, the passing of Lou Gehrig and Sir Hugh Walpole

by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

▪ BOOKS ▪

The first great age in the British theatre was from 1593 until 1616; the second great age was from 1892 to 1924, adorned by Oscar Wilde, John M. Synge, Bernard Shaw, J. M. Barrie, W. B. Yeats, St. John Ervine, Granville-Barker, John Galsworthy, Arthur Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones, and others. The only plays between 1616 and 1892 that are excellent both on the stage and in the library, are *She Stoops to Conquer* by Oliver Goldsmith and *The Rivals* and *The School for Scandal* by R. B. Sheridan, which came in the eighteenth century and almost at the same moment. It is ridiculous to say that Congreve, Vanbrugh, Farquhar, Dryden wrote plays that were brilliant and witty and that belong to literature. In wit and humor and brilliance, Shaw and Barrie so far surpass them that they seem artificial and pretentious. The foremost man of letters living today is Shaw; when Katharine Cornell revived *Candida* and *The Doctor's Dilemma*, they were (Shakespeare alone excepted) the best plays in New York. This is the more remarkable, because Shaw illustrates the drama of opinions; his plays ought to "date," and the best of them do not.

Yet of all the plays from 1892 to 1924, when the period closed in splendor with Shaw's *Saint Joan* (rhymes with loan), my own favorites are *What Every Woman Knows*, *Peter Pan*, *Dear Brutus*, *The Admirable Crichton*, *The Twelve Pound Look*, *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals*, *Shall We Join the Ladies?* and *Mary Rose*. For Barrie, like Shakespeare, gave us the drama of ideas rather than the drama of opinions. If Shaw were not a genius, he could not have written such pamphlets in dramatic form, which will live long after their theses are forgotten. But Barrie wrote about eternal themes—men and women. He was not sentimental, he was not whimsical, he was not wistful—he was primarily realistic in his accurate diagnosis of human hearts—and combined with that, he had an uncanny knowledge of the theatre, which enabled him at the rise of the curtain to clutch the audience. In *What Every Woman Knows*, after the rise of the curtain, not a word is spoken for seven minutes.

A new life of Barrie has just appeared. It is called *Barrie: The Story of J. M. B.* and is by the English novelist, Denis Mackail, and fills 736 pages. I am an unashamed and wholehearted admirer of Barrie, which means that everything he wrote and everything written about him interests me. This biography takes him along chronologically. It is a good book; many commonly believed statements about Barrie are shown to be false; and we watch him grow from poverty and obscurity to affluence and world-wide fame. Although I like his novels, *The Little Minister* and *Sentimental Tommy*, I like his plays better, both on the stage and in the midnight silence of the library. I have never been more disappointed in a sequel than I was in the sequel to *Sentimental Tommy* which was called *Tommy and Grizel;* I do not believe today, apart from special students who are compelled to read it, that it has more than a dozen readers a year, which is twelve too many.

But I shall never forget the rise of the curtain on most of his plays and the instant excitement of the audience. In England they put on one of the best of Galsworthy's, *Loyalties*, and used Barrie's *Shall We Join the Ladies?* as a prologue; this was an error, because during Galsworthy's very fine play many in the audience kept whispering to each other, "Who do you think did it?" referring to that tantalizing Barrie murder-drama. (I believe the murderer was the butler.) Barrie wrote *The Twelve Pound Look* in one act, so that the attention of the audience could not be diverted by the usual intervals. And he was so delighted by Ethel Barrymore's magnificent performance in it, that at the close he went backstage, and presented her with the play, with all its future royalties and emoluments.

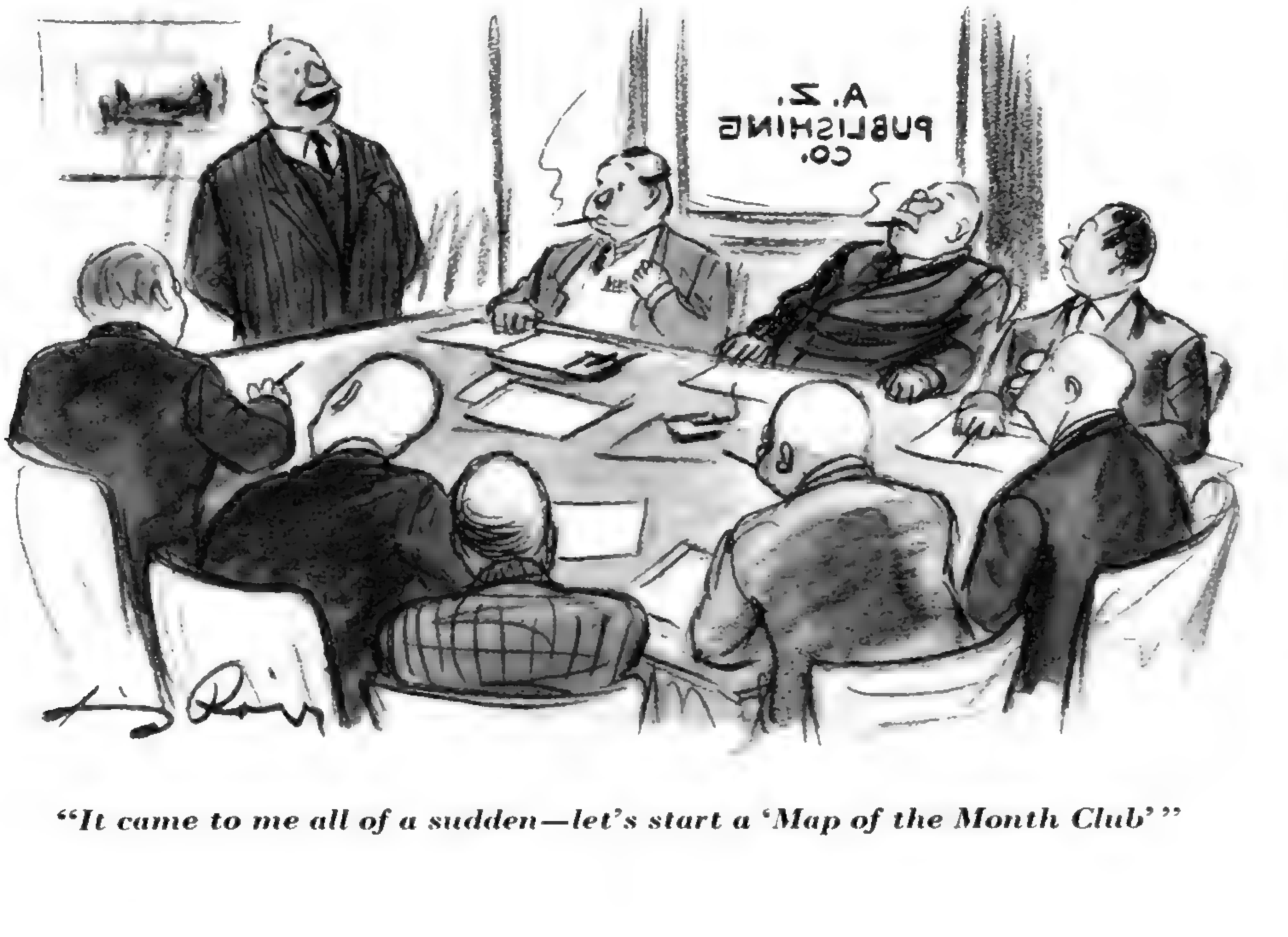
Inasmuch as there are so many who believe that Barrie was a sentimentalist and not to be taken too seriously, I quote a sentence from Storm Jameson's book, *Modern Drama in Europe*. She saw quite clearly that Barrie is not a romanticist but a realist. Italics are my own.

"But the drama of J. M. Barrie has other qualities than those of grace and loving kindness, and other arts than the wizardry that sets men's thoughts wandering in forgotten places and their eyes searching for forgotten dreams. There is pity, infinite and—lest that become intolerable—infinite courage, defying suffering and age and death itself. Pity and courage alike have a fine, keen edge. *There is nothing sentimental in the mind that called them out*, giving them life and form—the form, maybe, of an awkward boy, or a "queer old diver" of a charwoman; it is a shrewd mind, quick to see the absurdity of our unconscious posturings even while it smiles at them."

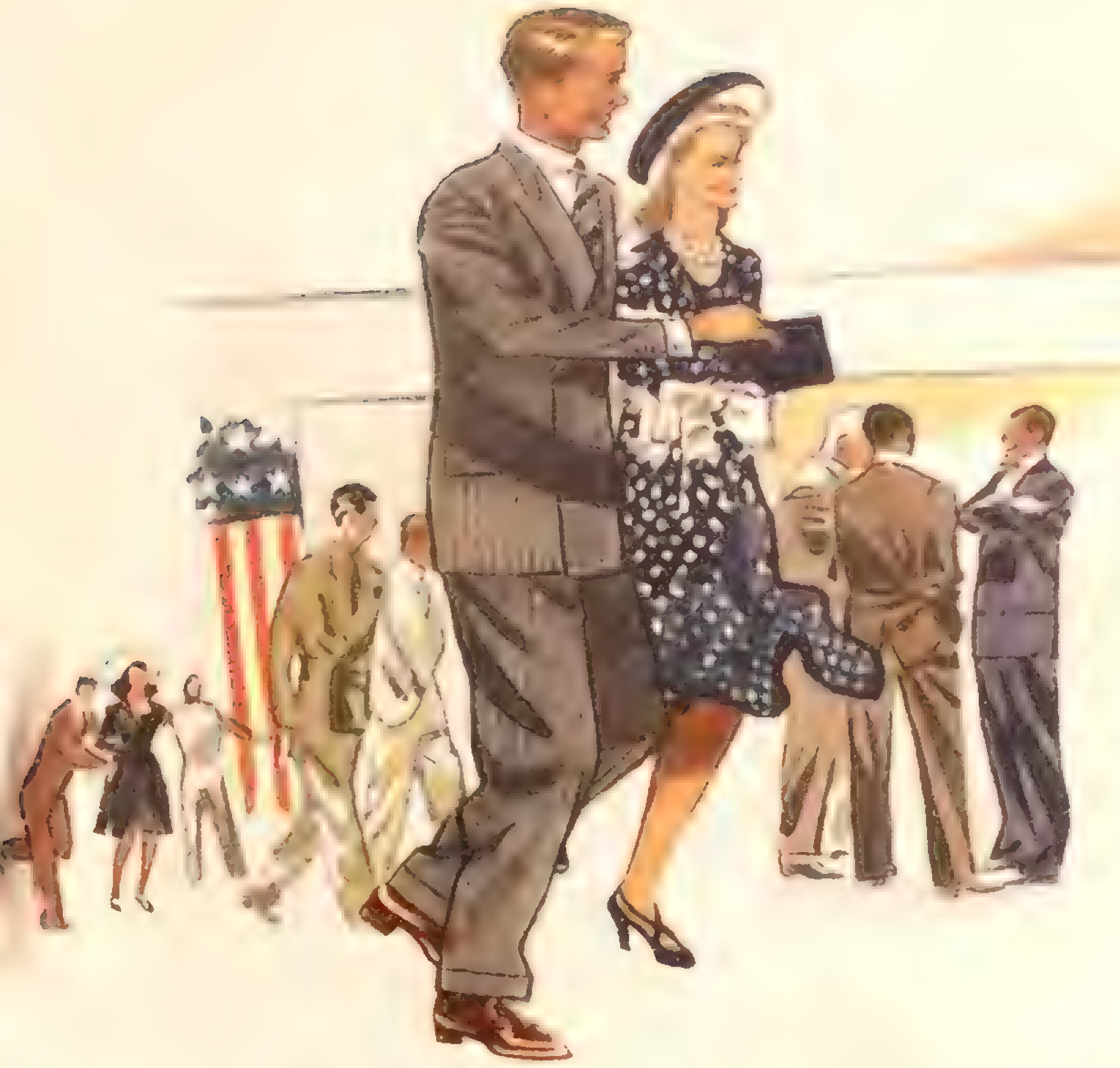
No woman writer in the world is more "hard-boiled" than Storm Jameson, which makes her appraisal all the more valuable.

Although Barrie would not appear at any of his first nights, he was very fond of making speeches; and he had the courage to deliver an address before the most difficult audience in the world, the assembled drama critics of London. In this he said they would probably call him "fantastic," for he knew that the Chairman would not be so shabby as to call him "whimsical" and that he might forget to call him "elusive." He said his own word which described him best was "Inoffensive Barrie." And yet how many persons have been offended in him; remember the greatest Personality in history said, "Blessed is he

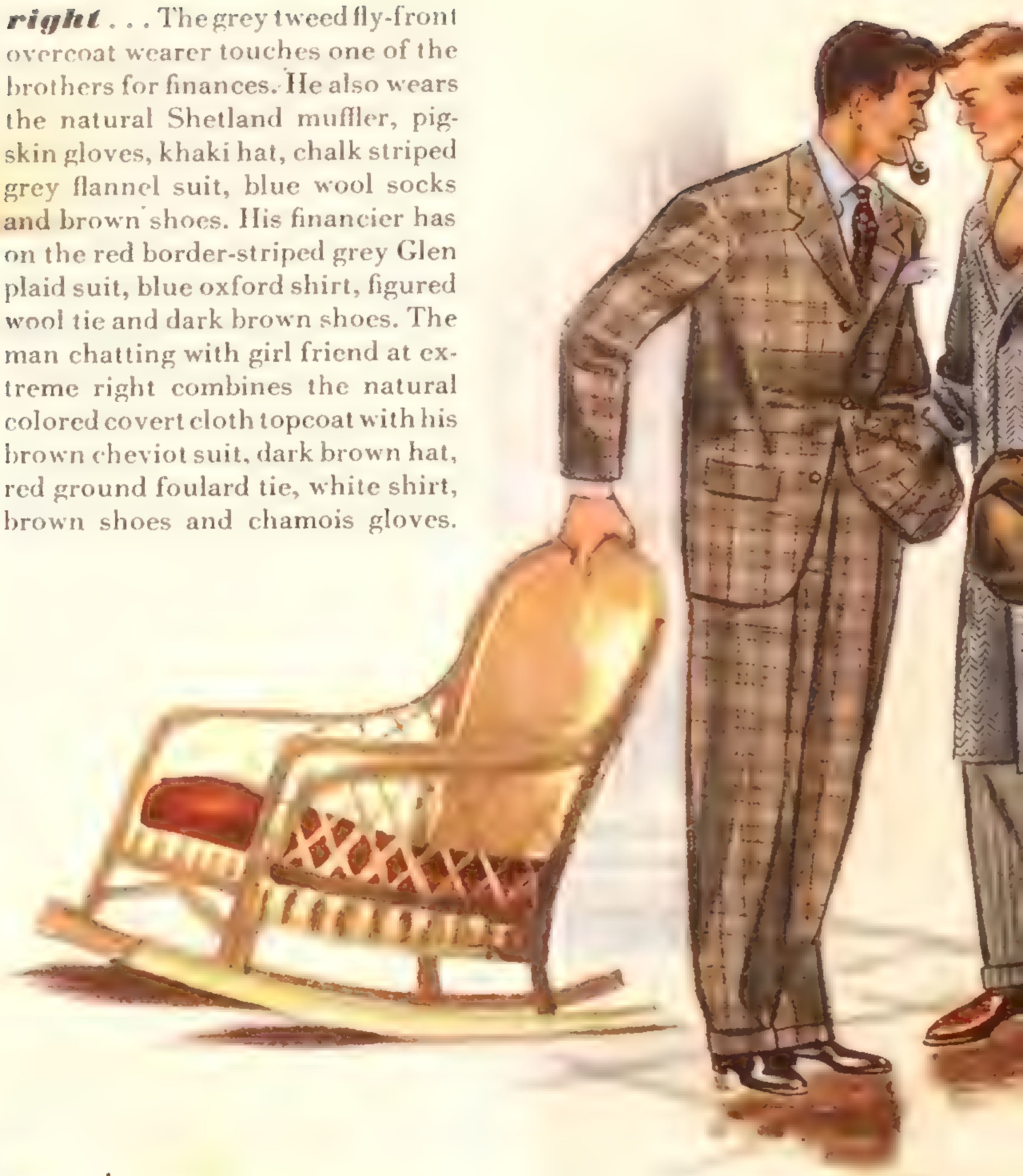
Continued in center of page 140



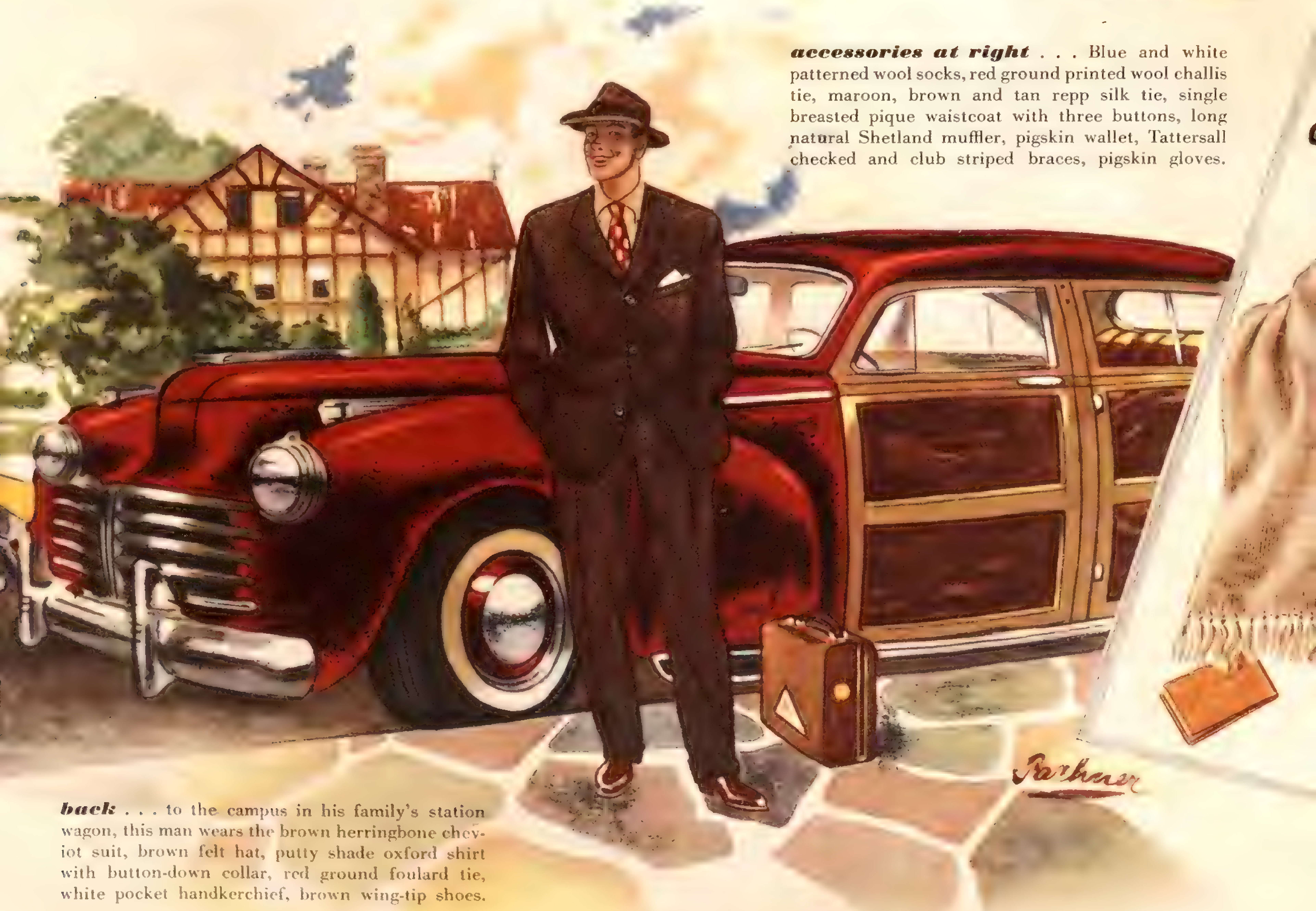
"It came to me all of a sudden—let's start a 'Map of the Month Club'"



above . . . The undergraduate out on a date is wearing the blue striped grey worsted suit, with white oxford shirt and pinned collar, striped repp silk tie, blue wool half hose and dark brown calf shoes.



right . . . The grey tweed fly-front overcoat wearer touches one of the brothers for finances. He also wears the natural Shetland muffler, pigskin gloves, khaki hat, chalk striped grey flannel suit, blue wool socks and brown shoes. His financier has on the red border-striped grey Glen plaid suit, blue oxford shirt, figured wool tie and dark brown shoes. The man chatting with girl friend at extreme right combines the natural colored covert cloth topcoat with his brown cheviot suit, dark brown hat, red ground foulard tie, white shirt, brown shoes and chamois gloves.



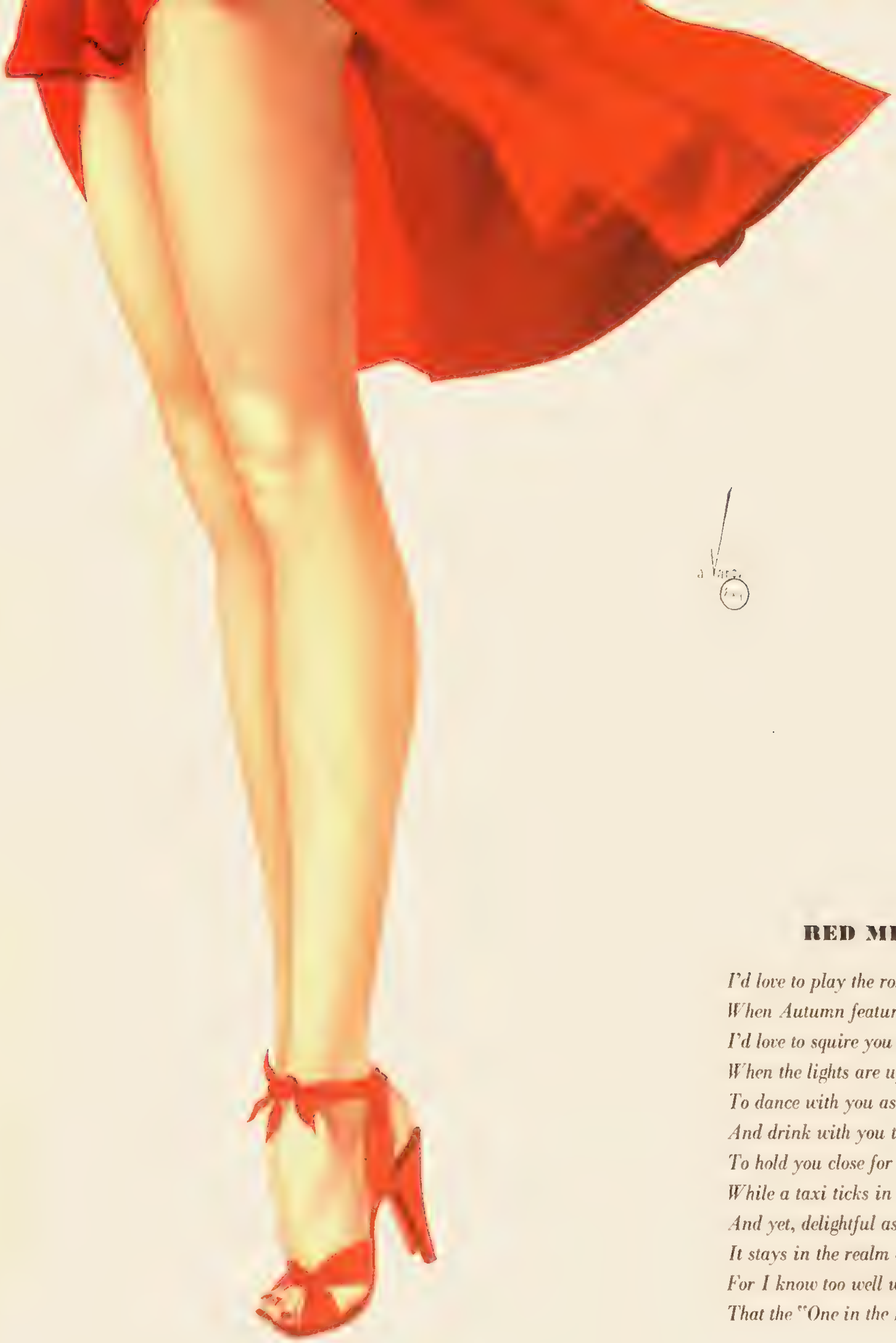
accessories at right . . . Blue and white patterned wool socks, red ground printed wool challis tie, maroon, brown and tan repp silk tie, single breasted pique waistcoat with three buttons, long natural Shetland muffler, pigskin wallet, Tattersall checked and club striped braces, pigskin gloves.

back . . . to the campus in his family's station wagon, this man wears the brown herringbone cheviot suit, brown felt hat, putty shade oxford shirt with button-down collar, red ground foulard tie, white pocket handkerchief, brown wing-tip shoes.

going back to school . . .

right . . . Hitting the books, this undergraduate wears a checked ground Shetland jacket with overcheck, white and tan oxford shirt, maroon, gold and black crocheted tie, grey flannel slacks, blue and brown diamond patterned woolen socks and brown moccasin-type shoes with red rubber soles.

above . . . Man dancing with the girl in the white evening gown wears the midnight blue dinner jacket, fold collar-attached shirt and midnight blue bow tie. His white-tie friend has on the midnight blue tailcoat and dress trousers with two braids down the sides. Wing collar, stiff bosom dress shirt, white pearl studs, single breasted pique waistcoat, black silk socks and patent leather low shoes comprise his choice of accessories.



RED MEANS GO

I'd love to play the romantic goon
When Autumn features a harvest moon . . .
I'd love to squire you around the town
When the lights are up and the chips are down . . .
To dance with you as the soft horns sigh
And drink with you to the dreams that die . . .
To hold you close for a last goodnight
While a taxi ticks in the dawn's gray light . . .
And yet, delightful as this might be
It stays in the realm of fantasy . . .
For I know too well when our trysts were through
That the "One in the Red" would be Me . . . not You!

PAINTING BY VARGA
VERSE BY PHIL STACK

Roulades and Cadenzas

As a hot-weather pastime you can listen to recordings of carnival songs and fancy yourself in Rio

by CARLETON SMITH

• MUSIC •

South America is a sub-continent culturally. It has produced little art of its own worthy of the name. Settled by missionaries, explorers, second sons of the rich grandees of the Iberian peninsula, whose purpose was aggrandizement and who established and maintain to this day the feudal conditions of 16th century Spain and Portugal, it took over quite naturally the expressions and attitudes of its mother-lands.

As in our own country, the principal artistic and creative impulses stemmed from European roots. The indigenous native art of the Western Hemisphere—that of our Indians and of the Incas and Aztecs—was ignored and soon eradicated. It has no place in our lives today.

In both North and South America the fashion for three hundred years has been to imitate and ape European models . . . to snatch and borrow what we could from decaying cultures across the Atlantic. For us, *Imported* has had, and still has, a superior ring.

Though divorced politically from the Old Empires, which descended centuries ago into commercial and economic limbo, the South American "Republics" took pride in preserving the *ancien régime*. Blue bloods in Castile might change but the dons of Lima would not.

As happens in colonial societies, the customs and habits of the home country were faithfully observed. They were mummified.

Incidentally, calling Latin American countries "republics" is a bit of quackery indulged in to deceive ourselves. There isn't a republic south of the Rio Grande. The peoples there are governed by dictators, more or less absolute, whose power comes from the few. In no country is there a sizable middle class. Nor is there any evidence of a yearning on the part of the present rules to establish democracy.

The rapid industrial development of this country provided fabulous wealth, compulsory free education, the highest standard of living on the planet, and brought along with it more symphony orchestras, more artists and art treasures from Europe than were available to our relatively backward—economically at least—sister nations. These treasures were also made available to larger numbers of people here. If you need proof, spend a week listening to radio programs in South America.

The fact that we have developed more rapidly than Latin Americans is no reason, however, for crowing nor for patronizing them. We should take our culture—such as it is—for what it is . . . and build on it. In music we have yet to develop a sizable body of exportable goods. Only our jazz and popular songs have sufficient vitality to travel about the globe. Our serious artistic endeavors are still obviously intellectual and superficial, not at ease when discussing timeless verities and cosmic urges. Our composers have yet to find the confidence, the relaxation which is a necessary minimum for surpassing creative endeavor.

Our music making is still too much of a civic endeavor, existing for non-musical reasons. Our concert audiences are still too social, too crowded with aged widows who listen not with their ears but with some super-sensory nerve located in their lumbar regions. But, nowhere in the United States will you find the brash insolence and complacent self-conceit that flourishes among the upper class of Buenos Aires. Our swells have at least given up their attempt to out-talk the overture at the opera. The "animated clothes-pegs" which decorate the promenades of the Colon Theatre are the world's boldest braggarts: they suffer from a Jehovah-complex, and arrogate to themselves a taste and knowledge that not even Jehovah would claim. They would try to teach their grandmothers to suck eggs.

Part of their criticism of us is well-taken. We have sacrificed the art of living to develop our material resources. We do place too much emphasis on dollar-grabbing. Many of our women are undoubtedly frustrated. Yet . . . so are theirs.

Their resentment of us is occasioned largely by jealousy and fear. Being realists, they sense that we not only must but will intervene in every phase of their affairs and that if they do not willingly co-operate we will force them to. Conditions being as they are, I see no useful purpose in continuing our hypocritical flattery. They know, as well as we, that there is little first-quality music being written down there . . . that the goal of an independent art is decades away. The greatest composer on the continent of South America today is a Spaniard, Manuel de Falla, now busily at work on his latest spectacle for the theatre, *Atlantida*.

Brazil has Villa-Lobos, interesting but scarcely great. His uneven music sounds better on first hearing than it is. It deserves to be heard, more because it is a curiosity, more because it reveals a colorful personality who has successfully set native folk themes into the format of classical music, than because it says something of lasting importance to humanity. When I saw him last, he was writing what he termed "Music of the Mountains." His friends, he told me, photographed hills and promontories—like the "Sugar Loaf" in Rio harbor—and he then outlined the contours on a five-line musical staff and created a melodic line by dotting these contours with notes. This gave him new, original, and, he claimed, exciting music.

Carlos Chavez is the best publicized composer in Mexico. Humberto Allende, Domingo Santa Cruz, Carlos Isamitt in Chile, Francisco Mignone and Burlé Marx in Brazil,

Continued in center of page 165

"Quick Meyer—go get your violin"

I'll Stick with McNeill

Sober and self-made, he has ideas of sportsmanship, always plays to win, and his best weapon is his backhand

by JOHN R. TUNIS

• SPORTS •

℞

THE Baron von Cramm was annoyed.

Already he was late for dinner with that blonde from Southampton. Playing for the first time in the American tennis championships, the German Davis Cup captain and Wimbledon star was being chased all over the court by a big rugged boy from Oklahoma. Before the contest they told him this match was easy. Yet there he was in the fourth set fighting for his life. The harder he hit the harder the ball came back. Cramm was first amazed then annoyed. To be beaten in his second match of the tournament by an unknown, unranked college boy was no fun at all.

The shadows lengthened over the Stadium and the center court. Gradually the champion realized he had to fight for his life. He wiped his brow, dug in, asserted himself and finally took command of the match. It was a long struggle, but at last he came off court, exhausted if victorious. As he sank into the nearest seat, he puffed:

"Look here . . . I shouldn't care to meet . . . to meet that boy in 1940 . . ."

This was September of 1937. Cramm was a darn good judge of tennis form. Three years later almost to a day, "that boy" became singles champion of the United States. His name is William Donald McNeill with two l's, from Chickasha, Oklahoma. He has a big mass of yellow hair that falls over his forehead when he plays, a jaw like Bill Tilden's, and everyone calls him Don.

There are two kinds of tennis champs. There's the man with natural ability, then there are the self-made kind. Men like Perry and Tilden were naturals. The second class work for whatever they get. Don Budge belonged to this group. So does Don number two. No champion ever came up a harder way.

Here's a lad from the other side of the tracks, whose father heads up the National Youth Administration in Oklahoma City today. Don the Second is small town America on the center court. We've had title-holders from the big cities: from Boston and Chicago, from New York and Philadelphia, from Los Angeles and San Francisco. Don comes from a small town in the Southwest. For the first time Oklahoma has produced the tennis ace of the nation.

This small town boy from the wrong side of the tracks with the Scotch name and the Tilden jaw, is the Tennis Association's answer to a prayer. For one thing he has ideas about sportsmanship. In his book there's nothing funny about stalling on a court until his adversary gets rattled and loses control, or clowning around until his opponent, in disgust, quits trying. He plays hard, plays to win, but plays fairly. Here's one champ who never went about putting the bee on the tennis clubs where he played for cash. In short; a champ who isn't a tennis bum. If that's not news, what is?

McNeill does not knock down a weekly check for doing nothing in particular as some of our tennis gods and goddesses seem to have been doing. He works at present in the alumni office of Kenyon College in Ohio where he graduated last June. Moreover those 3 A. M. crap parties on the second floor of the locker room, with the whole works in the last pot, don't amuse him either You'll never find him by the bar when members are setting up drinks after the day's matches. Once play is finished he dresses, goes back to his hotel, has dinner and goes to bed. Why? That's easy. To play his constantly attacking game a man has to be in condition. McNeill always is. His fitness won him the title last fall. He out-fought, out-deviled and out-lasted Bobby Riggs in the critical moments of that fifth set of the finals. Bobby didn't think he could do it. Neither did most of the crowd in the stands.

Neither did most of us in the press box.

It's a long-standing feud, this rivalry between McNeill and Riggs which began in 1936 and will be continued through the months ahead. Back in 1936 when Don was a kid from Oklahoma entering Kenyon College, Riggs was already a sensation. He was the junior champion. His photos were everywhere. By 1937 when McNeill surprised the sports world including Cramm on the center court at Forest Hills, Riggs was already winning tournaments at Rye, Southampton and Seabright. McNeill that year was lucky to be ranked in the First Ten at ninth.

Second to Don the First in 1938, Riggs was going strong. Whereas Don the newcomer had a bad year, and fell back to thirteenth place. He was just a raw, unfinished player with good shots and speed. As often as not that speed was a handicap, because he never knew when to compromise, when to hit a defensive shot. Then Bruce Barnes the professional came to Kenyon as coach and they went to work.

On an improvised court in the gym which wasn't even regulation size, they started in. At last the boy had a real opponent for practice. Barnes convinced him steadiness was important, that speed was useless if the ball flew into the backstop. He also worked on McNeill's volley. The boy had a habit of undercutting his volley with the head of his racket below the wrist, so that the ball either hit the net or floated into the next court. Barnes showed him how to keep his racket head up and slap his volley down. He also explained the importance of footwork. Don was big and a trifle clumsy. So he took fencing lessons. You notice their effect now in the way he lunges at the net and volleys the ball at the last second.

Those struggles with Barnes on the college court at Gambier, half the student body and the faculty watching on the bank above, soon had an effect on Don's game. It became consolidated. Early in the Summer of 1939 he surprised everyone save McNeill by beating Riggs in straight sets in the French championships in Paris. Incidentally, Don still holds that title. The two Bills, Johnston and Tilden, are the only other Americans ever to have won it.

Barnes's instruction told. Notice how McNeill progressed. Riggs was ranked first in 1939, but Don came with a rush from thirteenth place to third. Lots of folks believe we would have saved the Davis Cup that summer had we played him against the Aus-

Continued on page 119

Kovacs the Clown Will Win

He's got courage and perseverance, Riggs's goat, McNeill's number and more strokes than the Harvard crew

***by* ART COHN**

• SPORTS •

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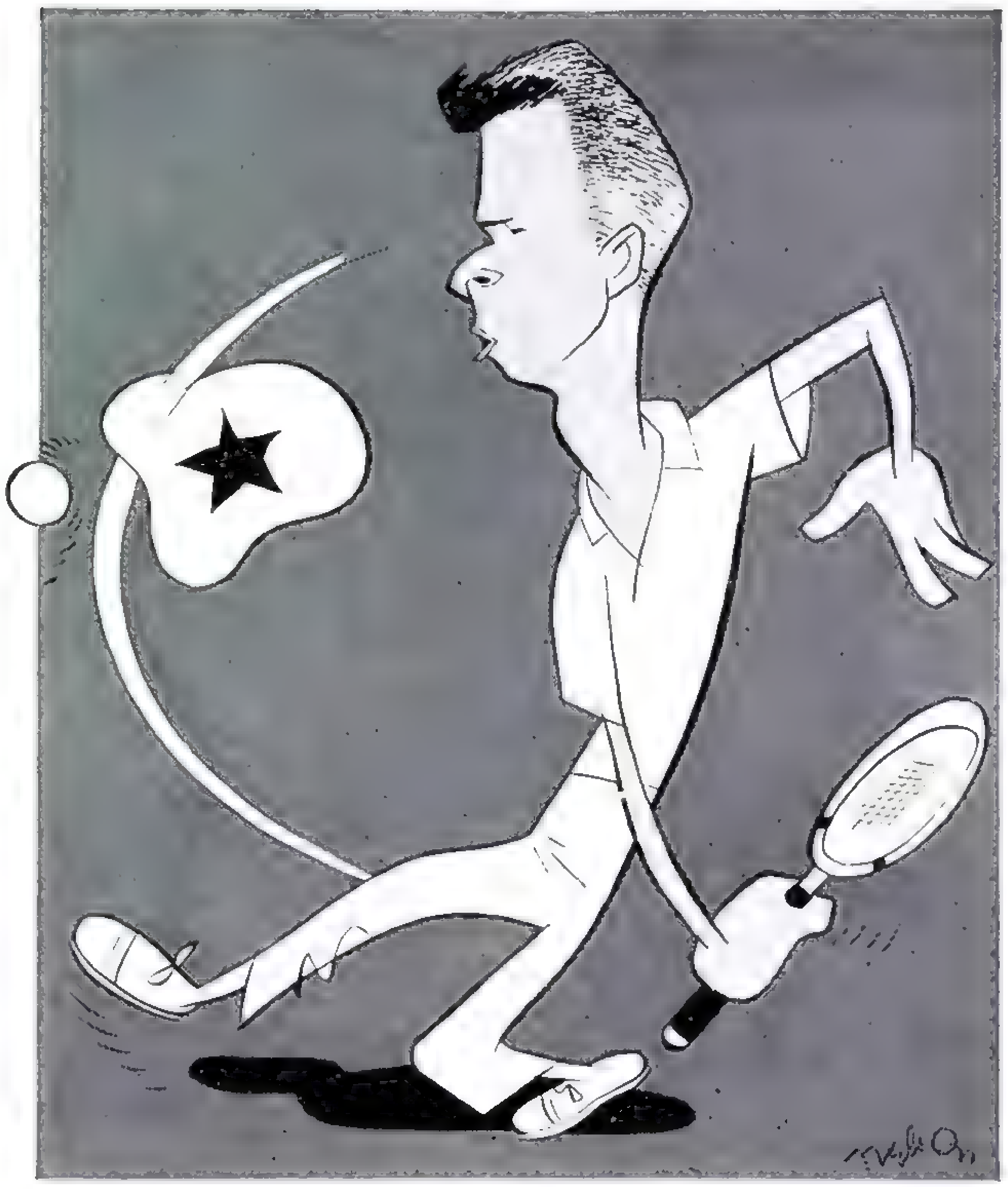

Don McNeill, the national champion, had just been licked, knocked off for the second time in ten days by the same screwball and the same score, straight sets.

"And I'll do it again at Forest Hills in September," Frankie Kovacs modestly prophesied at Orlando last January as he stuffed the Florida State championship mug in his bag. "I intend to win the National singles title five years in a row and retire undefeated in 1946."

Five days later, after blasting Bobby Riggs off the St. Petersburg court to add the Florida West Coast crown to his conveniently inflated brow, Kovacs solemnly announced this is his last year of tournament competition.

"Being a tennis tramp stinks, I'm going to quit and regain my self-respect," growled the suddenly pious punchinello, blissfully oblivious of his vow to win the Nationals five years running.

Kovacs, like Emerson, believes consistency is the hobgoblin of small minds, particularly when one is entertaining sports writers or tennis customers, his favorite diversions in the order named. He is the most authentic zany to bluster across the sport scene since Rube Waddell, a genuine daffydill who says and does the incongruous things naturally which synthetic clowns like Max Baer and Dizzy Dean simulated for box-office purposes only.

Kovacs is the greatest showman the game has known before or since Tilden and, like the Old Master, is an egomaniac with a regal contempt for every other man who ever swung a tennis bat.

Last summer he shaved his head to the bone (sic) to diminish, if possible he explained, his tremendous sex appeal and perhaps discourage at least temporarily the millions of women who fell madly in love with him at the sight of his curly locks. Obviously his great sacrifice was made in vain for he not only has since worn his hair in a Weissmuller coiffure but has also let the alfalfa on his handsome face grow undisturbed.

"I'm never going to shave again," Funny Frankie took a sacred oath in Florida last winter, "until I have won the National title."

And the bearded buffoon kept winning and winning, drubbing the great Riggs so consistently that, out of ennui, he deliberately broke training before his final match with Bobby in the University of Miami Invitational.

"It was the least I could do," Kovacs the Merciful explained next day when he showed up bleary-eyed after a night of revelry. "The poor fellow should have some handicap. Maybe our match will be closer now."

It was. That afternoon Kovacs required five sets to lick Riggs.

It has never occurred to Frankie he might not become the greatest living player nor has the suspicion ever crossed his fickle mind that the same street in the same city might not produce two world champions simultaneously. That both he and Don Budge were born in Oakland, California, and still live a few doors from each other, on those rare occasions when they are home, he considers just a coincidence.

From Scotland came John Budge to become a laundry driver. And from Hungary came Ferencz Kovacs to ply his trade as a furniture upholsterer. Budge became the father of two sons. The Kovacs home also was blessed with two boys. And the four kids grew up together on Sixtieth Street, Oakland

Lloyd, elder of the Budges, taught Don how to play. Then Don gave Frankie Kovacs one of his first lessons. After Don outgrew Pacific Coast competition and went off to the international wars, Lloyd took young Kovacs under his coaching wing, accompanied him on his first Eastern tour in 1937 and was his doubles partner in several tournaments.

Strangely enough, though they live at 409 and 673 Sixtieth Street, respectively, the sires of Kovacs and Budge have never met, not even on a neighborly visit to borrow a rake or a screwdriver.

"Frank wanted to be a baseball player," the elder Kovacs recalls. "He always had an overdeveloped right arm. I discovered it for the first time when he was eleven years old, while we were up on the Russian River for a vacation. We started throwing stones and I soon found out I couldn't come within 100 feet of him."

One day little Frankie came home from Claremont Junior High School with an eye in mourning for a grounder that had taken an unexpected bounce. That ended his baseball career for Papa Kovacs took away his mitt, bought him a $2.25 racquet and admonished him to remember to duck the next time.

"Sometimes I wonder if I didn't make a mistake discouraging Frank from playing baseball," Papa Kovacs frequently sighs, especially when reading about the *Frère* DiMaggio. "Frank might have done better at that game."

The Brooklyn Dodgers' loss was Forest Hills' gain and Francis Louis Kovacs, at the age of twenty-one—officially America's No. 3 ranking player—is tennis' No. 1 gate attraction. And if he wins the national singles crown, as he should with ridiculous ease, he will have shattered all precedent by being the first titleholder to mix tennis and comedy.

A sour puss has long been considered standard equipment for tennis champions. Tilden parlayed a fourteen-pound scowl into a million dollars. Helen Wills made a career—indeed, several careers, when one considers her adventures in art and literature—out of a title, Miss Poker Face, itself a masterpiece in understatement. Budge was on a budget of three wan smiles a year. And all the rest, from Johnston to Riggs, have been drab, humorless souls.

That is what makes Kid Kovacs a happy relief. His is a natural exuberance, a high sense of clean and crazy comedy that keeps the customers as emotionally wacky as himself.

"When you have trouble with your forehand," Dr. Kovacs was prescribing at one of his free locker-room clinics at Southampton last summer, "the best thing to do is bite your racquet and that will teach the darn thing to behave.

"If your footwork is off, stop the match,

Continued on page 157

Oomph! . . . Sorry!

Ann Sheridan is still completely Dallas, with an open smile which wins both Hollywood and her fans

by DONALD HOUGH

•ARTICLE•

On the way to Hollywood, about twenty-eight miles this side, I thought I'd stop in at a roadside place and have a drink and a sandwich, which I did.

The girl who waited on me was a blonde, about five feet two and built chunky, and a Swede. I asked her if she was a Swede and she said yes. I said the Swedes were mighty healthy people—she looked healthy—and she said they certainly were, anyway she was, and she had to keep that way because she was champion.

I asked her what she was champion of.

"Lots of things," she said. "Twice in a row I won the swim from Long Beach to Catalina Island. Twenty miles. Nobody was even close. And weight lifting. I had some pictures in *Life* magazine last summer, about my weight lifting. I can lift weights with anybody, any female. I've appeared all over the country." She pulled up a leg of her slack suit. "Look," she said.

I looked. She wore no stockings.

She said, "See that scar?" On her ankle, on the outside, an ugly red scar ran from the joint up to the calf of the leg. It was about two inches wide at the middle, and the stitch marks still showed, and it seemed to be almost to the bone. "Motorcycle racing," she said. "I took a bad spill. But I hold all the ladies' records. You can look it up."

"I believe it," I said. She went away and came back with a bottle of catsup and one of A1 sauce. "Some sauce?" she said. I nodded; my mouth was full of hamburger. She went away, but after a while there wasn't much business and she came back and I asked her to sit down and she did. She flexed her arm and told me to feel her muscle, and I felt of it. It was enough to throw a scare into any ordinary mortal.

"Why do you work here?" I said. "I mean, all these things you can do. How about the movies?"

"I've done that. Stunts. It's too much trouble for what you get. The way it is now, I've got a good car, new last year, a Chevvie, and all the dresses I can use. The work's easy and you meet people and I like it. This is better than the movies, you take it from me."

I took it from her, and went out and got into my car and went on, and when I got to Hollywood it was dark and I was half an hour late for my appointment. I had the house number, 4555, and I found the street. It was a short, obscure one near the Warner Brothers studio. I came to the end of it and I thought this ought to be about the place, so I parked my car at the curb, the only car around there, and started looking. I couldn't see any numbers, because the houses were too far back from the sidewalk, and had hedges or walls.

I stopped under a small street lamp to take one more look at the slip of paper on which I had written the number, to be sure. A man came along. He was a Negro. I said, "Can you tell me where 4555 is?"

"You looking for Miss Sheridan?" he said. I said I was. He nodded toward the house we were standing in front of. "Here," he said. I thanked him and he went on, and I opened the gate and went in, and up to the door, and it was dark and I couldn't find the button, so I knocked. A slight, pretty blonde girl opened the door. I said, "Please tell Miss Sheridan I'm sorry I'm half an hour late, but I stopped—"

"Forget it," Miss Sheridan called. "Come in and sit down and have a drink. Anyway, it's not a half hour, it's an hour."

(I do not mean, in these pieces I'm writing, to give the impression that these young Hollywood ladies go around with drinks constantly in their hands or in their minds. In the interest of accuracy I must state that they drink sparingly, if at all. But when you make a professional date with one, she checks with others, previously treated, to see how bad it's going to be. "Give him a drink as soon as he pops up," they seem to tell each other in my case, "and he's no worse than any other average citizen." I have done nothing to discourage this impression.)

Ann Sheridan was sitting on a couch not far from the door. She was looking at a copy of the current Esquire, and yawning. She tapped her mouth with her fingers and tossed the magazine languidly to the floor. Or tried to. It struck the edge of the coffee table and knocked over a fancy container full of cigarettes.

"Damn it," she said, "I did better than that in rehearsal." The room was not brightly lighted, there was a fire in the fireplace and a lamp, but I could see Miss Sheridan's teeth and eyes when she smiled, of which she does one of the most attractive jobs in Hollywood. She introduced me to the blonde, who was Miss Gwen Woodford from Dallas, a former school chum up to see Hollywood.

I don't know whether Miss Sheridan pushed a hidden button or released a hidden spring, but there suddenly stood upon the steps leading down from the dining room a colored boy in white jacket, bearing a tray upon which were three tall glasses. He was the same one I had met outside.

"What the hell," I said in confusion, "where did you come from?"

"The side door," he said, glancing at Miss Sheridan uncomfortably; "I came in the side door."

"But the jacket and the drinks," I said.

"All ready for me," he said, grinning. He set the drinks down on the coffee table. We picked them up. I explained to Miss Sheridan about being late. It was hard to find the number, and besides there was that busi-

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"He says if we haven't got a thing to wear, how about going swimming instead of dancing?"

ANN SHERIDAN
Hurrell Photograph

LINDA DARNELL
Hurrell Photograph

Man the Kitchenette

Reporting class discrimination in the U. S. Navy: commissioned officers go desertless while gobs eat pumpkin pie

by ILES BRODY

▪ EDIBLES ▪

IN THESE militant times when the world's eyes are focused on the United States Navy, I couldn't help being curious as to what went on in the gobs' galleys. So I asked the proper authorities for permission to visit the new Super-Dreadnaught *North Carolina,* to lift the lid off the food situation.

After spending a late morning and an early afternoon—with a pleasant lunch-interruption—on board this magnificent ship, I came away fully convinced that if there is such a thing as reincarnation I want to be a U.S. Navy man in my next life.

This is quite an admission from a fellow who, like all soldiers, spent his life blindly hating the navy. I was an army "man" at the age of seventeen, twice-wounded in an old-fashioned war, and since my country, Austria-Hungary, possessed only a few vessels on a speck of sea, the army had the upper hand. On the rare occasions when we spied a sailor, we laughed him to scorn—he wore a blouse like a woman; he had no sword; no spurs; didn't know the difference between a horse's head or tail.

Rumors were current that he ate nothing but fish. My feelings were completely set when at the age of eighteen I witnessed a duel at Mr. Santelli's fencing room in Budapest between a young navy officer and a young cavalry officer. The naval officer was killed on the spot. With the cruelty of youth, we army men toasted the victor. The vanquished deserved his fate, we said dogmatically and stupidly; he had no business to pick on a cavalry man.

Thus, my own knowledge of boats has been confined to the bars of Transatlantic liners. I never in my life had visited a battleship, so you can imagine my feelings when I started off by setting foot on the deck of the most modern war vessel in the world. It felt like getting rich overnight; or like starting the gradation of drinks with Napoleon brandy, leaving out apèritif, white and red wine.

After presenting my credentials at the gates of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, I was given a guide, a young sailor off a destroyer, to conduct me to the mighty battleship. But he himself was not familiar with the Yard, and kept murmuring to himself, "*North Carolina,* sweetheart, where are you?"

As we got further into the Yard I pumped my man at the top of my voice in order to be heard above the racket of riveting, as to how he liked the food in the Navy. He seemed to be well satisfied, but envied the men on submarines, saying that they got the best food in the service. Before I could howl another question at him, we suddenly came upon the *North Carolina,* and the subject was dropped.

This 35,000-ton *North Carolina* is really something to see. She's low in the water, is built almost like a cruiser, and is the ultimate in streamlining and modern design, space-saving and grace. There is something oddly feminine about her—and the young lady sure has a marvelous chassis! Even those sixteen-inch guns can't spoil her figure.

No boatswain's shrill whistle piped me on board, and yet as I walked up the gangplank I was the center of cold-eyed attention of those on deck. What was a civilian doing on board the *North Carolina?*

However, when my identity was established by the Officer on Watch, who carried an old-fashioned single-barreled telescope, I was made to feel that the ship belonged to me. The Navy is partial to Esquire, for more than one reason. The most frequently asked question was whether I knew Mr. Petty's daughter in person.

A young ensign took me in hand and introduced me to Commander Clark, the Chief Supply Officer, and we all went into the Officers' Ward Room. No sooner was I seated than I was offered a drink, which turned out to be lemonade. All the alcoholic drink a U.S. Navy vessel ever sees is the champagne bottle broken and the precious contents spilled on her nose at her christening. Ever since 1914, when Josephus Daniels, by coincidence a North Carolinian, held the office of Secretary of the Navy, no liquor of any kind is served on board. Not even when thirsty foreign dignitaries visit a ship. Repeal skipped the Navy.

This is different from the British navy, where the officers are actually required to toast the king and the ship after each meal with old Port. The odd thing is that the British officers don't stand up on these occasions, but remain seated. This custom started when William the IVth bumped his head hard on the beam of one of his men-of-war when he stood up to thank his officers for the toast.

You couldn't bump your head on the beams of the *North Carolina* even if you stood on a ladder. The ship which looks so grayhoundish and willowy from the outside is actually quite spacious inside. The Ward Room, which is the officers' dining room, living room, and recreation room combined, is pleasant, cool and comfortable, running the width of the ship and being a full ninety feet wide. The colored attendants were just preparing two long tables and a short table. Senior officers eat at one table, juniors at another; the short table is reserved for officers on duty who can't keep regular meal-hours, but eat whenever they have a moment to spare.

In one corner was a glass case displaying in gleaming rows the beautiful silverware of the *North Carolina.* It is customary for governors to present a set of silver to battleships named after their states. The present *North Carolina* is the fourth ship of this name and therefore inherited its silver from the third one which went out of commission in 1922. The most outstanding piece is the huge

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"The gentleman over there says he'll take your dessert if you don't want it"

"Bugs" That Almost Fly

Miniature car racing is one of the few remaining sports operated purely for pleasure

by ANDREW L. MICHUDA

• ARTICLE •

Around and around the oval these gas demons tore, hell-bent for the checkered flag. Bud Kline's "41" was leading the field and with each rubber-searing turn gained another notch or two. Monotonously the racers ground around the track holding the same places until they approached the east end of the saucer which had a fifty-five-degree bank. Then it happened. Kline's "41," a slick red job with front-wheel drive, careened wildly and went hurtling over the guard screen into the spectators. Everybody scrambled everywhere. Luckily, nobody was injured. One of the attendants came over and picked up the over-zealous speed wagon and brought it back to the infield. I forgot to mention before that the speedsters I'm talking about are those little "bugs" that are anywhere from twelve to twenty-four inches in length and weigh between six and nine pounds.

Several years ago in California, miniature car racing was born. Since then it has developed into a bigtime industry. Tired of chasing after gas-powered airplanes and dashing in water after their Diesel-propelled model yachts, many men accepted vest-pocket racing as a godsend. From Coast to Coast Model Race Car Associations have mushroomed into prominence. Airline pilots, doctors, radio announcers, lawyers, dentists, policemen and sport commentators all became fascinated by this sport which at first glance seems to be for Junior only. But doodlebugs offer the identical thrills, frills and heart chills of high class Indianapolis stuff.

When several fellows in a particular neighborhood evince a desire to take up mini-midget racing they form a club and christen themselves the "Podunk Model Race Car Association." Then they send to various manufacturers for their models and spend a couple of days assembling the parts. To assemble one of these jobs you don't have to be a master mechanic. Anybody who knows the difference between a spark plug and a piston will qualify handsomely. Once all the nuts and bolts are in place everything is jake. You turn on the switch, adjust the gas feed and give the drive wheels a few turns and before you can say Joe Popovowitch you've got a spitting hunk of wild cat in your hands rarin' to break a few speed records.

But there is a big difference between a champion bug enthusiast and one of the common run. A champ—and when I say champ I mean a bug owner who has a half dozen or more trophies—understands his engine just as well as you understand the whims and fancies of women (if you do). By merely sniffing the exhaust fumes he can tell whether his gas mixture is too rich or too lean. Just before a major race he puts in new plugs, points, batteries and sometimes even tires. He's always experimenting with new mixtures of gasoline, camphor, ether and alcohol. And he's a sucker for any fancy gadget that is placed on the market. Dual ignition, r.p.m., high-speed gears, front-wheel drive, transverse mounting, rotary crank valves and cubic centimeters are terms which are "musts" in his vocabulary. All this plus an inherent mechanical ability are some of the requisites of a champ. If you have these qualities you should be in there pitching to crack the world's speed record of seventy-one m.p.h. which was set recently in California.

Even though you're not a born gasoline sniffer you'll still get a wallop from bug racing if you embrace it as your hobby. After you've worked a few nights on your car to tune it up for the race Saturday night, you can't help feeling a surge of pride as the trim speedster outruns all the other bugs in the neighborhood. Then, too, there are the advantages of mental relaxation. Let's dig into one of these animated kiddie carts and see what makes 'em run.

Most of these "hot irons" are streamlined jobs finished in baked enamel or a gleaming chrome. They are completely furnished with a fancy grill, steering wheel, celluloid windshield and even leather-upholstered seats! Peer at one of them through that strong pair of bifocals you have lying around the house and you'll swear that you're looking at Willie Shaw's Boyle Special. A good car without the motor sells from $9.50 to $35.00.

As for the motor, this little unit generates one-fourth horsepower at 8,500 revolutions per minute. Assuming that there is a gear ratio of two to one this means that the drive wheels revolve 4,250 times a minute! The cylinder bore is only seven-eighths of an inch so you can imagine the size of the piston, and yet it has piston rings. Without any doctoring this engine is capable of speeds from thirty to fifty m.p.h. This diminutive power plant is equipped wlth a clutch and air cleaner too. Energy for the ignition system is supplied by ordinary flashlight cells. A spark plug mounted on top of the cylinder is approximately one inch in length, while the gas tank near by has a capacity of one ounce. To fill the tank some fellows use a syringe and others use a can with a spout attached. Engines, completely air-cooled, range in price from $9.50 up.

Naturally, in bug racing as in standard speed contests, styles and types of cars differ proportionately with the ingenuity of their owners. Many racerites contend that better results are obtained by using front-wheel drive. On the other hand there are staunch advocates of rear wheel drive who wouldn't look at a front-wheel job. When bugs were first introduced they were equipped with solid tires. Later, these refugees from ash-trays were discarded and semi-pneumatic tires were substituted. The wheels used on

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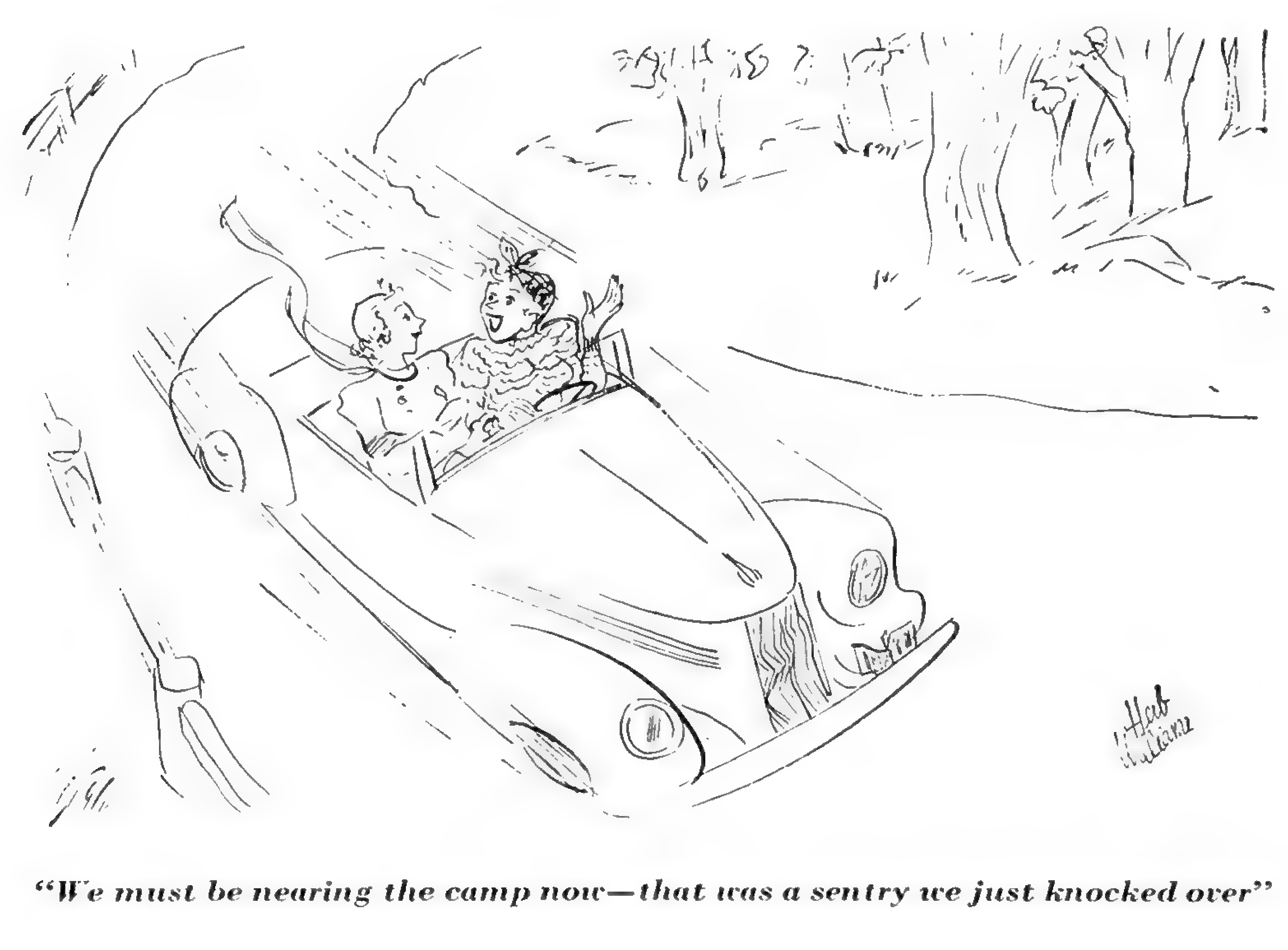
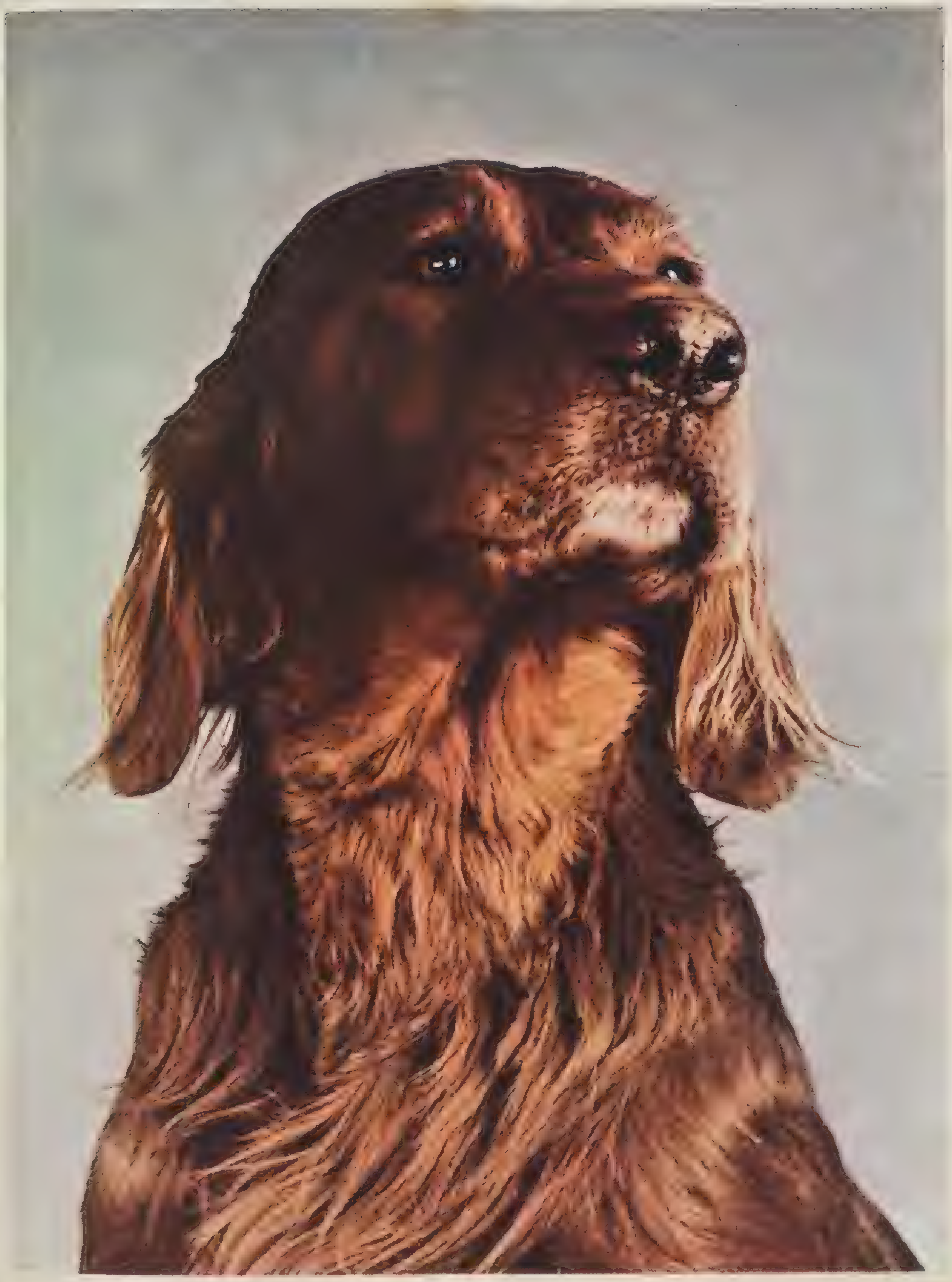


"We must be nearing the camp now—that was a sentry we just knocked over"

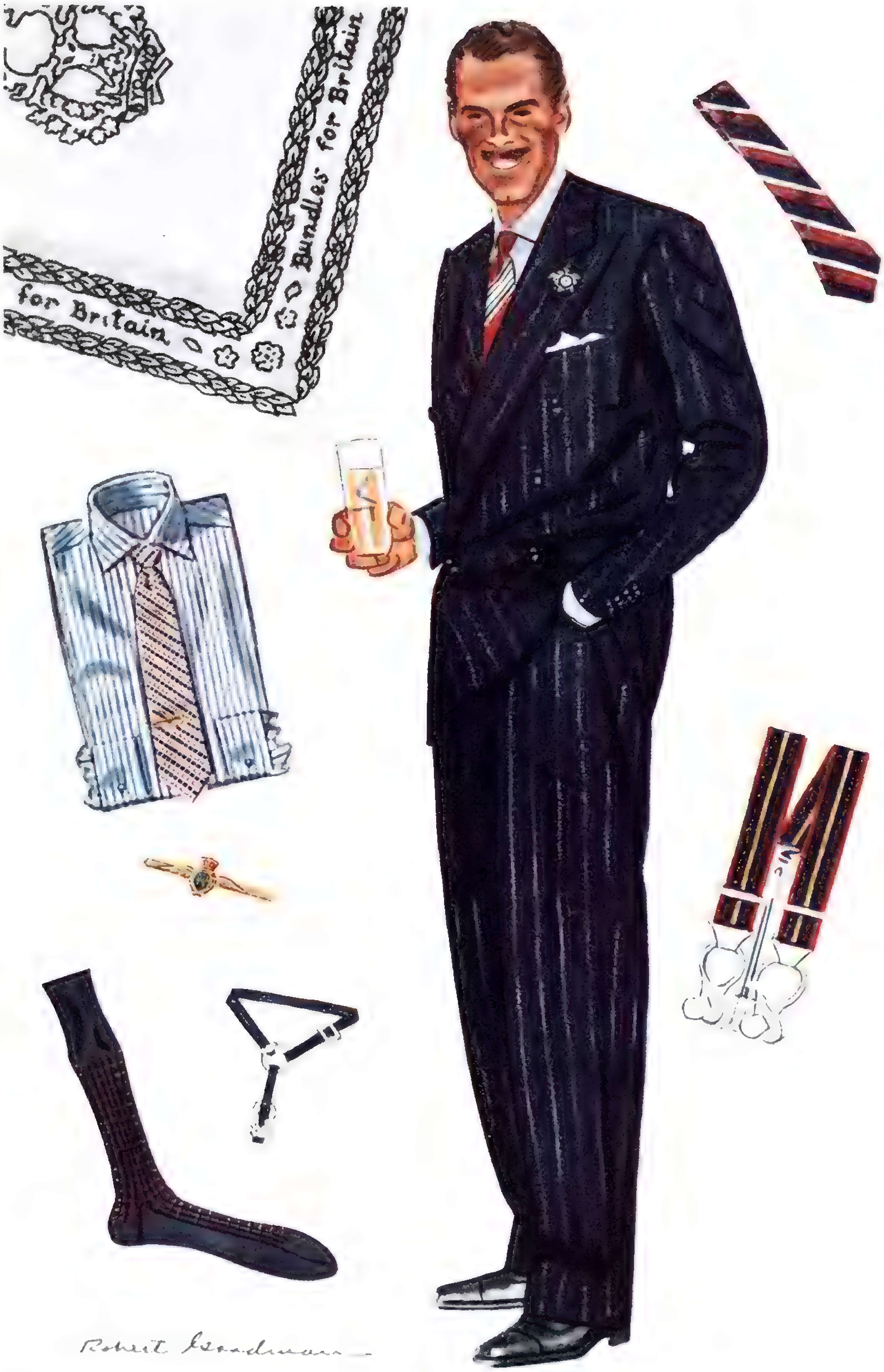


PHOTOGRAPHED IN COLOR BY HENRY WAXMAN

Milson O'Boy II

OWNED BY KNIGHTSCROFT KENNEL

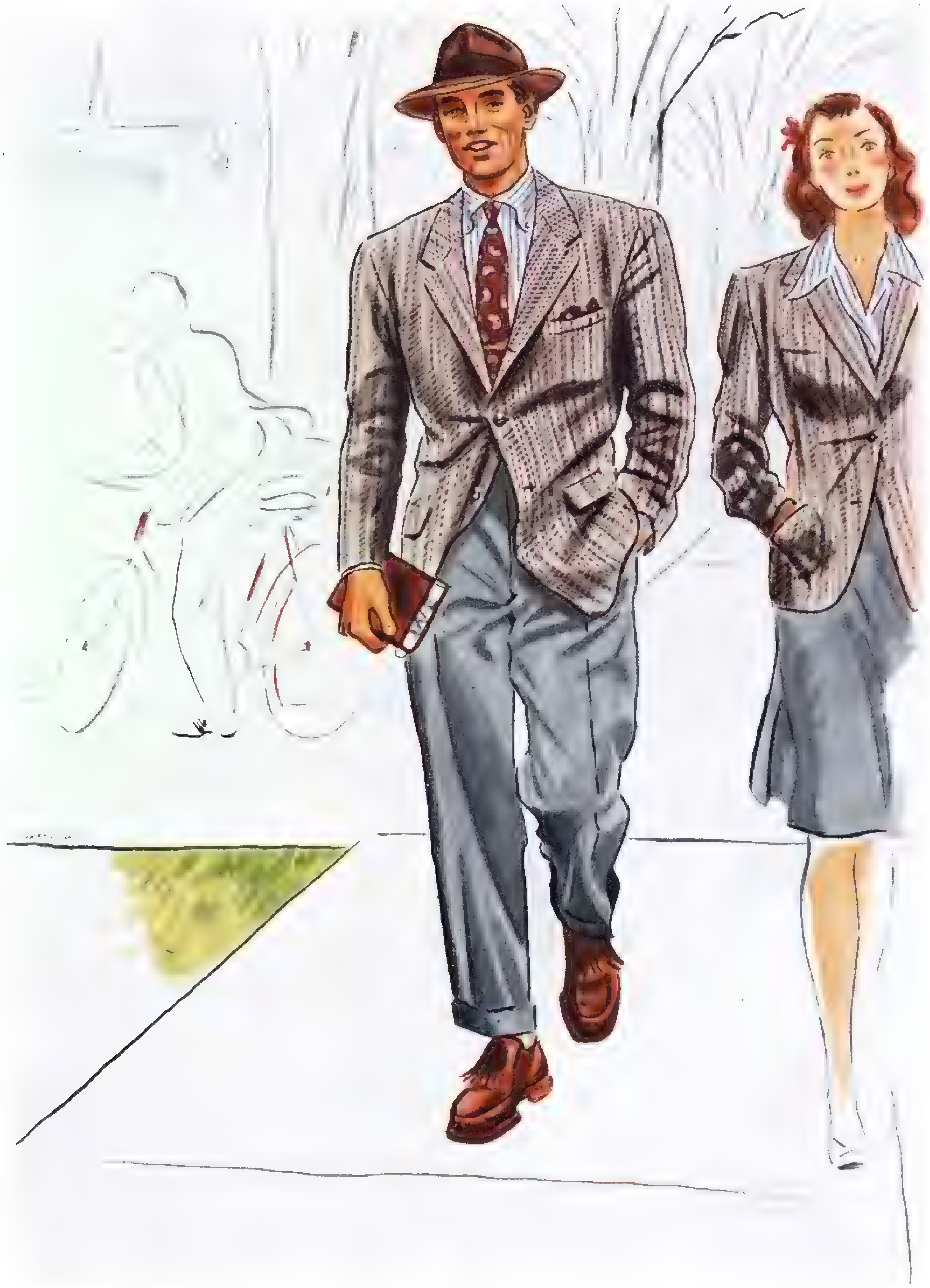
Irish Setter—a gay dog for moor and gun. The great good looks of the Red Dog from Eire have, oddly enough, served as a handicap. Fanciers, as his coat developed into that rich, dark mahogany shade (his earlier ancestors were red and mostly white) couldn't resist the temptations of weaning him away from the field and putting him on the show bench. There he sat much admired but victim of a whispering campaign—"beautiful but dumb." This, of course, was out and out libel as the breed is essentially sporting though it is more finely built than English or Gordon Setters. And in order to put an end to the unhappy propaganda about "Reds" being no good in the field the Irish Setter Club of America is now sponsoring spring and fall trials. Thanks to the Irishman's non-grudge-bearing disposition he can "take" training with no danger of its breaking his spirit. He is inclined to argue a little, some might call it being head-strong, but once convinced there is a better way than his, he is delightfully co-operative, and steady as the well-known rock. And at the rate he is going, it won't be too long before he will be giving his sporting dog cousins a run for their high-stake money!—CHASE HERENDEEN.



bundle from britain

The closer relationship between this country and the British Empire is causing more emphasis to be placed on fashions stemming from this traditional fount. For a while, the westward currents were slowed up, but now the influence is increasing, reflecting English enterprise and American good will. The highball holder is a case in point. The pin dot striped blue worsted of his suit is a British derivative. The widespread collar of his blue broadcloth shirt ranks among the Anglo originations. Ditto his striped repp tie. An R. A. F. insignia decorates his lapel. Black straight tip shoes carry out the dress-up connotation of this outfit. The red, dark and light blue tie at upper right is in the authentic R. A. F. colors. The blue and white broadcloth shirt with blue stone cuff links serves as a backdrop for the maroon, blue and grey Macclesfield tie. The tie clip shows R. A. F. marking. The blue and maroon wool socks, blue garters and maroon, blue and yellow striped webbing suspenders are appropriate alternative accessories that can be worn with this suit. The drink goes well, too.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



look alikes

The girls have made another invasion on man's privacy, so as you gaze about the campuses of universities this fall, it won't surprise you to see young women wearing clothes showing the masculine influence. The wide-eyed one sketched here is wearing a blue on brown striped Shetland jacket and grey flannel skirt—the feminine version of this upperclassman's outfit. His blue on brown striped Shetland jacket has a refreshing note in that the brown is a combination of natural and brown yarns. The jacket is the accepted long three-button model. His brown felt hat has a whipcord band of one shade and binding of lighter tone in the same type of fabric. His red, blue and yellow foulard tie and blue and white oxford shirt with button-down collar have good acceptance. His grey flannel slacks are ankle-high, and they show his yellow and grey Shetland striped wool socks. The heavy brown moccasin-type shoes he is wearing have overlapping fringed tongues and red rubber soles.

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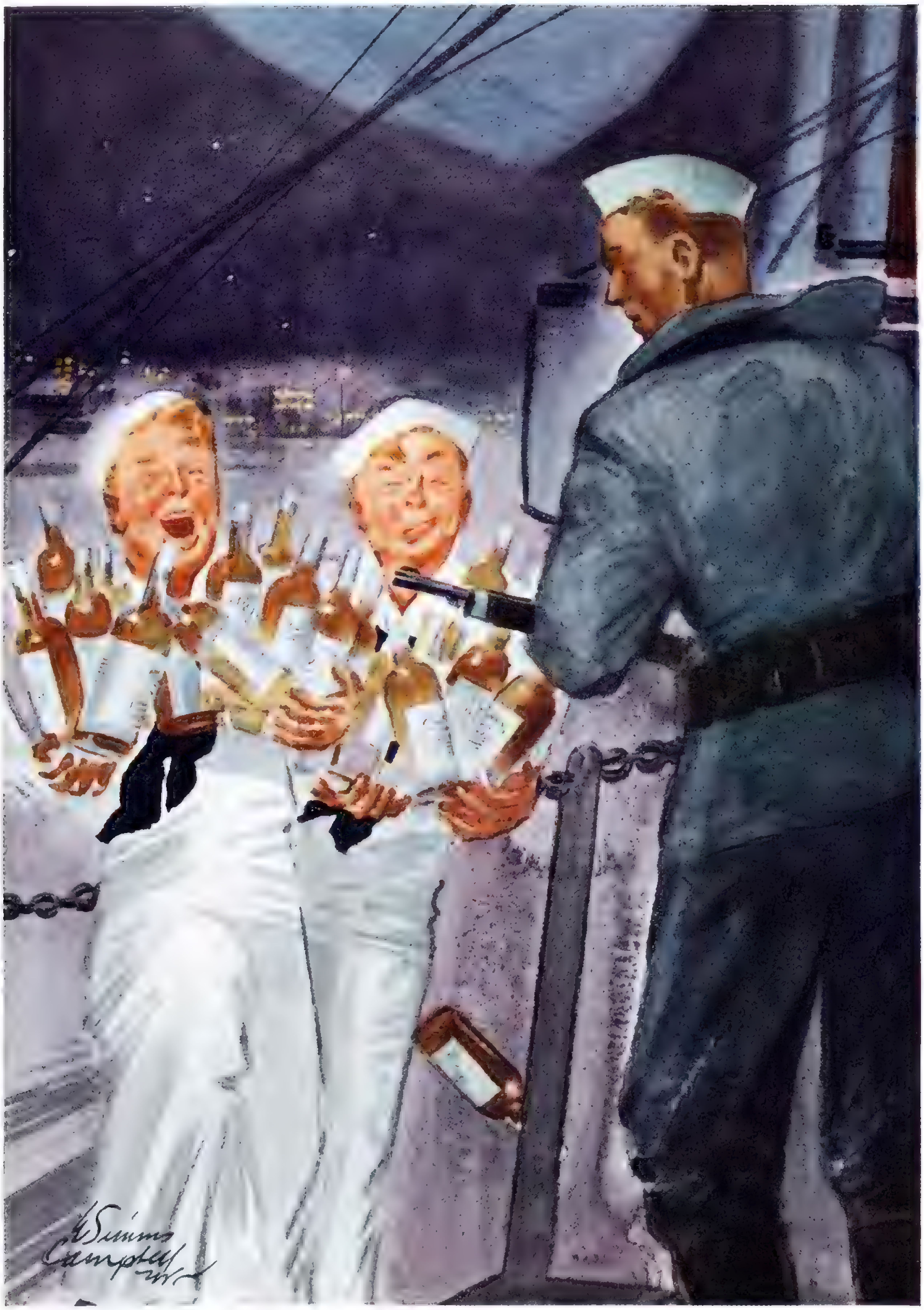
E. Simms Campbell

"It's for the Admiral—we're giving him a twenty-one quart salute!"

Stimulant Is Right

Now that the boys are drafted, an army of Drys is mobilizing to make our democracy safe for bootleggers

by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

Well, Johnny's gone to camp and gotten his gun. So let's take away his lawful privileges as an American citizen—just to "protect" him. At least, that's the scheme now being shrilled by his self-appointed Aunties of the Anti-Saloon League and suchlike bluenose agitation groups.

They propose to zone him as if he were a contagious disease. And would *that* heighten his self-esteem! And would it grieve the underworld element to be thus practically bugled into business again as bootleggers!

"War time is *our* time," sing these sourpuss sirens, treasuring the memory of Prohibition's murk. "We did it once, and we'll do it again."

Yes, wouldn't it be nice to have our men in uniform sneaking up alleys for a rendezvous with Mr. Shifty, dispenser of rotgut at twenty-five cents a gulp out of a dirty bottle. Also, an epidemic of shady joints cropping up in back rooms, in private houses, barns, and garages, but constantly on the move to foil the best efforts of the Intelligence Department—nests of crime and disease where young men from good homes would be served semi-poison and anything would go with the hags that worked in these places. I'm not imagining, I'm just reminding you of what actually took place around our Dry "safeguarded" camps during World War Number One.

I'm bidding you recall the fact that touts and runners for bootleggers and dive owners had a way of getting past sentries and buzzed around the camps like flies, handing out business cards and whispering telephone numbers. Not to mention men in uniform who acted as bootleggers' agents and even as distributors of their slimy wares. And it wasn't only "hooch" that was sold and consumed; there was also Jake—Jamaica ginger. And there was nothing so good for the lining of the stomach as canned heat, used as a beverage. I know of an officers' mess which, hesitating to deal with bootleggers, served spirits of niter as the evening cocktail. Which shows what an uplifting job the Azure Schnozzles did in demoralizing not only the men but the officers as well.

And have you forgotten the thousands of young men and young women who attended colleges throughout the United States during that speakeasy reekeasy era?—what "degrees" they acquired within a flask's throw of the campus?

For eight years now we've been congratulating ourselves that we were educated beyond allowing a return of any such mess. But WAKE UP, AMERICANS, our personal liberty and decency are in jeopardy again. The teetotalitarians are on the march once more, intimidating mayors, governors and legislators. Oh, no, *you* needn't bother to write to your congressman. Just let him stay snowed under with letters from the fanatic flock. Already their bland, unctuous lobbyists are entrenched in high-priced hotel suites and offices in Washington and many state capitals, murmuring their mealy-mouthed threats as to the laws they want, or else. In fact two bills have been launched with their blessing—the exact make-up of that blessing I leave you to figure. (Whatever you may think of these "gentle persuaders," you can't call them stingy.)

Curiously enough, the last thing that such volunteer custodians of morals would ever do would be to consult the folks most vitally interested in service morale, the War and Navy Departments. However, when recently these responsible Departments learned of a sly bill that was being suckled in the U. S. Senate, their sentiments were summed up in a letter, dated May 2, 1941, from Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of War, to the acting chairman (now chairman) of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, Senator Reynolds. Reporting that the War Department was opposed to the provisions of the bill relating to alcoholic beverages (the other sections had to do with prostitution and were cleverly designed to give a birds-of-a-feather connotation), Secretary Stimson went on to explain:

"The War Department fully realizes that from the viewpoint of efficiency and moral standards, an Army in which drunkenness is non-existing is highly desirable. However, knowing the frailties of human nature and realizing that habits of temperance or intemperance are developed long before the individual becomes a soldier, the War Department is convinced that temperance cannot be attained by prohibition applied to its personnel any more than it can be attained by prohibition applied to the Nation at large, and experience has proven that the problem can only be solved by the application of practicable and tolerant measures applied in a logical manner. Fortunately our presently existing laws provide an ideal framework for such control."

The Navy Department reported virtually ditto. (Your Congressman will supply you with copies of the letters in full if you aren't too lazy to write and ask him.)

And what is this control? Well, every camp or reservation has its commanding officer who is accountable for the physical efficiency and mental alertness of his men. Thanks to the present legal framework, he gets active co-operation not only from federal and state alcoholic beverage control authorities, but also from hotel associations, from associations of restaurateurs and tavern keepers, from the brewers, the wine industry, and the distilling industry. All these interests know what discipline is, because they practice it within their own ranks. Furthermore, under the present setup not only can the license of any sore spot be revoked, but the minute such an offender is reported to the commanding

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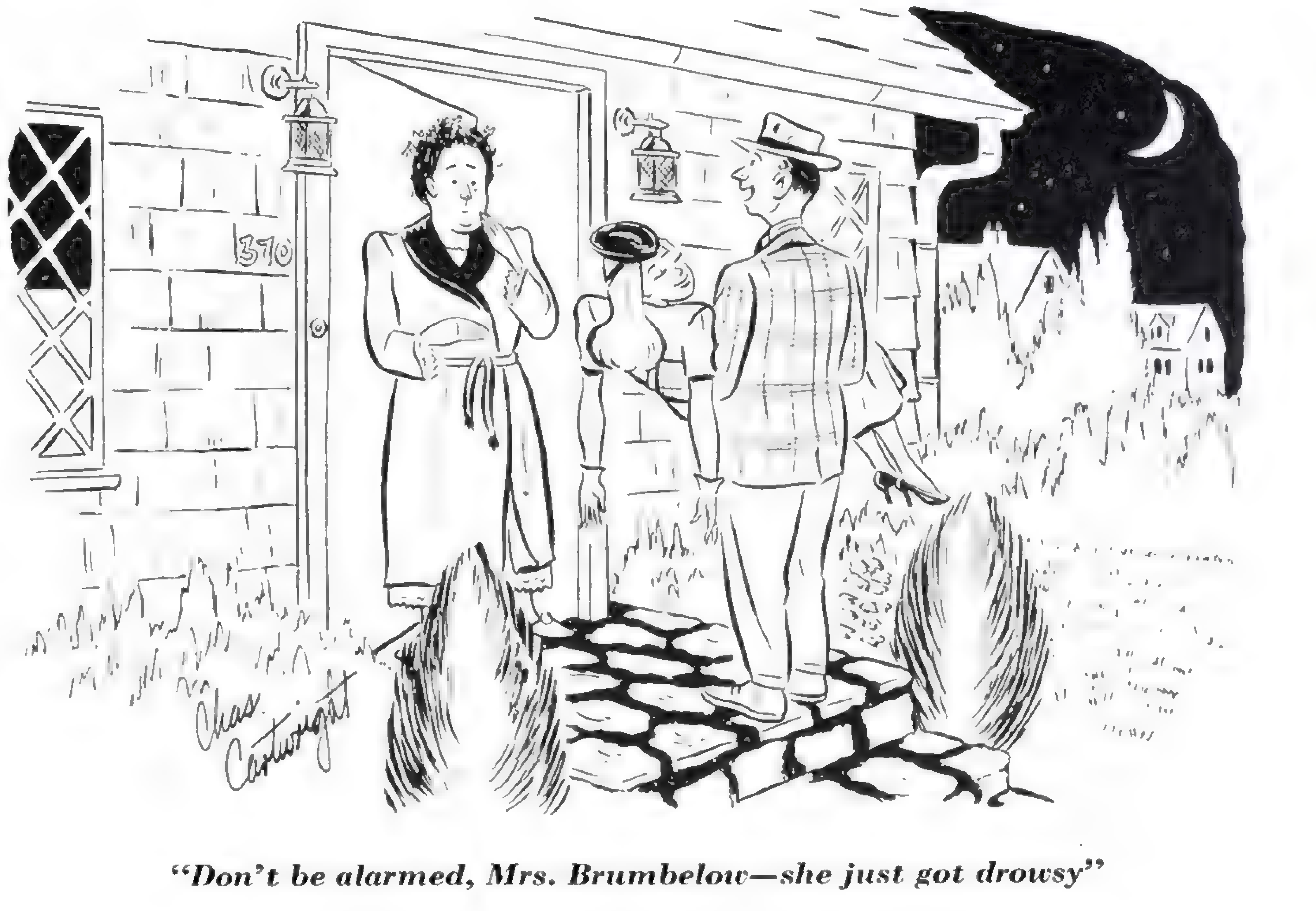


"Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Brumbelow—she just got drowsy"

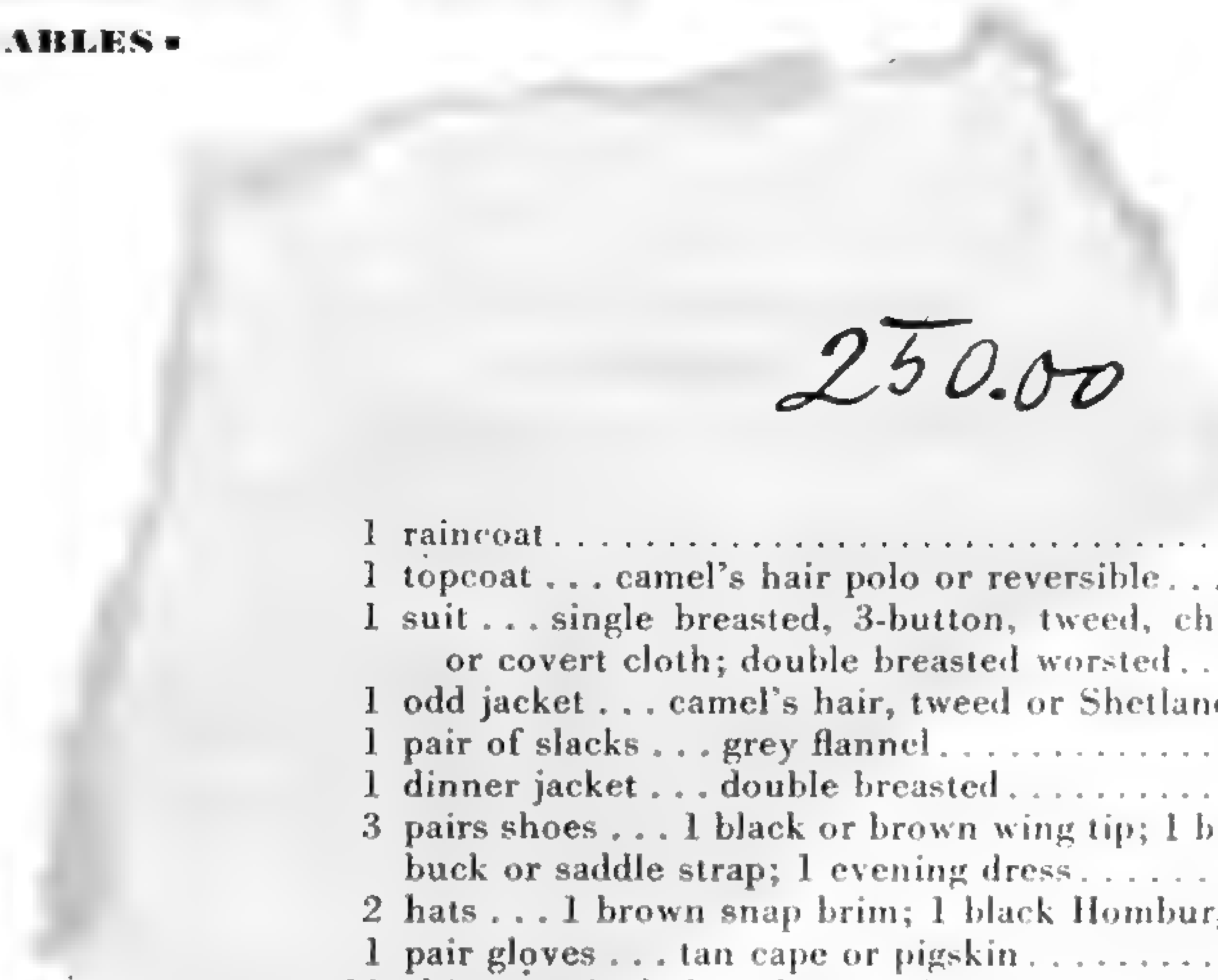
Budget the School Wardrobe

Guides calculated to help you plan a well-balanced wardrobe in any of three widely varying price brackets

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER

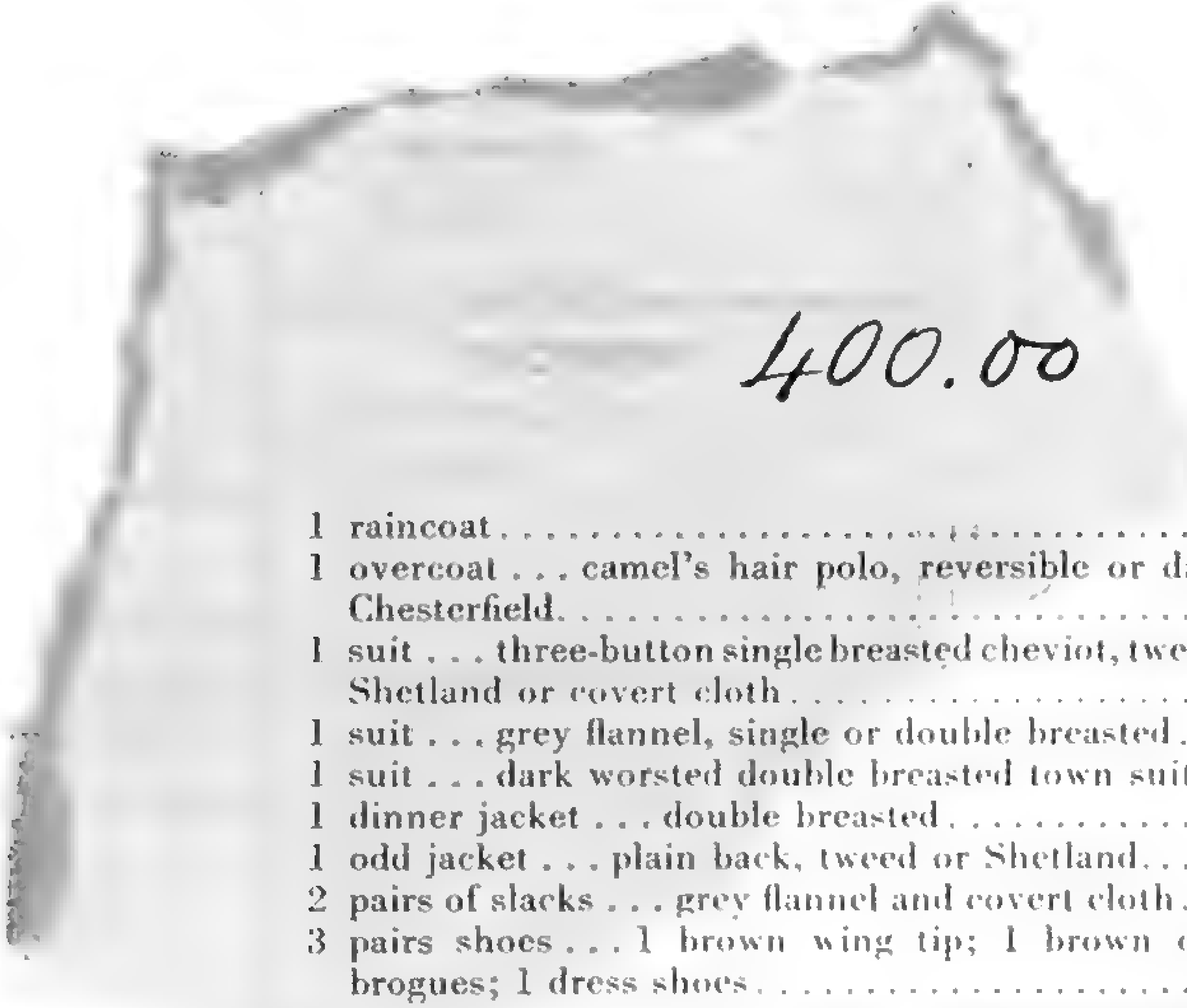
• WEARABLES •

A VITAL PART of the educational defense program is the proper clothing for undergraduates, soon returning to cloistered halls. The battle of books is always preceded by the budget of bucks when the student's apparel is planned. As guides for assembling adequate wearables for all occasions, for fair or foul weather, three itemized wardrobes are classified according to tariff. These serve as check lists and are necessarily variable, according to the present status of your or your son's wardrobe. For instance, if a formal evening suit was purchased last season, funds may be released for an extra sport jacket and a couple of pairs of slacks. We don't have to tell *you*. By using these lists you should be able to balance the wardrobe and, we hope, the budget.



250.00

1	raincoat	$ 7.50
1	topcoat . . . camel's hair polo or reversible	35.00
1	suit . . . single breasted, 3-button, tweed, cheviot or covert cloth; double breasted worsted	35.00
1	odd jacket . . . camel's hair, tweed or Shetland	16.50
1	pair of slacks . . . grey flannel	7.50
1	dinner jacket . . . double breasted	35.00
3	pairs shoes . . . 1 black or brown wing tip; 1 brown buck or saddle strap; 1 evening dress	22.50
2	hats . . . 1 brown snap brim; 1 black Homburg	10.00
1	pair gloves . . . tan cape or pigskin	3.50
10	shirts . . . including dress and sport	20.00
6	suits of underwear	6.00
3	pajamas	7.50
10	pairs hose	6.50
1	robe . . . flannel or rayon	7.50
1	pair slippers	2.50
12	handkerchiefs	3.50
6	neckties	6.00
1	sweater	3.00
1	dress vest	4.00
1	dress jewelry set	5.00
	Miscellaneous . . . including belt, suspenders, garters, collar pin, tie clip, cuff links, etc	6.00



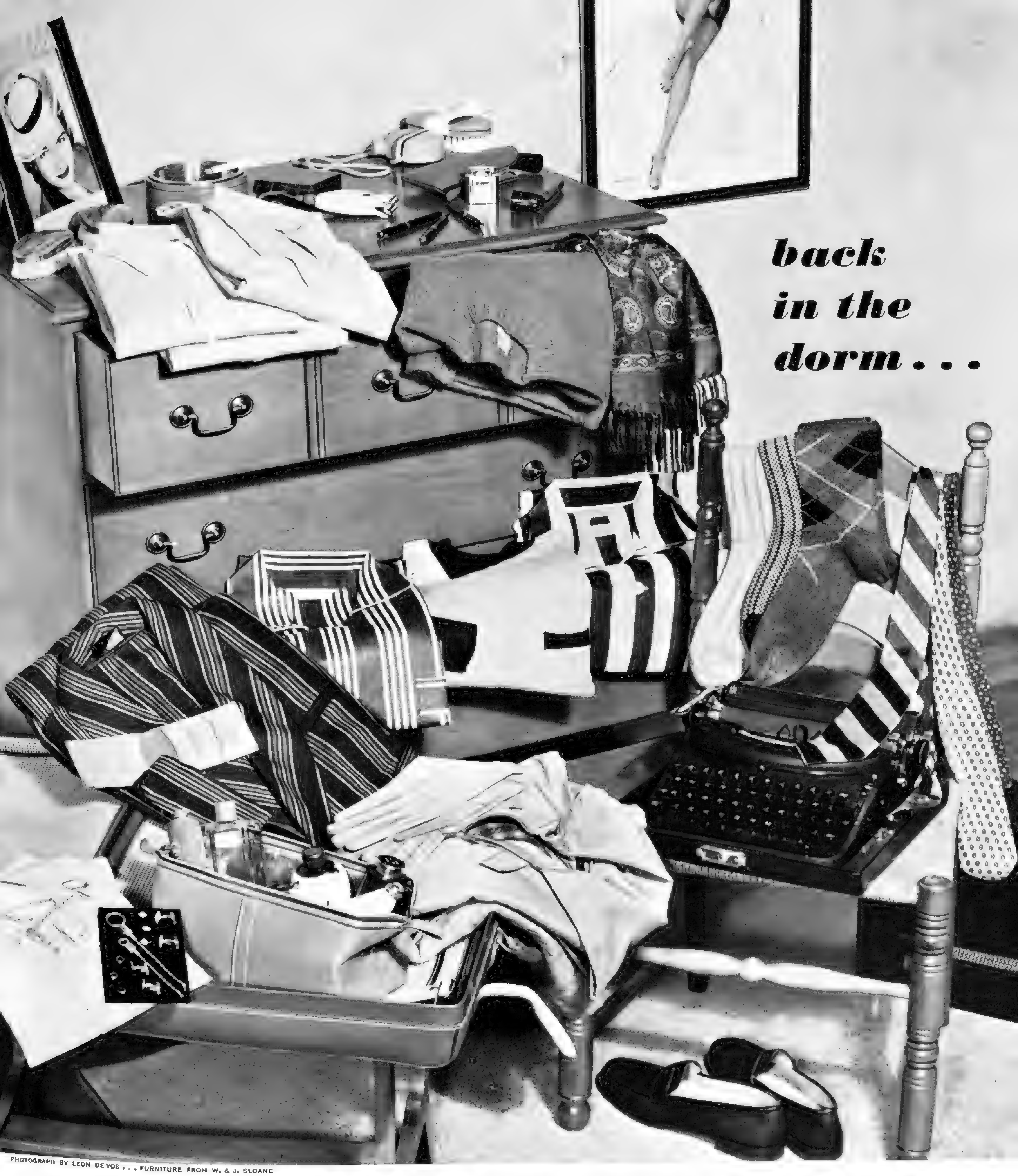
400.00

1	raincoat	$12.50
1	overcoat . . . camel's hair polo, reversible or dark Chesterfield	45.00
1	suit . . . three-button single breasted cheviot, tweed, Shetland or covert cloth	35.00
1	suit . . . grey flannel, single or double breasted	37.50
1	suit . . . dark worsted double breasted town suit	45.00
1	dinner jacket . . . double breasted	40.00
1	odd jacket . . . plain back, tweed or Shetland	20.00
2	pairs of slacks . . . grey flannel and covert cloth	15.00
3	pairs shoes . . . 1 brown wing tip; 1 brown calf brogues; 1 dress shoes	22.50
3	hats . . . 1 colored snap brim; 1 black Homburg; 1 sports	18.50
2	pairs gloves . . . 1 string knit; 1 pig or cape	5.00
10	shirts . . . including dress and sport	30.00
6	suits of underwear	6.00
3	pajamas	7.50
12	pairs hose	8.00
1	robe . . . flannel or silk	8.50
1	pair slippers	3.50
12	handkerchiefs	6.00
9	neckties	10.00
1	sweater	4.50
1	dress waistcoat	5.00
1	dress jewelry set	5.00
	Miscellaneous . . . including belt, suspenders, garters, collar pin, cuff links, etc	10.00

500.00

1	raincoat	$15.75
1	camel's hair polo coat or reversible	45.00
1	coat . . . dark blue or grey dress overcoat or single breasted tweed topcoat	35.00
1	suit . . . three-button single breasted cheviot, tweed, Shetland or covert cloth	35.00
1	suit . . . grey flannel or cheviot double breasted or single breasted	37.50
1	suit . . . double breasted worsted for town	40.00
1	dinner jacket suit	40.00
1	tailcoat suit	40.00
1	odd jacket . . . tweed or Shetland	25.00
2	pairs of slacks . . . grey flannel and covert cloth	16.25
3	pairs shoes . . . 1 brown wing tip, calf or buck; 1 brown calf brogues, Norwegian or saddle strap; 1 dress shoes	22.50
4	hats . . . 1 brown snap brim; 1 black Homburg; 1 sports; 1 opera hat	25.00
3	pairs gloves . . . 1 string or knit; 1 pigskin; 1 white mocha	8.50
12	shirts . . . including dress and sport	35.00
6	suits of underwear	6.00
3	pajamas	7.50
12	pairs hose	8.00
1	robe . . . flannel or silk	8.50
1	pair slippers	3.50
12	handkerchiefs	6.00
12	neckties	15.00
1	sweater	5.00
1	dress waistcoat	5.00
1	dress jewelry set	5.00
	Miscellaneous . . . including belt, suspenders, garters, collar pin, tie clip, cuff links, etc	10.00

back in the dorm . . .



PHOTOGRAPH BY LEON DE VOS . . . FURNITURE FROM W. & J. SLOANE

AFTER the usual greetings and lively talk of registration (how to pick a course without eight o'clocks or Friday afternoon classes) comes the unpacking. Strewn here are typical accessories. Atop the chest of drawers; striped oxford shirts with buttondown collars, satin-wood military brushes, two-toned leather trimmed picture frame, leather covered ash tray, alligator cigarette case, electric shaver, fountain pens and pencil, lighter, pipes, tobacco pouch with convenient places for pipe and tobacco, shower soap with cord, bath brush, Shetland pullover, paisley muffler. On suitcase—evening dress set, tie clips, key chain, collar bar, oxford shirt, brown leather utility case with toiletries, plaid lined gabardine surcoat with convertible hood and collar, natural pigskin gloves, group striped blue flannel robe, pigskin billfold. Across center drawer; blazer striped broadcloth pajamas, knitted pullover pajamas with contrasting trim. On chair—plain ribbed, striped, Argyle plaid wool socks, striped repp silk and foulard ties, portable typewriter. Moccasin slippers.

The General and the Soup

Continued from page 46

army so passionately as he.

"It is not the army that I dislike so much as the officers," said Ian one evening.

"Who are we to say whether the officers are good or bad? Since they are officers we must obey them, and that is all there is to it. They are a part of a large scheme to protect the Empire."

"Aha!" said Ian. "And what is the Empire?"

"It is the land and the people."

"Exactly," said Ian. "But the land is only a very great expanse of dirt. And the people are already so oppressed by the ruling classes that they could not possibly be worse off under the heel of an invader. Therefore, why should I fight to preserve tyranny?"

"Sshhh," I said, and looked around to see if there was anyone to hear. "But what is there to do?" I whispered. "Where can a free man go?"

Ian did not bother to whisper. "To America," he said.

"Ah yes, but that requires money."

"There you have the reason I despise army officers," said Ian bitterly.

"The same old complaint," I said. "You envy them their gold because you yourself are poor."

"That is not the case at all," said Ian. "But if you don't mind I should rather not speak of it."

"Am I not your friend?" I asked. "Am I a garrulous old woman?"

"Very well, then. Would you believe that I once owned a fine restaurant with modern tables, a well-equipped kitchen, and had two waiters in my employ?"

"But you are so young."

"And ambitious," he replied. "All was going well. I was paying my debts and was planning to leave Russia to set up a restaurant in America. I had arranged to sell the fixtures and goodwill to another restaurateur for one thousand rubles, which would have been sufficient to take me to America. And then one night a group of Cossack officers came into my place late in the evening. All of them were drunk, even the Colonel who accompanied them.

"'Wine!' they shouted. 'Give us the best wine you have!'

"My waiters scurried about serving them liquor and food. The Cossacks put their boots on the tables and sang lusty songs about battle and women, the Colonel leading them in the carousal. I had had experience with Cossacks before, and I was certain they would not pay for their drinks, but even so it was better to give them what they wanted.

"'Wine!' shouted the Colonel, and his little red beard bristled like pin points. One of the waiters hurried over with a bottle. Just at that moment a Cossack sitting nearby thrust out his foot. The waiter tripped and fell, the bottle fell and the contents spilled over the Colonel's uniform.

"'*Svinia!*' screamed the Colonel. 'Peasant!' He rose to his feet furiously. 'You have deliberately ruined my uniform,' he cried. 'Cossacks, shall we endure such impudence?'

"'No!' they all shouted 'No!'

"What happened after that I do not like to recall. I tell you, my friend, it makes tears come to the eyes. The tables were shattered, the fixtures broken, the kitchen destroyed. When they had finally completed their work my restaurant was a shambles, and my thousand rubles, for which I had saved for years, was gone. All I could do was stand there helplessly watching them carry on their work of destruction. When they were finished the Colonel came to me and shook his fist under my face.

"'That is merely a lesson,' he said. 'After this you will know better than to spill wine on Colonel Zaratov's uniform!'

"Then he left with the other Cossacks and I surveyed the ruins of my future. That is what is meant by tyranny, my dear Corporal. In America one does not see such things."

We spoke no more of the matter. As time went on Ian became so immersed in his work that he seemed to lose his sense of bitterness. He served tables with profound energy, and even took pleasure in exhibiting his dexterity in performing such feats as carrying four bowls of soup in one hand, serving them without spilling a drop, and at the same time clearing the table with his other hand.

We even indulged in contests to see who could serve a course with the greatest speed, and soon Ian invariably won these contests. It is too bad that medals are not granted waiters for their ability. It seems unfair that marksmen and heroes of battle should win all the awards while the waiters are ignored. If it is true that an army marches on its stomach the men in the mess hall detail should have their proper recognition.

But you will forgive me for digressing. The injustice of the system occurred to me and I could not refrain from airing my opinion. Of one thing I am sure. If medals and awards were given by the army for its finest waiters, Ian Petrovitch's chest would have been a dazzling expanse of bronze, silver and gold. I consider myself a connoisseur of good service, and when I am in the presence of a master I am quite capable of acknowledging it.

All went well for several months. Ian and I were increasingly friendly and were always to be seen together. Then one day after dinner, while we were clearing the used plates in the kitchen, the steward came to me.

"Corporal," he said.

I turned and faced the Lieutenant. "Your Excellency."

"I want to congratulate you and your men on your very efficient and excellent service."

"His Excellency is kind," I said, and my face turned red as beet *borscht* at the compliment. "If the service is good we shall strive to improve it."

"Very good. The new Commanding Officer will be pleased."

"Thank you, sir. I hadn't known there was to be a new Commanding Officer."

"The change in command takes place tomorrow. We must make a good impression on the General."

"Naturally, Your Excellency."

"So we will want to give him our very best waiter. Petrovitch will do nicely."

"Yes, Your Excellency."

"That is all, Corporal." He turned to go, then stopped. "Oh, by the way, Corporal, tell Petrovitch that Madame Zaratov will be with us for dinner tomorrow."

"Madame Zaratov?"

"The General's wife. Remember, we must all be alert." The Lieutenant left the kitchen while I stared at his departing back.

A dish crashed on the floor behind me and I turned around. Ian was staring at the door through which the Lieutenant had just passed. His eyes narrowed down to thin slits, and the corners of his lips were turned down.

"Ian," I said, "I want to talk to you."

We went to my room in the barracks, and Ian sat on the edge of my bed. "Ian," I said at last, "if you would rather not serve the General's table I will be glad to take your place."

"No," he said. "The Lieutenant said I was to serve Zaratov, and it will be so."

"But do you mind?"

"It is my duty," he said. "What happened before is over. Now I am in the army and I have a duty to perform."

"I am glad you are taking it so sensibly," I said.

"I shall give him such service as he has never before seen. Depend upon it."

"Good," I said. "You are a good soldier, Ian. I am proud of you." A good waiter must never let his personal feelings interfere with his business. It is his duty. And so it was with Ian.

The next day the chefs made the supreme effort. Suckling pigs were roasted over open pits and tended carefully until they reached a state of succulent brown. Ices were molded into ingenious forms, and the pastries were such as you have never seen. One chef was responsible for a single course, and the kitchen was a bedlam of chattering as each maintained his creation was a poem of perfection.

Finally we received word that the General had arrived and had taken his place at the central table with his wife and staff. Quickly I cautioned the waiters to be on their best, and then I turned to Ian. "Will you be able to serve the General?" I asked in a barely audible whisper.

"You may depend on me, Corporal."

The first dish was the appetizer which consisted of the most expensive and rarest imported sardines. In those days sardines were a rare delicacy in Imperial Russia, and it was a fitting dish to place before the General. I noticed that Ian's hands were trembling as he approached Zaratov's place, but nothing untoward occurred, and I was reassured. Ian served the course, if not with his usual smoothness, at least ably. The sardines and the dishes were cleared away.

In the kitchen I approached Ian again. His lips were compressed in a tight determined line. "Ian," I said, "the soup is to be served next. You know how difficult it is to serve soup even when you are in top form. But tonight you are not at your best, and I would be glad to take your place."

He shook his head. "I shall serve the soup," he said.

Even as he took the soup plates in his hand my fears increased a thousandfold. Soup is a treacherous course to serve and a steady hand is required for it, for once the hand that holds the plate loses its sureness the liquid begins a slow rotating motion inside the dish, the rotation becomes faster and faster, and soon there is no power on earth that can keep the soup from sloshing over the sides.

"It is here," I said to myself, "that the trouble will be if there is to be trouble tonight." And a small persistent voice inside told me that tonight of all nights would be one of turbulence and peril.

As soon as he began to serve the soup course I knew that my fears were not groundless. This was not the old master of the mess hall serving the soup tonight. The last vestige of his usual skill was gone. The veriest tyro could have done no worse. His hands trembled pitiably as he placed one of the soup plates before the General's wife. I saw that the liquid was beginning to rotate and spin rapidly in the bowl. I wanted to leap forward to steady Ian's hand. I suppressed a cry as the next plate was held immediately in front of the General himself. Ian was in no condition to serve that plate.

And then it seemed to me that the entire universe came tumbling down in nightmarish chaos. The shaking hand that held the plate lost all its strength, the fingers weakened as I watched, suddenly they became limp, and the plate fell from the hand.

I shouted "Ian!" But it was too late. The hot soup spilled from the plate onto the General's lap, spattering his handsome uniform, burning his skin, while some of it spotted Madame Zaratov's gown.

With a cry of anger the General rose. "Hound!" he cried. "Pig! Clumsy ox!"

Ian was unable to speak, and the paleness in his face became a sheet of gray. I leaped to Ian's side. "It was an accident, Your

Excellency," I said. "He tripped on the rug."

"It was deliberate!" shouted Zaratov. "He deliberately spilled the soup on me. I know his kind!" By this time the General's face was an apoplectic purple, and his rage was an awful thing to behold.

"I know his kind," shrieked Zaratov. "He is a revolutionary! He humiliated me before my wife and officers. I will have his skin for this!"

"But Your Excellency, I assure you . . ."

"Quiet! We will have discipline in the camp while I am in command. Guards, hold that man!"

Two soldiers came forward and held Ian, one by each arm. By this time a flush of red had come to my friend's cheeks, and he stood before the General defiantly while his lips curled in disdain.

Such effrontery infuriated the General even more. "You will see how we punish traitors," Zaratov screamed in an excited falsetto. "You will have twenty lashes for this!" he shouted and almost jumped up and down in anger.

Ian merely smiled. The twenty lashes would be laid on with a heavy hand, he knew, and yet he faced the storm with a show of bravery that none of us could help admiring.

"Take him away!" General Zaratov panted. "We will make an example of our revolutionary friend."

"But Your Excellency," I pleaded, "this is not just. A criminal should have the privilege of speaking in his own defense."

For a moment I thought I too would be sentenced to the lash. The General glared at me. then his eyes narrowed shrewdly, and his lips curled into a sneer. "You are a fool, Corporal," he said tersely.

"But even so, Your Excellency . . ."

He thought for a moment, and then a humorless smile appeared on his face. "Very well," he said. "We shall give him an opportunity to speak."

"His Excellency is very kind," I said.

"But," he continued, "if the explanation is not convincing your friend will receive *forty* lashes instead of twenty! That is what your interference has done, Corporal!"

I could have bitten my tongue. In my desire to help my friend I had only succeeded in making his punishment greater.

"Very well," said the General turning to Ian. "We shall hear your defense. But mind you, no lies, or it will go hard with you."

Ian shook his arms free from the soldiers' grasp. The expression of disdain was still on his lips, but I who knew him well could see that he was thinking rapidly. Later he told me that at that moment thoughts tumbled through his mind like cataracts.

"Well, speak man! But I warn you that an apology will do you no good. I saw you drop the plate. It was no accident!"

"You are right," said Ian, "it was no accident!"

"What!"

"I dropped the plate on his Excellency's uniform purposely."

Had Ian gone mad? The General's face once more became suffused with an awful anger. "Impudence!" he screamed. "I will not have it!"

Ian's eyes darted here and there throughout the crowded mess hall, and his next words exploded like a firecracker. "The soup was poisoned," he said.

Whispers flew from the center to the outer edge of the room. Everyone became quiet. The General himself was silent, but only for a moment. "I have warned you against lies," he said, "and now you will be made an example. It will be prison *and* lashes!"

"His Excellency has not heard me out," said Ian. "I was about to serve the soup when I noticed that the color was strange. It was not like the other soup I had served. The odor was different also. When I discovered that an attempt was being made on the General's life I lost my head and the plate dropped from my hand."

Zaratov stared hard at him. "That is a wonderful story," he said at last. "How good of you to save my life."

"Can you prove it is a lie? Is there anyone here who will taste the soup to prove I am lying?"

Zaratov looked around the room, but no one was willing to volunteer. At last Zaratov beckoned to an officer standing nearby. "Lieutenant," he said, "you will find a stray dog and bring him here. If my officers will not taste the soup we will try it on a dog."

The Lieutenant saluted and was gone. For a moment I had hoped that Ian's story would prove successful, but I had not counted on the dog. In a short while the Lieutenant returned pulling a frightened half-starved cur behind him on a rope.

"Now we shall see," said Zaratov. "Some of the soup is still remaining in the plate. The dog will eat the soup." He turned to me. "You asked for justice, Corporal. Am I being just enough to suit your fine democratic tastes?"

I nodded half-heartedly. The General was indeed being just, much too just for Ian's own good.

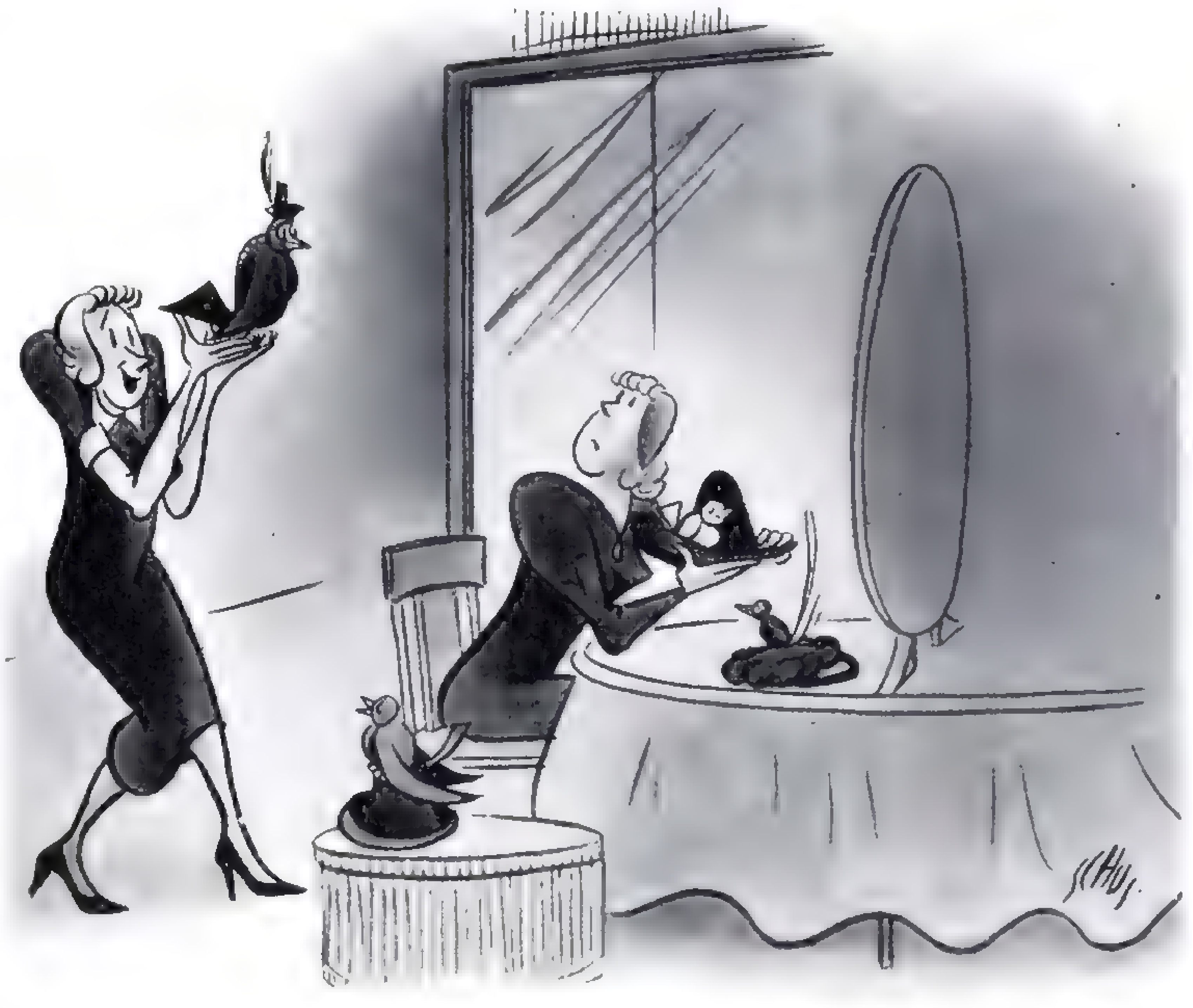
"I shall go even further, " he said. "If the dog eats the soup and dies, I shall reward your friend with a thousand rubles for saving his General's life. However, if the dog lives . . ." He shrugged his shoulders. "In that case your friend will wish to heaven, that the soup had been poisoned and that he was the dog!"

The remainder of the soup was put into another smaller dish and placed before the hound. For a few minutes he was too frightened even to sniff the liquid, but finally one of the soldiers petted him until he was soothed. At last he put his nose to the soup, sniffed it delicately, tasted it with a few tentative laps of his tongue, and then devoured it as if he had not eaten for a week, which was quite possible.

The General took a heavy gold watch from a pocket and snapped the cover open. "Three minutes," said the General. "I give the dog three minutes to die."

Those three minutes were the longest I ever hope to live. The General stood in the center of the room holding the watch in his hand. Ian faced him squarely for a little while, and then sat suddenly in a chair. Hundreds of officers stood staring with me at the dog. The dog licked his chops a few times and in turn stared at us. We stared at him, he stared at us.

No one dared say a word, and you can believe me that the silence was immense. Only the muffled whisper of breathing could I hear. That, and the loud ticking of the watch beating out the three minutes the General had given Ian.



"In this model, madame, the hat is on the bird"

At last Zaratov spoke. "Three minutes," he said, and put the watch away. Two soldiers stepped to Ian's side and took his arms. Ian rose without a word. I tried to think of something I might say, something I might do to help him in his predicament, but no words and no ideas would come to me. It is a terrible thing to be impotent in the face of danger to a friend.

"Lock him up and place a guard over him," the General told the two soldiers. "I shall take personal care of the traitor in the morning."

Ian was led away through a lane that was opened by the officers in the room. Just as Ian and his escort reached the door I suddenly shouted, "Stop!"

They stopped and turned around. "It is the interfering Corporal again," said Zaratov angrily. "Does the Corporal want a taste of the whip himself?"

"Look!" I said pointing with my finger. "Look!"

Everyone looked in the direction I indicated. The room became a hubbub of wild ejaculations. Hundreds of men crowded about the small area staring at the spot in amazed disbelief.

The cur was lying on his side next to the soup plate . . . dead!

Well, General Zaratov had promised Ian the thousand rubles and had to pay him. With the money Ian came to America and opened the restaurant he had always dreamed of. He had finally collected the old debt that the General owed him.

* * *

My customer chewed his food thoughtfully for a little while. "Tell me the rest," he said.

"What else is there to say?"

"Everything," he said. "Am I to believe that the dog died as he did just in the nick of time to save your friend Ian? No, it is too great a coincidence to be convincing. I do not see how it is possible for the dog to choose that particular moment to go to his Maker, unless the soup were poisoned."

"I thought I had told you," I said. "Ian poisoned the soup himself in order to revenge himself on the General, but at the last moment he lost his nerve and dropped the plate."

"That is different," said my customer. "Did you ever see Ian again after he went to America?"

"Naturally," I said. "We are partners in this restaurant. Ian is the chef. He prepared the food you are eating now."

"This same Ian who poisoned the General's soup also prepared the soup I have just eaten?"

"Yes, of course."

My customer pushed his plate aside, rose, put on his hat and paid the check. I have not seen him in the restaurant since that day. Ian sometimes tells me I have a loose tongue. Perhaps it is so. ⋕

The Real Viennese Schmalz

Continued from page 68

Strauss?" Brown laughed. "I'll bet you do your typing in three-quarter time."

III

Brown looked in on Dreher on his way to lunch next day. "Well, how's the Beautiful Blue Danube?" he asked. "Rolling along?"

Dreher looked up from his desk wearily. He hadn't written a line all morning and there were tight lines of worry around his eyes. "Nein, nein, she moves very slow," he answered.

"Oh, you'll hit it," Brown said. "How about ducking out for a little lunchee?" As the self-appointed good-will ambassador of the writers, he had to make the screwy little foreigner feel at home. And of course it wouldn't do him any harm to be chummy with Dreher, just in case he got a sole credit on *Danube* and became a big shot.

"Dankeschön, Herr Brown," Dreher said. "But when I write I am never hungry. See, I have brought a sandwich with me."

From that moment on Brown had Dreher pegged as an all day sucker. He couldn't figure him at all. In his ten years in the business he had seen hundreds of writers come and go, but he had never seen one take a job so hard. Believe you me, he would tell his pals, the little Austrian sausage is doing it the hard way, strictly from torture.

Brown himself was the town's champion horizontal writer. He was one of the last holdouts against the Screen Writers' Guild because he didn't believe a writer should have ethics. He had a well developed memory and a great gift for other writers' phrases. All he ever did was stretch out on a divan between the hours of ten and five and dictate last year's story with a new twisteroo. So you could have knocked him over with a paper-clip when he found out that Dreher was checking in at eight-thirty every morning and pounding away until seven or eight at night. And he was even more flabbergasted when he got news straight from Leah of the stenographic department that Dreher hadn't turned in a single page. Since the new efficiency move was a minimum of five pages a day, this sounded like professional hara-kiri.

Next time Brown saw the producer he couldn't resist giving Dreher a stab in the back, just a little one for luck.

"What's Dreher been doing?—Dozing on the banks of the Danube?"

But the producer only nodded like Solomon. "Give him time. A man who loves Vienna like him! For the real Viennese *schmalz*—I'm willing to wait."

IV

When Brown had to stop back at his office late one night to pick up a script, he was amazed to find Dreher still plugging away, his office full of smoke, an atmosphere of desperation, his hand pushing and pulling a cigarette into his mouth in a series of twitching gestures. The floor around his typewriter was cluttered with pages he had rolled up into nervous little balls and thrown away.

"How's she coming, pal?" Brown asked.

Dreher put out the cigarette he had just lit and tried to smile the way he had heard you should in a studio, but the attempt was pretty sad. "This is the . . . how you say . . . toughest . . . story I ever wrote," he said.

"I don't get it," Brown said. "A real Viennese like you. It oughta be a cakewalk. Old Vienna in the Springtime! Waltzing in the streets! Love on the banks of the Danube! You oughta be able to write it with your eyes closed!"

Next month Uncle Jeff Coongate, the one-eyed poacher and one of Esquire's most faithfully followed characters, will be back in another story by Edmund Ware.

Dreher closed his eyes slowly. "Ja, the Blue Danube," he sighed. "The lovely streets of Vienna—and the waltzes." He stopped short; his fingers stiffened. After too long he said, "Ach, no, it is no . . . cakewalk."

Brown perched on the edge of his desk and waved his cigar around. "How's this for an angle? I'm just thinking out loud, see, but suppose we've got a charming young Viennese student. Nelson Eddy. You know, like the *Student Prince?* Well, Nelson's in love with the barmaid, Jeannette MacDonald, only he can't marry her because he's engaged to some princess he's never seen. But Jeannette's really the princess who ran away from the castle to find *life*, only she don't want to tell Nelson because she wants to be sure he loves her—for herself, see?

"So . . . well anyway, you can pick it up from there—and how do you like this for the topper at the finish?—Nelson and Jeannette doing a duet alone in a little sail boat floating down the Blue Danube, and suddenly their song is echoed by thousands of voices, and you're into a terrific number with all the lords and ladies paired off in little boats singing the Blue Danube like its never been sung before?"

Brown built his climax at the top of his voice, emphasizing its power by thumping Dreher's chest. Dreher had tried to listen attentively. Even though he recognized Brown's angle all too well. He looked from Brown's confident face to the labored, tediously crossed-out manuscript beside his typewriter. It was bad enough for Brown to appropriate a famous old plot. But when a man begins to plagiarize his own work! For Dreher couldn't fool himself any longer. Brown's enthusiasm-coated clichés had jolted him into realizing that the story he was working on was nothing more than a feeble carbon copy of his first operetta.

"Dankeschön," he said miserably. "You are very . . . helpful."

"Aw, don't mention it, Hans. Just let the plot take care of itself." And from the door: "Just give it that real Viennese *schmalz*."

Dreher stared after him for a moment, absently shredding the cigarette he was about to light. Then he was grabbing everything he had written these last two weeks, viciously tearing it in two, flinging it in the wastebasket, and crazily twirling another blank sheet into his typewriter.

He began again, slowly, tentatively, as if every word were being wrung from it—peck, peck-peck, pause, peck-peck. The typing faltered and stopped. As he pressed his small trembling fists against his forehead, he could still hear Brown walking down the hall whistling *Blue Danube*. Then his keys beat another slow-motion staccato, until finally page after page was being torn from the roller and thrown among the heap that lay crushed on the floor.

V

Harold Edson Brown stopped looking in on Dreher after that, because he had seen the handwriting on the producer's desk. The finger was on Hannes Dreher.

"One month and I haven't seen a page," the producer grumbled to Brown. "I think he's a fake. For my money he's never even seen Vienna."

Impulsively the producer got Dreher on the phone. "I don't want any more stalling, Dreher. If you got something I can read, get it up here. If you haven't, get out. I'll give you twenty-four hours."

Next morning Dreher knocked shyly on the door and presented the producer with a manuscript the size of a telephone book. His hand trembled with strain and fatigue as he laid it on the desk. For the last twenty-four hours he hadn't even left his office. He had written faster and faster, pounding feverishly into his typewriter the words that came rushing, the most furious labor of his career, attacking his story the way Van Gogh slashed color at his canvases.

The producer fingered through Dreher's script dubiously, and only said, "I'll call you back in an hour."

An hour later when the producer told his secretary to call Mr. Dreher down again, Dreh was still sitting anxiously in h reception room.

The producer had impressed him with his club-room informality at their first meeting. Now he was barely polite, and his voice sounded crisp and anxious to get it over. "Dreher, I only had to read the first fifty pages to know it was all wrong. It's not what I wanted at all. It's got no life, no charm, it reads like a horror story. It doesn't sound as if you've ever been to Vienna. I'm afraid we'll have to close you out as of today."

By the time they were shaking hands, the producer was already getting Brown on the phone.

At the threshold Dreher's only response was to smile with amusement but no joy, and to bring his heels together in a weary *click*, as he said goodbye in a soft, sad voice.

On his way out of the studi Dreher had to pass the projecti room, where they were testing sound tracks of Jeannette MacDonald singing *The Blue Danube*. The lilting rhythm almost seemed to make his head sway, but the movement was mostly in his mind.

That lovely spring afternoon in Vienna. He had just finished his new play and was celebrating with friends at a sidewalk café. Over the radio had come the strains of *The Blue Danube*, and just as it seemed as if the entire place was beginning to sway, the waltz was harshly cut off. Suddenly, in a nightmare, they were listening to the trembling voice of Chancellor Schussnig. *This day has placed us in a tragic and decisive situation . . . the German Government . . . ultimatum . . . we have yielded to force . . . God protect Austria!*

That had been the signal for the explosion . . . *the thunder of Nazi throats and Nazi boots along the cobblestones . . . the last night . . . full of hoarse screams futile cries the death-rattle of old Vienna . . . and there was Lothar, Lothar my only son just turned twenty-one a scholarship student at the University still wearing the red-and-white ribbon of the Republic . . . my Lothar tying some clothes and books into a hasty bundle whispering: They are hunting every leader of our Fatherland Front . . . I must get out.* Remembering. *The mad rush to the station . . . the fear-crazed crowd fighting for places on* *the train . . . and the new conquerors of Vienna dragging them off . . . Then the last hope of freedom, the steamer anchored in the Danube ready to sail for Prague . . .* Remembering: *the small boat the muffled oars the friendly Danube the beautiful blue Danube where Lothar learned to swim . . . then the angry put-put-put-put of the motor-boat full of the cruel young faces of Lothar's classmates and Lothar slipping over into the dark water diving down to leave behind the ghastly path of their searchlight . . . and the beam always flashing across the darkness to pick him out again . . . the sound of steel winging along the surface like ducks . . . the grotesque pizzicatto of the bullets plunk-plunk-plunking into the river. . .*

VI

Harold Edson Brown was reading Dreher's script. "You don't have to read it," the producer had told him. "Unless you want an idea of what I don't want." Brown had looked at the title *Last Waltz in Vienna* and had only meant to skim through the first couple of pages, but here he was on one-hundred-and-two, feeling every second of Dreher's last night in Vienna. For a moment the power of Dreher's script drove so deep it reached the evaporating pool of integrity buried within him. He still knew real writing when he saw it. He was going to rush up to the producer, slam this script on his desk and shout the truth. "The climax where the old musician is playing a Strauss waltz in a Viennese beer garden as the tramp of Nazi troops and the sound of their drums begin to drown him out—the old Viennese playing louder and louder as if trying to make the voice of old Vienna heard above the tumult—until finally nothing but brown shirts and the roar of their feet, voices and martial music fills the screen and sound track—that will be one of the most terrific moments in the history of pictures!"

But when Brown finished reading he shoved the manuscript under a bunch of loose papers in his bottom drawer, violently pushing it out of his mind. He wondered if he was going to let it lie buried there forever. One of these days (maybe), when he couldn't look his fat check in the face any more, he was going to pull it out and fight for it and watch it blast his piddling little comedies off the screen.

He tilted his chair back, sprawled his feet across the desk and pulled out a bottle of whiskey. What's the matter with me today? I'm getting soft, I'm sitting around mooning like a goddamed sophomore, he lashed himself as he washed ideas out of his head with a healthy slug.

At the same moment Hannes Dreher was slowly climbing off a bus in Hollywood, wondering how to tell his family that the money they were waiting for to buy their way out of Vienna might not be coming for a long, long time.

VII

Harold Edson Brown took his customary place at the writers' table. He was completely recovered. He wore a smile the way a winning race horse wears a wreath.

"What's the big grin for?" the gag man asked him. "You look like the cat who just swallowed a producer."

"Better than that," Brown laughed. "Just got a new assignment. And I'm tickled to death. *The Blue Danube.*"

"Don't forget to change the names of the characters from *First Waltz,*" the gagman said, "so the audience won't know it's a rehash."

"Rehash hell!" Brown said. "Wait'll you hear the new angle I got on it—a twist on the *Student Prince.* I'm going to give it that real Viennese *schmalz!*" #

Behind the Aussies Lies Australia

Continued from page 31

teen or twenty people are killed every year by the swift, gray monsters. Shark patrols are naturally numerous. Watchers from the beach towers on sighting the ripple of a fin, sound the "on shore" alarm, a deep bell that sends the swimmers crawling (Australian style) to the beach. If someone is mangled the fearless Aussies will plunge back into the water not more than thirty minutes after the massacre. The shark, if not the Jap, is Australia's *bête noir* and one rescuer of a shark-incised victim was made a national hero some years ago, presented with a house and given financial help for raising his children. There is supposed to be a November-to-April season for Australian surf-bathing but as a matter of fact the Aussies swim all year 'round. Sydneysiders take a dip before breakfast, butchers, bakers, sheep princes and bank clerks taking the tram or driving down to the beach.

Every Aussie, without straining his budget, can and does play some game. For youth there are cricket, three brands of football, tennis, swimming and boating. The Depression in Australia filled the cricket ovals, not the streets, and there was a holiday rather than an anxious atmosphere. For business and professional men there is golf. For the middle-aged and even the venerable, there is bowling on the green; it is a joy to watch the oldsters indulge in Sir Francis Drake's game in Captain Cook Park, Sydney. Tennis is a staple; three middle-class houses out of five have courts.

Every Aussie "punts on the gee gees." It is a small Bush town indeed that does not boast a track for at least "picnic races," the picnic being another Australian staple. On Melbourne Cup Day the entire state of Victoria suspends business and 100,000 people flock to Fleming Field. Bookies are not shady little fellows cringing before the pari-mutuels but substantial citizens. Parents have been known to give their children six pence to wager on the 'osses between classes at school.

These charming people speak "Austrylion" an interesting English dialect notable for corruption of vowel sounds. Indeed there is not a pure "a" in all Austrylia. Before the war Mother England was very snooty about the state into which the King's English had fallen in the land Down Under; Austrylion was denounced as Cockney prison argot. But like the American language it is rich in descriptive slang coined in the seaports and on the sheep stations "out back." And it has the flexibility and vigor of a living language.

The Australian businessman is a past master of procrastination or was at least before the war. "Wait until the next boat," he would say and leave for the golf links. The international postman never rings twice Down Under; there is about one mail from the States or Europe a week. Before war put the art of leisure into disfavor it was an established custom in Australian business houses to have tea served twice a day at 11:00 A.M. and 4:30 P.M. A stenographer strong on tea making was more in demand than one strong on shorthand.

Business deals are still consummated over a spot of Scotch as they often are in America. Two of the longest bars in the world are in the Australia Hotel. At noon men who are accustomed to taking two hours for lunch stand four deep, served by barmaids. Australia is a hard drinking country; Scotch makes a good substitute for central heating on the rare raw days of the mild Sydney winter.

As a rule in Australia the women are behind the bars, not in them. The barmaids are not inspired cocktail makers and the Aussie knows better than to order a mixed drink. Legally, drinking is supposed to be confined to the hours between six A.M. and six P.M. but illegal drinks are cadged by entering a hotel lobby, selecting a name at random from the register and ordering legally as a guest.

The typical Aussie likes to gamble, drink and make love to the charming girls with curvacious figures. There is a sea chantey that goes, "Australian girls are very fine girls—keep away!" On an average their figures are the best in the world (we'll stand by that until the last compact is thrown). Why? Probably so much exercise on tennis courts and surfing beach. They are well-dressed even though imported frocks sell at fantastic prices. The upside down Antipodean season presents a nice style problem; Australian women have to decide whether to follow last summer's New York or Hollywood styles or try to anticipate next summer's mode. Less inhibited than their American cousins, Australian girls, who outnumber men in the cities, are delightfully frank enchantresses. This may account for the fact that Australian men are remarkably casual about dress. The great plains of this country pasture 114,000,000 sheep (compared to 52,000,000 in this country) but the lackadaisical Aussies just don't bother to put enough of it in the Australian topcoat, a skimpy number that flaps against the knees sometimes above.

The typical Aussie likes his liquor strong and his women curvacious but, like his American counterpart, he also contradicts these Hedonist instincts with a Puritanical streak.

Trains are taboo on Sundays so you can't leave for Melbourne from Sydney on Saturday because it would mean arriving on Sunday. Another manifestation of this paradoxical quality is the huge stadium Australians have erected, a ferryboat ride from Sydney, for the second coming of Christ.

English culture has had its share of influence in Australia but a virile national literature was in full cry when war broke out. Australian novelists are quite naturally preoccupied with the native scene. There is one significant literary tradition: the hero of the Australian novel sooner or later gets lost in the Bush. Authors like Brian Penton who wrote the epic, *Landtakers*, to explain how Australia absorbed and held the first settlers, are recruited from journalistic ranks. Australian newspapers are vital; it takes imagination and background to write the typical column of European news from a two-line cable. Magazines like the *Bulletin* and *Smith's Weekly* are individualistic and notable for excellent comic artists and writers.

Some years ago an arresting analysis of Australia came out in a German newspaper, the *Vossische Zeitung*, then a famous liberal daily in Berlin. It was written by one Dr. Colin Ross and as Australian intellectuals quoted it to each other it went: "Australia is the ultimate development of modern man. Australia has passed the place of incessant labor in which unlimited income is the only aim in life and has reached the stage where the only urge is to live well, work as little as possible and worry about nothing." The Aussies have realized most of these Utopian dreams and were well on the way to achieving other idealistic ends. But they overlooked just one thing and no one knows it better than the Australians themselves today in this year of Our Sword, 1941—in picking the site for this project they forgot to look at an atlas. #

Esquire on the Record

Regale your fair weather pals with Reggie Gardiner's *Trains*, Blitzstein's *No for an Answer*, or Shakespeare according to Welles

by CARLETON SMITH

• RECORDS •

"Tis woman that seduces all Mankind,
By her we first were taught the wheedling Arts:
Her very eyes can cheat; when most she's kind,
She tricks us of our Money with our Hearts.
For her, like Wolves by night we roam for Prey,
And practise ev'ry Fraud to bribe her Charms;
For Suits of Love, like Law, are won by Pay,
And Beauty must be fee'd unto our Arms.

So comments Filch in *The Beggar's Opera.* And he's in the groove.

If you're too hot to hear Bach, if Tschaikowsky induces mental poison ivy, if the sound of Wagner sends you diving toward the shower, if a fleeting strain of *Liebestraum* starts rivers of perspiration down your back, if you're bored with wop opera, if your favorite composer gives you schizophrenia, then shed your clothes and listen with me to *The Beggar's Opera.* It's the best warm weather music I know, and it's as refreshing as the sound of ice in a glass of Scotch.

John Gay peopled his farce with lusty wenches, eighteenth-century imitations of Petty gold-diggers. He knew his public and it's a public that hasn't changed.

All the situations are there:

A Maid is like the golden Oar,
Which hath Guineas intrinsical in't,
Whose Worth is never known, before
It is try'd and imprest in the Mint.

A wife's like a Guinea in Gold,
Stampt with the Name of her Spouse;
Now here, now there; is bought, or is sold;
And is current in every House.

And Mrs. Peachum observes:

If any Wench Venus's Girdle wear,
Though she be never so ugly;
Lillys and Roses will quickly appear,
And her Face look wond'rous smuggly.

And:

If Love the Virgin's Heart invade,
How, like a Moth, the simple Maid
Still plays about the Flame!
If soon she be not made a Wife,
Her Honour's sing'd, and then for Life,
She's—what I dare not name.

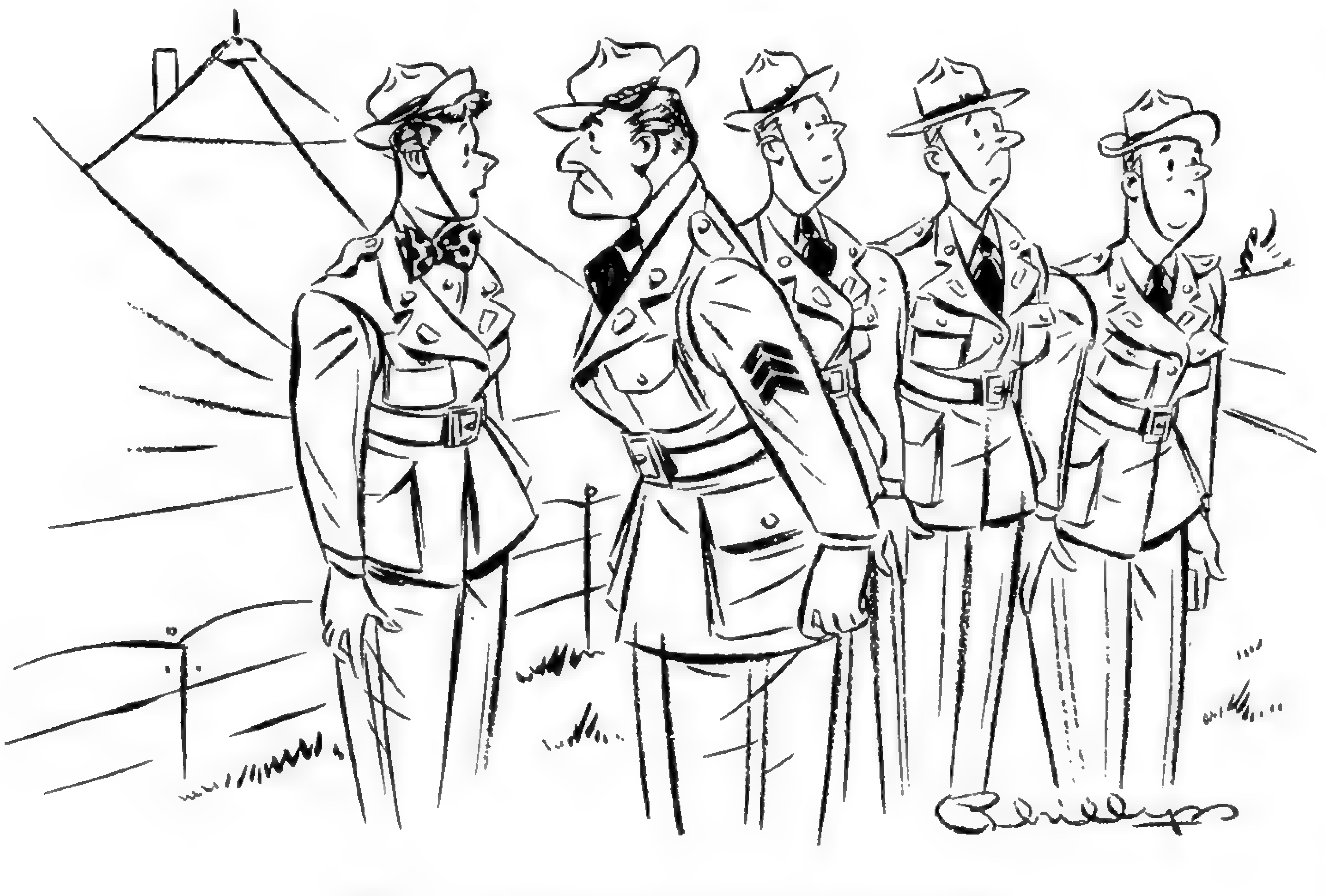
Have you been seduced?
Have you been the corner of a love triangle?
Have you had in-law trouble?
Lost your bank roll at the races?
Bribed a cop?
Then you'll find yourself in Gay's burlesque.

There's advice to those with lawsuits:

A Fox may steal your Hens, Sir
A Whore your Health and Pence, Sir
Your Daughter rob your Chest, Sir
Your Wife may steal your Rest, Sir
  A Thief your Goods and Plate.
But This is all but picking;
With Rest, Pence, Chest and Chicken,
If ever was decreed, Sir,
If Lawyer's Hand is fee'd, Sir,
  He steals your whole Estate.

Advice to critics:

Through all the Employments of Life
Each Neighbour abuses his Brother;
Whore and Rogue they call Husband and Wife:
All Professions be-rogue each other.
The Priest calls the Lawyer a Cheat,
The Lawyer be-knaves the Divine;
And the Statesman, because he's so great,
Thinks his Trade as honest as mine.



"But I never wear a four-in-hand tie"

And Philosophy for the frustrated:

Thus I stand like the Turk, with his Doxies around;
From all Sides their Glances his Passion confound;
For black, brown, and fair, his Inconstancy burns,
And the different Beauties subdue him by turns;
Each calls forth her Charms, to provoke his Desires:
Though willing to all, with but one he retires.
But think of this Maxim, and put off your Sorrow,
The Wretch of Today, may be happy Tomorrow.

This timeless comedy, the sole specimen of its kind to survive, is as gay and bawdy a satire as ever was written in the English language. It has been recorded by members of The Glyndebourne Opera Company (Victor Album M-772). Thirty-eight of the opera's sixty-eight songs are on six discs. This version—no one knows precisely how the work was originally scored and harmonized—is Frederick Austin's and was used for his revival in 1920 at the Lyric Theatre in Hammersmith. The recording is typical of the best done in England: there's good balance, clarity, and the flavor and spirit of the work is preserved. A complete libretto should have been provided.

To understand the action and follow the plot, since some of the songs are omitted and others do not follow in the proper sequence, it is necessary to have a copy of the play. A complete edition of Gay's work is not easy to find, but *Twelve Famous Plays of the Restoration and Eighteenth Century,* (Modern Library No. G-10) contains the play. It's fun to read and the tunes for the songs are included.

TRAINS

Another summer sedative is "Reggie" Gardiner on *Trains* (Decca Album No. 215). If you've ever heard him, you'll never forget him. No man in the world is more qualified to be a train than he.

The brochure says the ambition to be a train came to him just ten years ago. There was no train tradition in his family. None of his ancestors had been one. It happened when he paid a short visit to his old school. At a festive "boy's dinner," the headmaster suddenly warned him that an after-dinner speech was expected. Something near panic swept over Reginald. What could he, a plain straight-forward actor, without a written script, do in the way of entertainment for a lot of critical, yet worshipful, boys. Those were the self-doubts that plagued him from soup to nuts, ruining his appetite. Dinner over, the chairman rose to make his introductory speech and during his opening remarks referred to the summer vacation not far ahead.

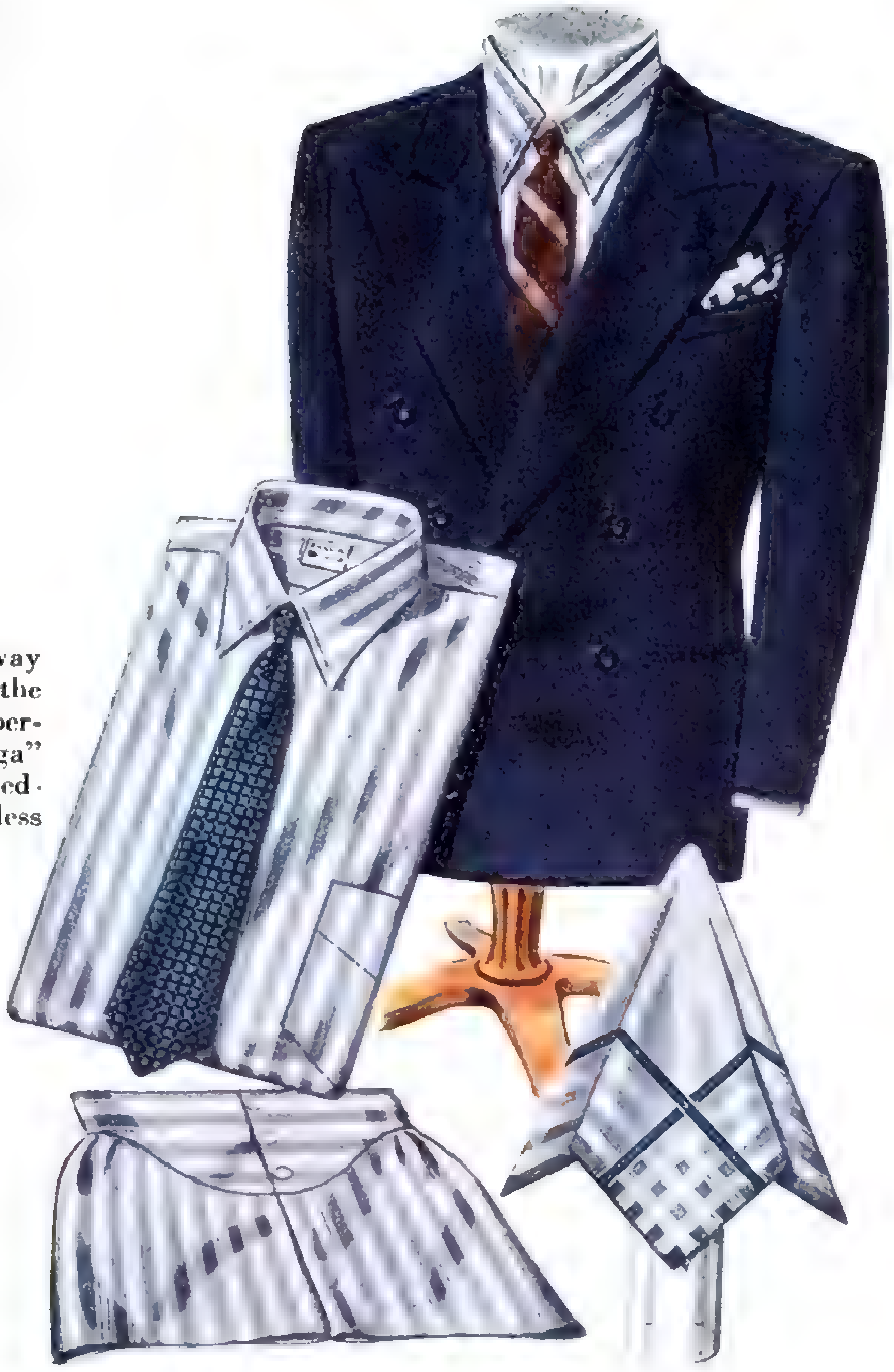
It was during this point that the train slumbering within Reggie came to the surface. He remembered the joy he had once shared with his school mates at the sight of the homeward train pulling into the local

Continued in center of page 146

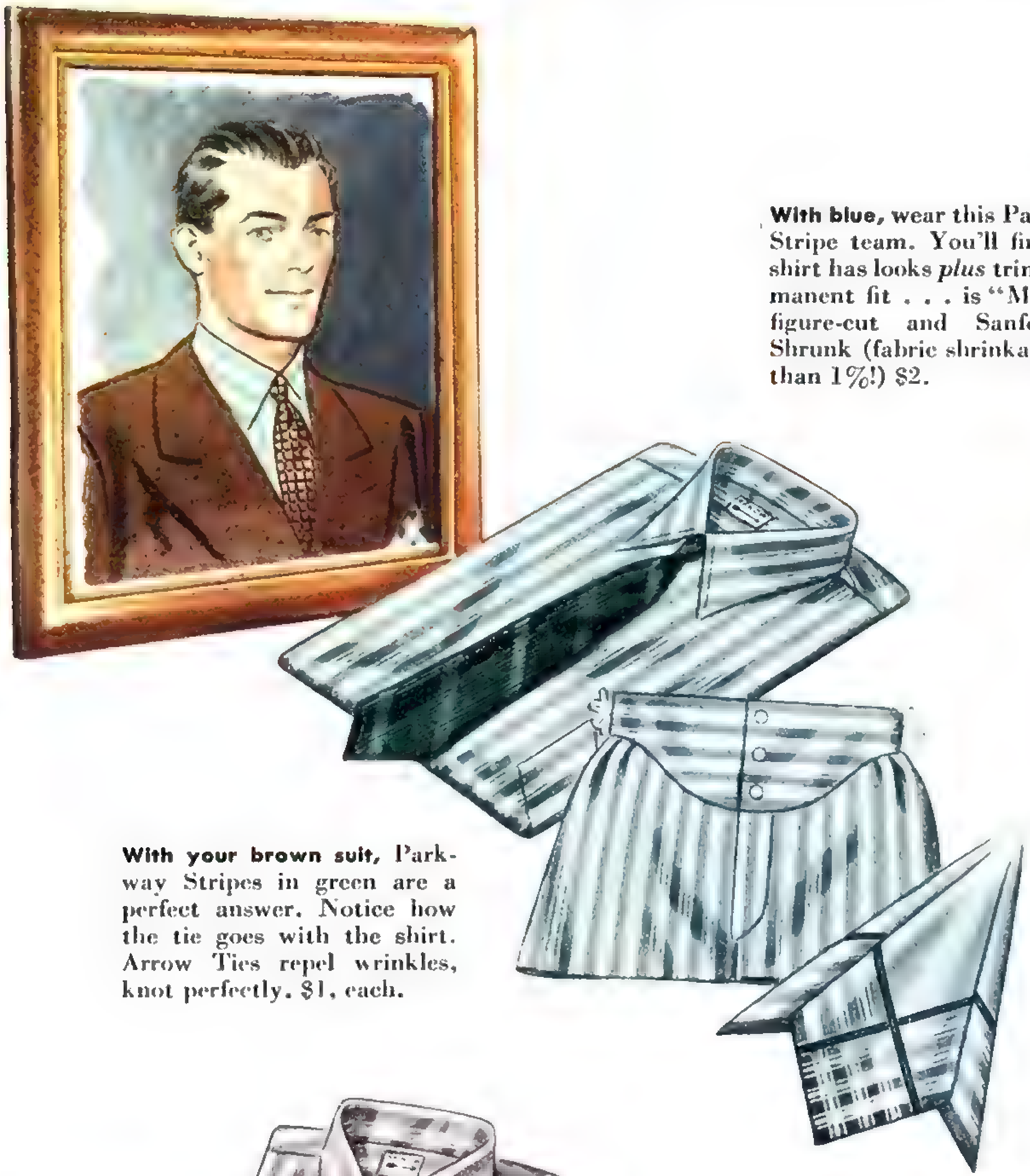
Arrow's news for this month . . . *Parkway Stripes*

ONE OF THE SMARTEST trends in fancy shirts is bold white stripes on soft-colored grounds . . . like Arrow's new Parkway Stripes.

A distinctly broad stripe of white, flanked by fine white stripings on broadcloth grounds gives Parkway Stripes *three lanes* of white . . . and offers the outstanding choice of the season. See Parkway Stripe shirts, ties, handkerchiefs, and shorts at your Arrow Dealer's.



With blue, wear this Parkway Stripe team. You'll find the shirt has looks *plus* trim, permanent fit . . . is "Mitoga" figure-cut and Sanforized-Shrunk (fabric shrinkage less than 1%!) $2.

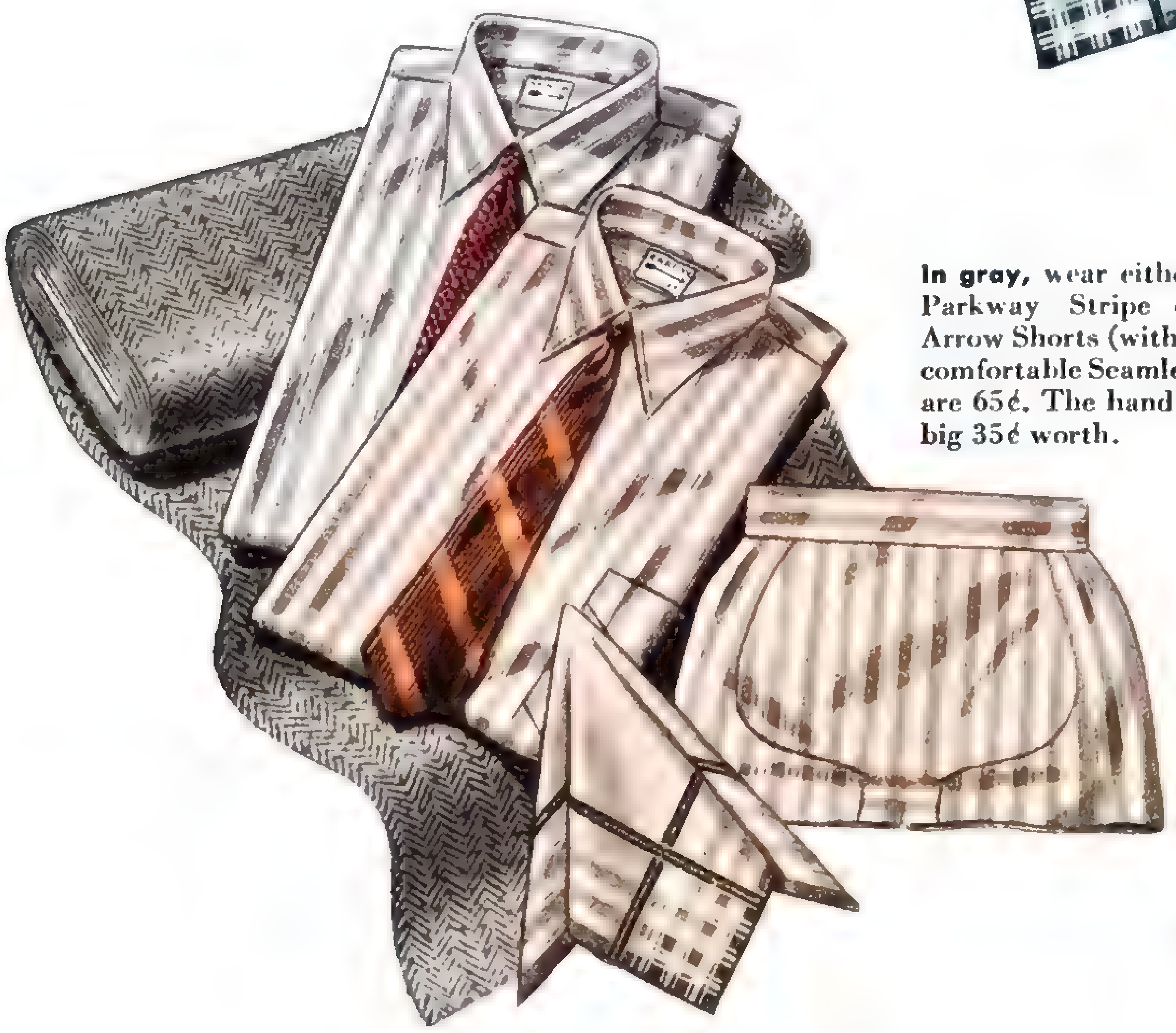


With your brown suit, Parkway Stripes in green are a perfect answer. Notice how the tie goes with the shirt. Arrow Ties repel wrinkles, knot perfectly. $1, each.

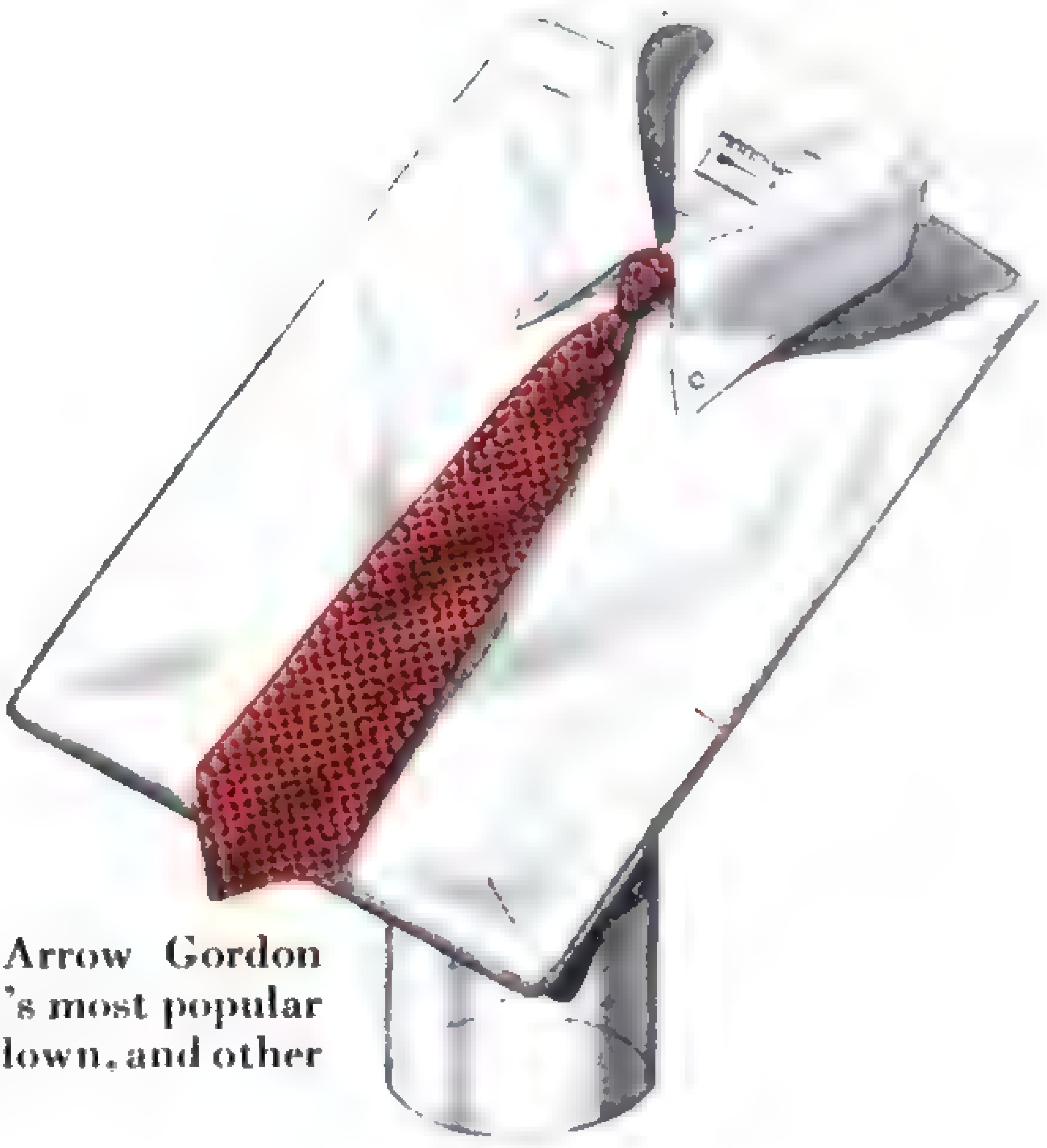
ARROW

SANFORIZED SHRUNK

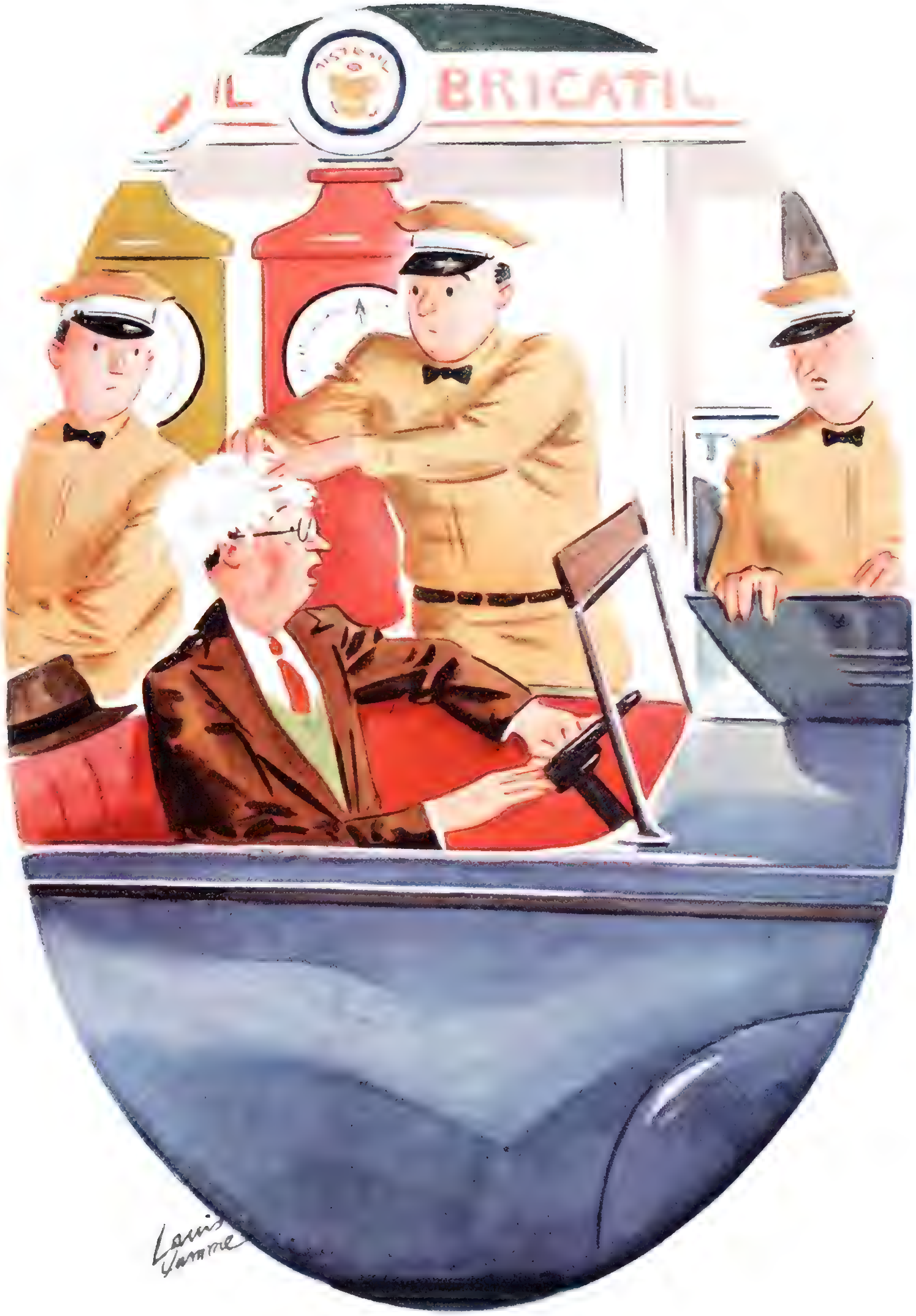
If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't Arrow.



In gray, wear either of these Parkway Stripe ensembles. Arrow Shorts (with the super-comfortable Seamless Crotch) are 65¢. The handkerchief, a big 35¢ worth.



With every suit: The Arrow Gordon oxford is one of America's most popular shirts. In plain, button-down, and other Arrow Collar styles. $2



"The shampoo is something new, isn't it?"

Menkes: Yeast from Paris

Continued from page 70

pectations around the corner. Menkes began studying and painting in a world which honored and rewarded the artist, or rather, which could honor and reward one artist with the same thoroughness and zeal with which it could punish and neglect another. But at least there was a hope and a chance of honor and reward. To attain these Menkes went through a small salient of Hell, hungry and sockless, but in the deepest pit of discouragement he had the consolation of believing that once he became a real painter, he would have an audience, and from that audience there would come understanding and, eventually, a *marchand*, a dealer, and then the realized dream of travelling to the south of France, where the sun was always warm, and the sea blue and the slopes of hills inviting. Menkes realized this dream and he realized it with the same ardor with which he concentrated all his energies on the task of becoming a painter.

It would have suited Menkes' egotistical temperament to have been an only child and the chief concern of his parents. Under such circumstances the most gifted child would have been pushed a little more rapidly along the road to fulfillment. Only from a devoted sister who watched his career with deep concern and occasionally assisted him with funds during the dark days of struggle in Paris did Menkes draw upon a source of encouragement and understanding outside of himself during his early years.

He was born in 1896 in Lvov, the Polish city then known as Lemberg. He began to draw early. Sketches he made in his 'teens, still preserved, display a degree of skill explicable only on the ground of inherited precocity. He could work fast, with intensity and with passion. An early friend of his tells me that almost before Menkes had attended any kind of art school he could dash off a portrait in oils in a few minutes. Even mature artists—professionals, at any event—have trouble "dashing off" a portrait in oils in less than several hours. Menkes tells me that the urge to compose pictures came upon him very early and that at the age of fourteen he passed through a time of crisis—a dark period, he calls it—when he cast the die and decided that he would devote his life completely and without reservation to art.

As a boy, he says, he read widely, although today he is not what would be called a reading man. He will drop almost any book for almost any burlesque show. He used to be fond of the theatre and of poetry, visited every circus that came to town and early developed an attachment for animals, in and out of zoos. At the monkey house in New York Central Park's Zoo he regularly visits Joe and gives him greeting, which Joe sometimes returns in disconcerting ways. Joe does not seem to realize what an important artist Mr. Menkes is. He recalls also that as a boy he used to follow fires assiduously. The stories and characters of the Old Testament and the ritual of the synagogue must have made a deep impression upon him for he produced many paintings on Biblical themes, and he is too deeply a personal painter to use material objectively. Excepting portrait commissions, he paints chiefly what he feels.

He owes a great deal, however, to the mural commissions on which he worked when he was little more than a boy. As the privileged and precocious apprentice he accompanied an elder artist who worked at painting scenes from the Bible on the walls of churches in Poland, Austria and Germany. He thus learned to paint on wet walls, a medium in which few modern artists have skill. During these travels he was enabled to look at and study the paintings in the galleries and churches in the cities neighboring the small towns to which he travelled. His employer permitted Menkes to contribute his own compositions to the walls, after having approved the full-size drawings. The young man composed settings from the New as well as the Old Testament and stated his religious subjects in a matter-of-fact way without feeling that he was "interpreting." On one occasion a church, or his immediate employer, refused to pay him for work done and he was obliged to walk home, which he reached dusty, hungry, rebellious and with torn shoes. His last church mural job, and his most ambitious, was a large panel of Mary and Jesus, with the scene of the Crucifixion as foreseen by Mary. This was done for the Greek-Catholic Cathedral at Lvov, which was burned to the ground shortly afterwards (but not because of this panel) when the Russian Army invaded that part of Poland and seized the city. For young Menkes the invasion supplied a new set of models and he made portrait sketches of the Russian soldiers which he sold to the more intelligent officers, who thus obtained Menkes originals at figures somewhat below gallery prices.

It is a little difficult to be chronological with Menkes, for he likes to travel and he can rarely be counted on to stay in the same place for more than several months at a time. Even lack of funds will not confine him to the same locale. Several weeks before the war broke out, he became a student at the Academy of Fine Arts at Cracow, a center which was more modern and advanced than the technical art capital of Vienna. Menkes' early work was academic and competent, it was the necessary foundation of his mature work, it was the discipline which precedes freedom of expression:

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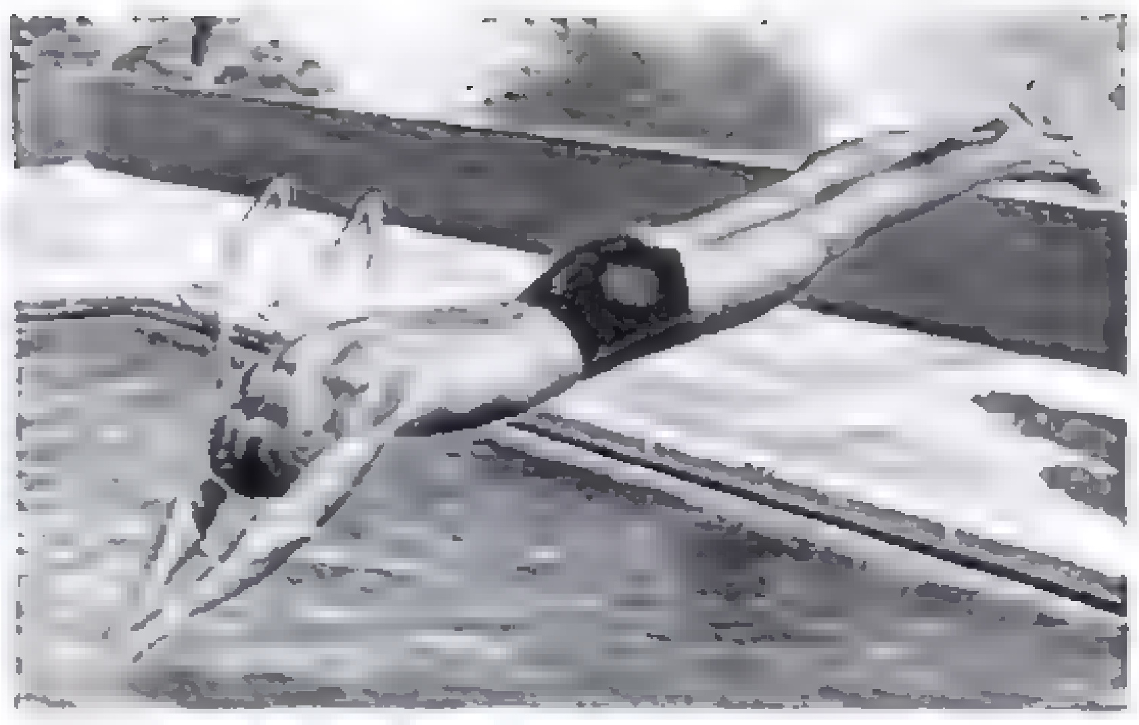
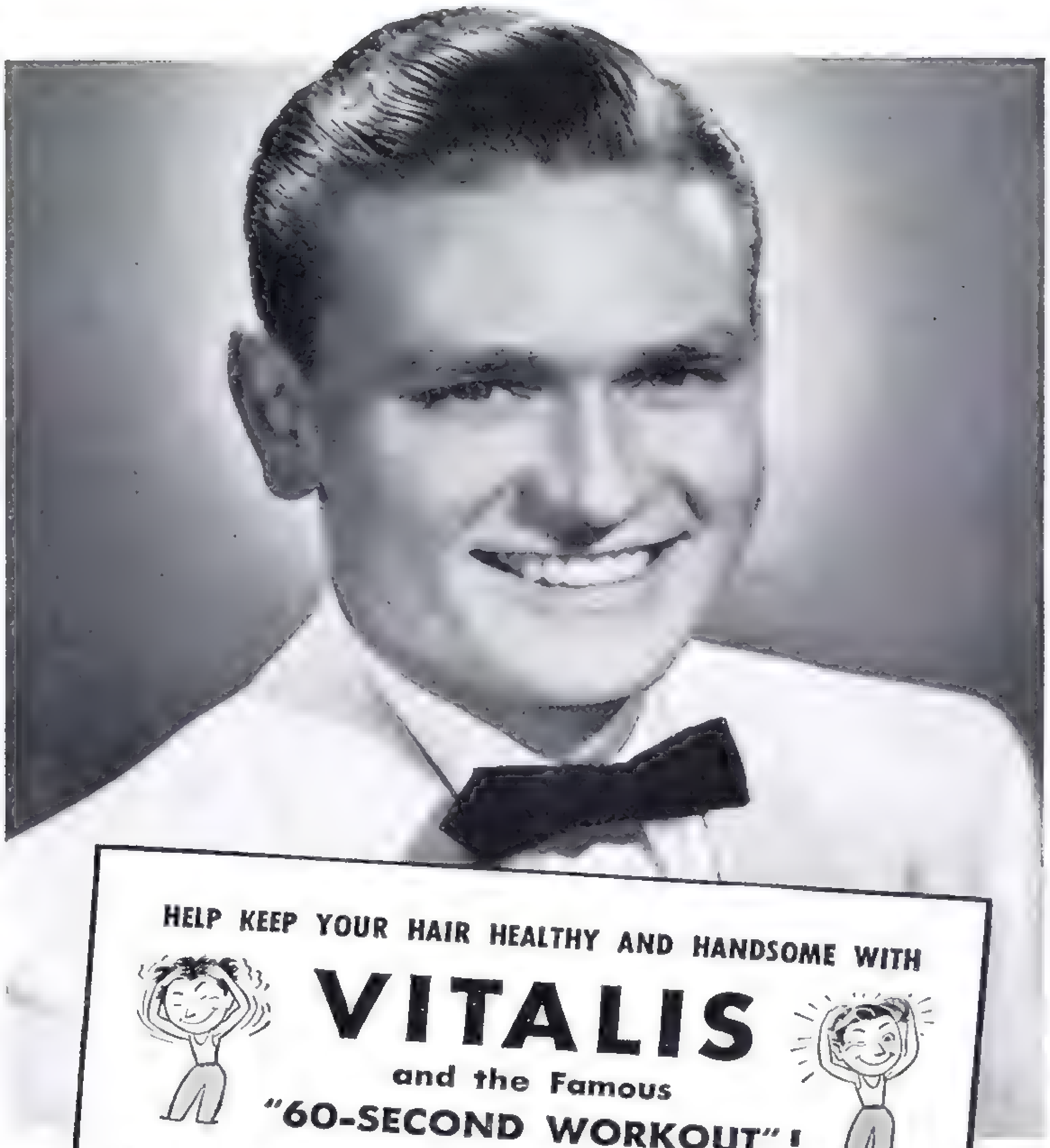


Clicking off pars under the hot sun is fine for general health. But that same sun bakes your scalp and hair. The natural hair oils are dried out, leaving your hair dull and brittle.

Your plunge or shower completes the damage—washes away the last trace of natural oils—leaves hair dry and lifeless! Your hair won't stay neatly in place when combed.

Keep your Hair Handsome
in spite of
Summer Sun and Water



HELP KEEP YOUR HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME WITH

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and the Famous
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1 50 Seconds to Rub—Circulation of the scalp quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance.

2 10 Seconds to Comb and Brush—Hair has a lustre—but no trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

THIS SUMMER—get your fill of summer sports. Harden lazy muscles. Store up resistance for the cold months ahead. *But care for your hair with Vitalis.* Keep it healthy-looking and well-groomed, an asset in all your social and business affairs.

Rub Vitalis onto your scalp freely and vigorously. That stimulating "tingle" means circulation is quickening in your tight, baked scalp, encouraging natural hair oils to flow freely. And the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis are supplementing natural oils, helping your hair to a natural, good-looking lustre. Unsightly, embarrassing, loose dandruff is routed and the brisk massage helps prevent excessive falling hair. And so it helps you *keep* your hair.

Your hair combs neatly into place—and stays that way—with no trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Get yourself a bottle of Vitalis at your druggist's today. And right now start your workouts with Vitalis and see the end of Summer with your hair in better shape—healthier and handsomer than ever.

A Product of Bristol-Myers Company

USE VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

Menkes: Yeast from Paris

Continued from pages 70-107

at Cracow he won prizes in painting and composition. But early he began feeling a strong pull toward the new art that was becoming characteristic of the School of Paris. He studied deeply every book in the Academy library that contained reproductions of French art. Whenever there came to Cracow a student who had already visited Paris, the Polish provincials made an audience for the cosmopolitan, and the breath of Menkes was probably the most bated. "The only hope that sustained me," says Menkes, "was that some day I would go to Paris."

But before Paris there was Vienna. What drew him toward the Austrian capital was the desire to see the Old Masters in its churches and museums. That there were other attractions, other motives, I have no doubt. Not possessing the train fare, Menkes put on the uniform of a soldier, in which disguise he reached the city. There, in a public lavatory, he took off his uniform and became again a civilian. He financed a stay of several months by painting portraits, which gave him enough cash to enable him to return to Cracow on a purchased ticket. There he continued drawing, painting, exhibiting, selling. The goal of all these activities was—Paris.

He reached the city of his dreams shortly after the war, in 1919, but with means insufficient to withstand the siege. As he told E. Teriade, the French writer on art, many years later, he does not know how he survived. How could Paris, the city of art, be so hard upon its artists? The worst deprivation was not being able to paint, for if you cannot pay for mere food and shelter, how can you buy canvas, brushes and paints? If only Paris had resisted the Germans half so effectively as she has resisted the talents who have tried to storm her invisible walls.

At any event, Menkes returned to Poland, being compelled to acknowledge temporary defeat. A year later he returned to Paris and, this time, stuck it out. To make a living, he undertook whatever came to hand. His knowledge of mural decoration qualified him for the job of painting scenery for the Paris Opera, which may explain his indifference to that form of music. During his early years in the metropolis he lived in one of its most curious buildings, one that once had been a hospital. Failing in that exclusive purpose, the upper floors had been converted into studios, from whose windows the artists could look out upon the frequent funeral processions that distinguished that edifice. The building contained also a gymnasium and a Turkish bath. It must have been a lively place, from the way in which the alumni of its studios delight to exchange reminiscences of their years there.

For about six years, or until late in 1926, Menkes beat at the gates. He was striving to reach the maturity of self-expression through Cézanne and Roualt at the same time that he struggled to achieve an individual identity by obliterating the tracks of these influences. He was painting in broad strokes, striving for a freedom that would communicate his emotion through forms realized through sheer color. He became a French modern not through gradual development from his first way of seeing and painting, which would have been a most lengthy process, but like a man taking a plunge, without reservation, without backward glance. His early subjects, as Teriade tells us, were Jewish scenes, extensive prospects, opulent still lifes. To quote Teriade: "After its early freshess and simplicity (his work) became passionate and turbulent and ended by expressing all the unsatisfied desires of the artist as well as his keen passion, his thirst for exaltation, so latent in his soul."

The break came with the Salon d'Automne of 1926, to which Menkes had sent six of his best pictures. It is obvious that they were looked at. Early one morning, almost at dawn, if his memory is to be trusted, Menkes was awakened by a visitor who wished to see all his paintings. He was a Greek gentleman. There is no time of day or night when a struggling artist will refuse to show his work, and the Greek gentleman looked his fill and then said, with a large flourish, "These pictures are now mine." It was his way of saying that he was offering to become Menkes' dealer. This meant a monthly allowance against future output, a large bankroll stuffed into his pocket for travel and an early departure the next morning for the South of France, more particularly St. Tropez. Thereafter, until 1933, he divided his year between the Riviera and Paris, taking flying trips to Spain and Holland, Belgium and Germany. Up to the time he left France, he was under contract to dealers, with no economic worry and the freedom to live and to paint.

He savored all the delights of being a Parisian in Paris, a boulevardier, and, at the same time, a hard worker stimulated by the knowledge that there was an audience, a market, for his work and that as an artist he had become a figure of consequence in

College jury picks these two Jantzen Sweaters as the styles of the year!

From dozens of new sweater styles and textures, a college jury from 5 great American universities, east and west, selected these two outstanding Jantzens as *the sweaters of the year*.

In every stitch they are first award winners. Winners because of their precision tailoring—permanent fit—rugged wearing qualities. They are as correct and smart as a page out of *Esquire*.

Left: The Jantzen "Chevron Pullover" with a new patriotic chevron design. (V or crew neck)....$5.95

Right: The Jantzen "Scotch Fleece Sleeveless", soft and light with a new self-stripe design.........$3.50

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JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS • PORTLAND, OREGON

the art capital of the world.

His art made friends. His paintings were purchased for national museums in Paris, Berlin, Breslau, Warsaw, Copenhagen, Athens, Cairo and Belgrade. For the Jugoslav National Museum, Prince Paul, who later became regent, himself did the buying, acquiring ten canvases which he divided between the state and his private collections. As late as 1932 the Berlin Museum bought one of his largest and most ambitious conceptions, *Torah*, a Michelangelesque composition, in earthy browns, of a synagogue setting. It was nine by thirteen feet, a museum piece in all senses of the word. Among its admirers was Dr. Hanfstaengl of Munich, the art dealer who was one of the cultural intimates of that extraordinarily successful demagogue, Adolf Hitler. Dr. Hanfstaengl spent the equivalent of $25,000—the figure is Menkes'—to make a color reproduction of *Torah*, part of his expenditure going into the construction of a studio large enough to accommodate the canvas while the color cameras were focused upon it. By the time the edition had been printed and ready for distribution and sale things had happened in Germany which made it impolitic for one of Hitler's friends—especially the one who played Wagner for him on the piano—to make cultural propaganda for a painting which celebrated Judaism, no matter with what aesthetic refinement this celebration was accomplished. It is still true, however, that the art of Menkes makes friends.

Around 1930 the painter abandoned the brown sauce palette in which *Torah*, for one, is painted and abandoned also dependence upon dramatic subject matter. The things that happen on his canvases now are in the painting, in the color and the composition. Although his portraits—especially of women—are strong and simple and tender, and his landscapes have a tropic sensuousness, his still lifes are his most brilliant warrants to consideration as a painter, most particularly his flower pieces. Today he is resting on his oars, on his ability to create form with color, which, for others who call themselves painters, is a tough proposition. Menkes is a virtuoso of the palette. But the question is: Is he going to say something and is he getting ready to say it? #

A Tale of the Sea

Continued from page 29

another there. He managed to get a fragment of the splintered rail and whittled it into a club. With that as a weapon he made raging but infinitely cautious raids—leaping to the rigging when too many of the new owners of the ship were aroused.

At nightfall the new owners crawled below, sluggishly. The decks held heat only for a little while. When it died away, the rustling creatures sought for other warmth. When the moon rose—though the ship still heaved horribly and pitched uncontrollably—the man stood again upon the deck in safety from them. But it was a strictly temporary, a fictitious safety. It was the safety a rat might have in a ship under the control of men, no more.

And the simile occurred to the man and made him curse.

That had been ten days before. Now he perched high in the crosstrees and searched the horizon for a sign of sail or land. The ship rolled and heaved and wallowed and pitched. The man could go down to the deck, now, whenever he chose—if he were careful. He had learned tricks of slaughter in the ten days past. He had raided cunningly, persistently, savagely, nibbling at the numbers of the conquerors of the ship as—say—rats might nibble at the stores of men. Now they were actually scarce. But he had fought them with furtiveness and with surprise. He might be said to have recaptured the ship. But he had recaptured it as one of *them* might have taken it. Not in fair fight, but by a long series of assassinations. They had reduced him to the status of a lower animal, of vermin, and he had fought back as vermin fight. But he was not content. It is not good for a man to fight like a lower animal. Every man knows it.

This man's face was set in an habitual anger now; a sort of persistent angry shame. He cast a last glance around the rhythmically tilting horizon. Nothing. He compressed his lips and prepared to descend. He went down the shrouds with his eyes threateningly alert, watching the cordage below and all about him. The ropes, though, were only ropes.

Presently he swung down to the deck. It was notable that he landed in a clear space, some distance from any rail or object on the planking. It was also notable that his eyes darted challengingly about him without ceasing.

He descended to the cabin, and his caution grew more evident. In the cabin there was a sweetish, musky odor. It was very faint, but it was present. The man's nose wrinkled angrily. He came to the skipper's cabin stores, with signs of having been dined upon before. He chose the materials for a meal. He opened a can of this and a can of that. A box of biscuits. He drank from a stock of bottled stuff.

Then he moved, still carefully, back to the deck again. He went forward, very much alert indeed. Part of a coil of rope, neatly stowed, the end of which ran up through multiplying blocks and from there to the cover of the forward hatch. He heaved on the line.

There was a creaking and a groaning sound. Presently the hatch cover stirred. One edge rose

Continued on page 110

A MIRACLE! "TIGHTWAD" THOMPSON'S ORDERING FOR THE WHOLE GANG!
WAIT!.. THE WAITER'S ONLY BRINGING ONE BOTTLE!
S-A-A-Y, THOMPSON, THOUGHT YOU SAID: BRING 33 FINE BREWS—NOT ONE!
SO I DID! BUT THIS IS "33 IN ONE"... PABST BLUE RIBBON!
THEN "TIGHTWAD" TREATS!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY "33 IN ONE"?
PABST BLENDS 33 FINE BREWS TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER... ER—HAVE ONE ON ME... AND YOU'LL SEE WHAT I MEAN!
YOU SEE "33 TO 1" BLENDING MAKES BLUE RIBBON SMOOTHER, FINER, TASTIER... ALWAYS THE SAME!
BLUE RIBBON BEER IS TOPS FOR MY MONEY, "TIGHTWA".. ER.. THOMPSON! THANKS FOR THAT SWELL TIP ON "33 TO 1"!
IT'S "33 TO 1"... OUR FRIEND THOMPSON "TREATED US RIGHT" WHEN HE INTRODUCED US TO PABST BLUE RIBBON! LIKE THE FINEST COFFEE AND CHAMPAGNE... EXPERT BLENDING MAKES IT SMOOTHER... TASTIER... UNIFORMLY DELICIOUS!
Pabst Blue Ribbon
Blended 33 to 1
PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER
Pabst BLUE RIBBON

Imagine! "Tightwad" Thompson saying:

"Waiter Bring Me 33 FINE BREWS!"

"Next time, why don't *you* treat yourself to PABST BLUE RIBBON? Remember, '33 TO 1' BLENDING makes it your *best bet in beer!*"

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33 FINE BREWS BLENDED TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER!

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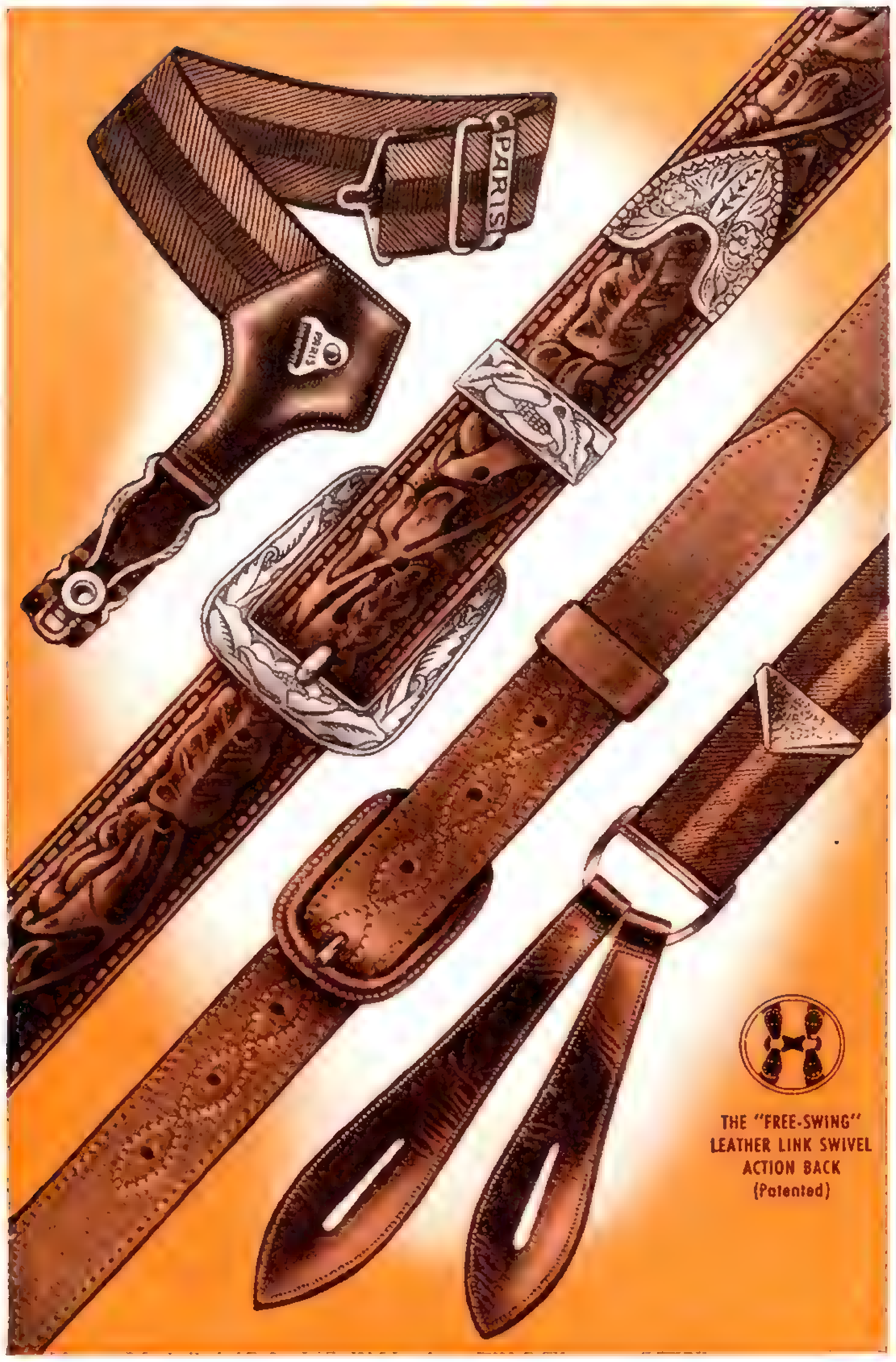
. . . IT'S TASTIER
IT NEVER VARIES

Enjoy it in full or club size bottles, handy cans, and on draft at better places everywhere.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A Tale of the Sea

Continued from pages 29-109

a little. A very little. It rose more, with strident and raucous creakings. Then something black and sinuous whipped across the deck, wriggling. It came from a hiding place underneath the hatch cover's lower edge.

The man belayed his rope carefully, the thin angry line grown deeper between his brows. He armed himself and grimly trailed the thing that had wriggled so swiftly across the deck.

He came upon it, partly hidden under the anchor-chain. He poked, and it fled again. Suddenly it found itself cornered and flowed about upon itself—without the fraction of an instant's pause—and raced toward him, fangs erect and bared.

He struck savagely. Again and again. Presently he threw something overboard. The waves took it. The man's teeth showed in a mirthless grimace.

Back at the hoist. The hatch cover came up and up, swaying with the motion of the ship. Presently a yawning opening appeared. From it came more musky, sweetish smell. It was a smell utterly incongruous to the salt odor of the sea, and the other odors of cordage and tar and sun-scorched paint that properly belonged to the ship.

The man belayed his rope again. He looked down into the hold. Ballast. Crates. "Braeme-Walker Expedition." A few of them were intact. Most made themselves into an awful mess. Below, the evidence of a terrific crash was more evident than even abovedecks. By the look of things, the ship had been thrown on her beam ends. And down here there had been many crates piled in neat stacks, with walkways between them for the daily inspection of their contents. Now those crates were splintered, and from the mass of debris there arose an odor like that of a zoo. Only, part of the normal pungency of a truly variegated zoo was faded and thin. What remained was sweetish and musky.

The man inspected the hold from above. Then he descended. Presently he stood on the floor of the hold. Smashed cages. He skirted them. He heard a rat scamper somewhere and listened to it sharply. But he made his way to the one place below-decks where there was evidence of his labor.

It was a cage which had been shattered, and which he had repaired. But it was not as strong as it had been. Some of its main timbers were cracked. One essential beam had broken in half and was patched, and much of the strength that remained to the cobbled cage came from rope tied about it. The openings of the cage were very narrow and very small. Inside it something moved restlessly with a dry, rustling sound.

The man's eyes grew accustomed to the shadow. He saw the flowing movement within.

"H'llo, there!" he said grimly.

The character of the movement changed. A head became visible. A triangular, deadly small head, hardly larger than the palm of his hand. It poked at the small openings restlessly, persistently. Every one had been tried many times, but the head tried them all again. Small, inhuman, lidless eyes looked coldly at the man.

"Yeah," said the man defiantly. "You still tryin' to get out. I'm goin' to let you out presently."

The head hissed at him. It was a sound of concentrated venom. The man nodded, even when a thin forked tongue darted out of an open mouth and curved teeth gleamed at him.

"Funny, ain't it?" asked the man between tight lips. "I hadda swell chance to kill you. You swallowed that monkey, hey? You slep' him off like he was a jag. I fixed up y'cage instead of killin' you. Y'hangover didn't last long."

The head hissed again. There was a vast flowing-about within the cage. The sound of a blow. The cage quivered. Another blow. The man's hands clenched.

"Not yet you don't get out, though!" he said. "You ain't quite hungry enough. It hurts when y'hit, so y'quit. But when you get hungry enough you'll smash that cage, all right. Then what'll you do? Track me down? Looks like you hate me plenty. A'right. It's mutual!"

The head appeared again, making its restless thrusts, its impatient, unresting thrusts, at the openings each one of which it had tried to flow through many hundreds of times before.

"I could whittle you down some," said the man grimly. "If I wanted to I c'd kill you, an' y' wouldn't have a chance. I could pile stuff on y'cage an' smoke you to death—unless it made you desp'rate enough to break out. But I'm goin' to kill you fairer'n that." Then the yellow-haired man said balefully, "Not that I'm thinkin' of you! I coulda chopped you in two with a axe, while y'were asleep, full o' monkey. I'm thinkin' of me! I'm goin' to kill you to even somethin' up, an' it's got to be somethin' like a fair fight."

Again a hissing sound, filled with a horrible inhuman hate, sounded through the hold of the little ship. There were small tapping noises. The cage wasn't strong enough, and the man knew it. There was three-hundred-odd pounds of live steel cable and hatred in it, and the patching of the cage was precarious. It wouldn't hold together much longer. The python had been sluggish; practically unconscious when the man found it. But now its meal was digested and it was sluggish no longer. It was awake and growing hungry, and as it grew hungry it grew deadly. It had become a furious, a raging thing, filled with hatred for the man.

And it was the one living thing upon the ship which no man could have despised. It was the one thing which no man would ever have essayed to kill as—well—as vermin. And it was the one thing which, solitary and alone, might have looked upon a man as something so inconsiderable as to be hunted for food; in the same light as a rabbit or a rat. As vermin.

Therefore it was the one thing that could ease the man's anger and restore his self-respect.

He regarded it with burning eyes.

"I guess you' ready, now," he said grimly. "You an' y' little pals took this ship—sneakin', by God!"—The charge had no reason back of it, but the man's voice shook with hatred because he had been forced to recapture the ship by methods he considered sneaking, too.—"I handled them. They' vermin. I wasn't scared of them. But by God I ain't scared of you either, an' I'll handle you the same way I handled them!"

The python hissed, and the man snarled at it.

He went back to the deck and lowered the hatch-cover. He could go where he liked now—with due caution. He set up a small blacksmith's forge on the wallowing deck. He blew up a fire. He took two wood-rasps from the carpenter's tool kit. Then for a while the deck rang with his hammering.

Most men give some sign of pleasure in their own handicraft. But this man worked grimly. He hammered out a short sword from the welded files, and he tempered it, and then he made a curious protection for his left arm, with spikes. And after that for a long while there was the biting whine of filing to mingle with the sound of the wash of water and the creaking of blocks and the various small noises of the ship itself.

The ship pitched and rolled and heaved and tossed. Her topmasts traced intricate arabesques against the sky. She pointed successively to every point of the compass, and the racing walls of blue water all about her sometimes hid the horizon, and sometimes showed it as the crest of a vast, steep slope of sea.

Then the sun set. Presently the man climbed aloft and lashed himself fast in the rigging, to sleep. And the ship pitched and tossed and rolled and heaved till morning.

With daybreak, the man was stiff. He came down to the deck and stretched himself. The sea was almost purple, and the new sun rays were gold. He went down into the cabin to eat—and found there a gorged black thing which had killed and swallowed a rat during the night. He killed it with the sword he had made and carried it on that sword's point to the rail.

Then, later, he climbed to the crosstrees and searched the horizon exhaustively. To the north, nothing. To the west, nothing To the south—

There was a speck against the world's edge. The man watched it for a very long time. It was a ship. Its course would bring it definitely close to the vessel from which he watched.

The man stared at it, and he did not look rejoiced. Because, so far, he had not settled a certain matter. Because he had been put in the position of a lower animal, and he had acted with the cunning of a lower animal in the recapture of the ship. And it is not good for a man to act with the direct ruthlessness of a lower animal. To be wholly human and wholly self-respecting, it is necessary to be something of a fool.

The line between the man's brows grew deep and dark as he looked at the other ship. The cordy muscles of his jaws tightened. With the wind blowing his yellow hair and his half-naked body lighted by the morning sun, he looked rather like a Viking. The short sword glittered against a background of colored sea.

He went down to the deck. Presently a flag flew over his head, union down. A signal of distress. The man went to the hatch-cover hoist and heaved up on it. The cover came tilting up. He glanced down and went forward to the forecastle. He came back with a straw mattress. He dropped it into the hold and descended. He moved cautiously but with some celerity. He dragged an iron tub into place. He half-filled it with straw.

Then he went to the cage. A heaving thud sounded, and a furious, ravenous hissing. The man said grimly:

"There's a ship comin'. I got to even things up right away. You'll get y'chance at me now."

With the edge of his improvised sword, he sliced three parts through the rope that braced the cage. One place. Two. The thing inside could break out easily. He went back to the iron tub and struck a match. Smoke arose. He went up the ladder. He cast off the rope with which he had hoisted the hatch-cover. It went down with a growling roar and a thunderous impact. He took a hatchet and chopped away his own repairs to the cover. An opening showed, going down into the hold. Thin white pungent smoke came out of it.

The man waited. The ship wallowed in the trough of the waves. Her bow wabbled here and there. The horizon careened crazily.

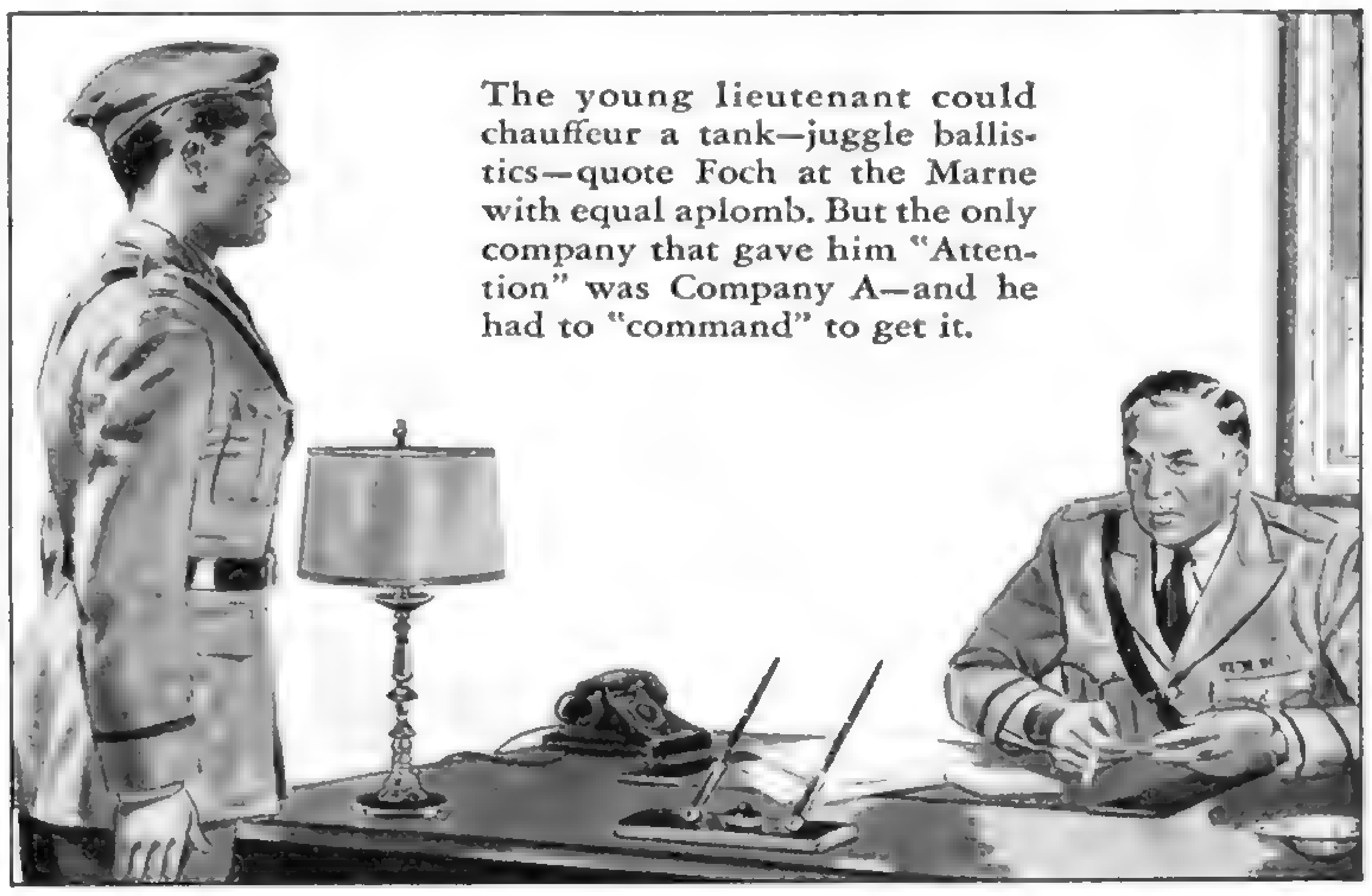
Nothing happened. For a long time there was no change in anything, save that the smoke from the hold grew thicker. The man still waited, his lips a thin line and that deep crease between his brows deeper and more savage than ever before.

Then, suddenly, something came out of the smoking hole. It came out swiftly; savagely. Yards of it, thick as cable and vastly more deadly. It came out hissing.

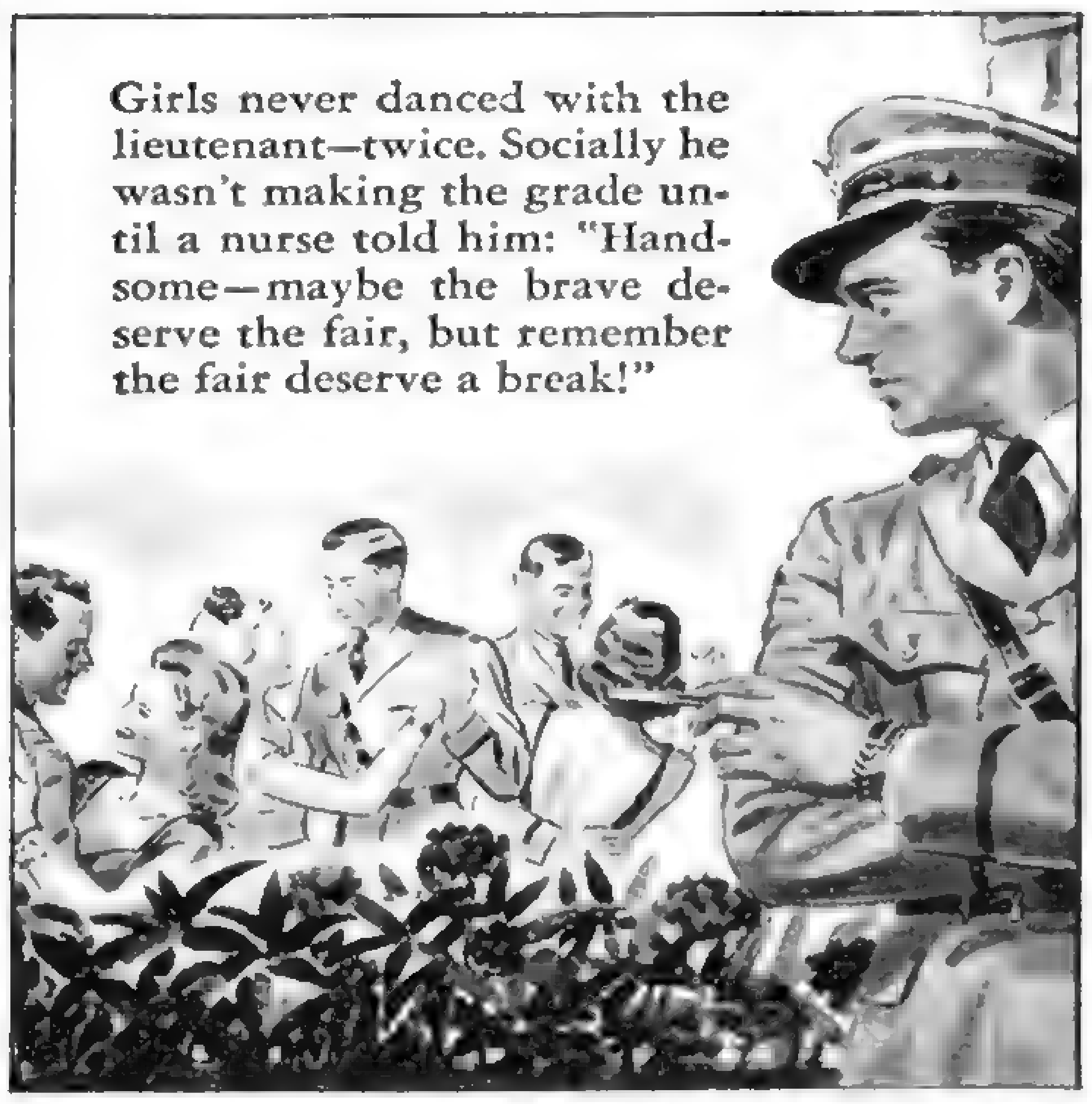
"Now's y'chance!" said the

Continued on page 112

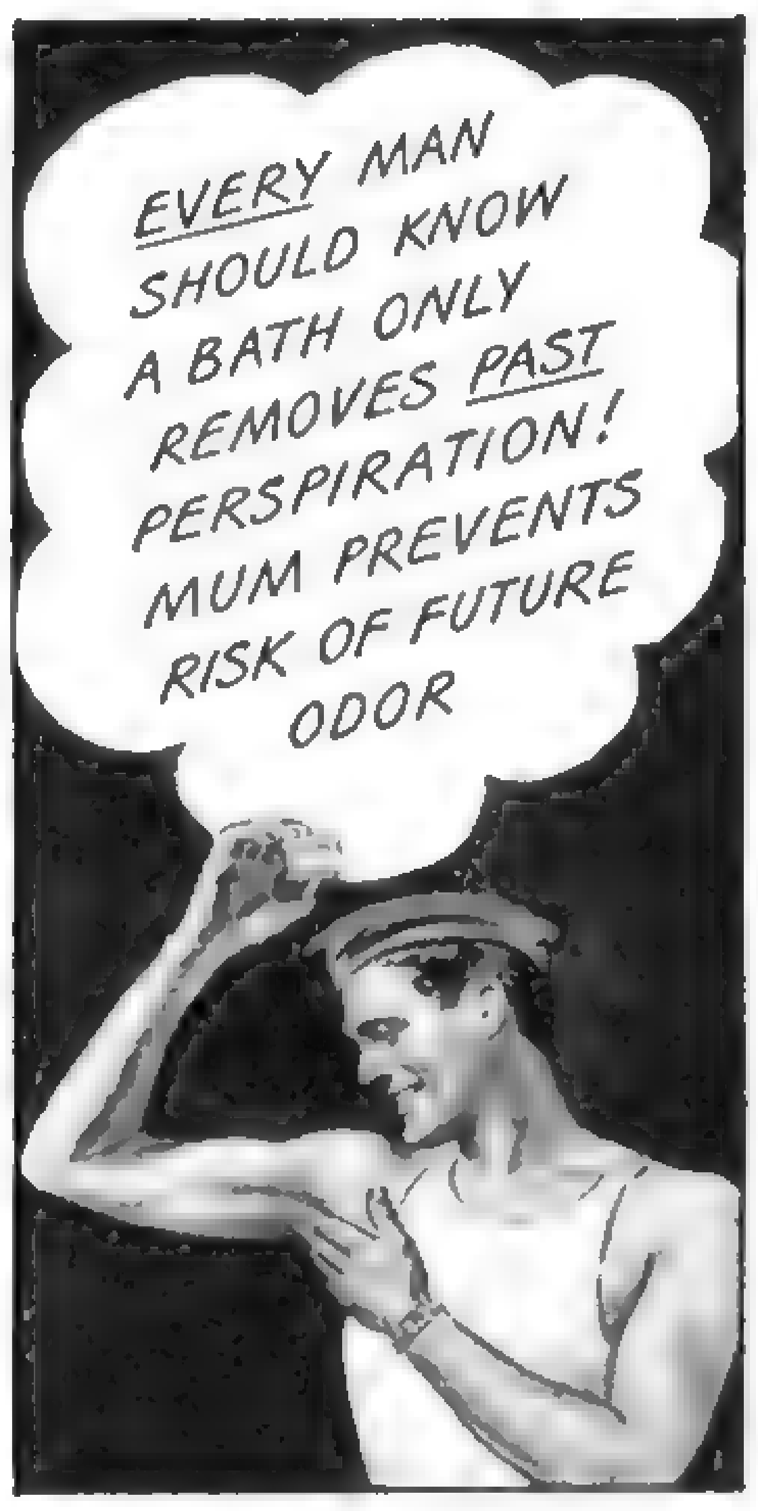
"War is H--l" Until Mum goes under Arms!



The young lieutenant could chauffeur a tank—juggle ballistics—quote Foch at the Marne with equal aplomb. But the only company that gave him "Attention" was Company A—and he had to "command" to get it.



Girls never danced with the lieutenant—twice. Socially he wasn't making the grade until a nurse told him: "Handsome—maybe the brave deserve the fair, but remember the fair deserve a break!"



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TWO MINUTES TO MIX

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JAMAICA NOG—Equal parts Jamaica Rum and sweetened condensed milk (or coffee cream sweetened to taste). Ice, shake well and serve

JAMAICA PUNCH One part of lemon or lime juice, 2 of sugar or syrup, 3 of Jamaica, 4 of water plenty of ice. Shake till frosty and serve

JAMAICA COLLINS—One part lemon or lime juice, 2 of sugar or syrup, 3 of Jamaica. Plenty of cracked ice and fill with soda—it's tops!

A Tale of the Sea

Continued from pages 29-109-111

man with the short sword. "Come on!"

The thing flowed to the rail. It saw only water. Here and there, anxiously.

"Am I gonna have to chase you down in the riggin'?" demanded the man contemptuously.

He shifted his sword to his left hand and bent and plucked out a belaying-pin. He threw it. It struck.

The blow might have been deadly to one of the smaller creatures on the ship. It was a shrewd blow, with force behind it. But to the huge thing that had come out of the hold it was merely a sting, an insult, a provocation to the beastly rage already flaming.

A movement of the man focussed its eyes upon him. And then it came pouring forward upon him, jaws wide, forked tongue extended, and hissing like a mad thing which it was.

The man stepped savagely forward to meet it, his short sword swinging. The sword was keen. His whole soul was filled with a corrosive rage which only conquest could heal. He stood in a clear space, in which there was nothing for his antagonist to grip for solidness. He was inferior in weight. He was far less quick or supple. He was incomparably inferior in strength. But he matched his enemy's ferocity.

A flowing, liquid-like rush, as swift and beautiful as death itself. The man's sword glittered as it swung, and missed. The thing struck. But it struck against the arm-guard with its projecting spikes. The man was flung three yards away. But the python recoiled from the wounding spikes. Then it rushed again, and its long and supple tail squirmed out and twisted swiftly about a windlass-base. The man leaped back and laughed at it fiercely.

"I'm standin' on my feet!" he said scornfully. "I could back up against a deck-house. You stan' on your feet too!"

The thing hissed at him again, its head waving back and forth, hypnotically. The man's eyes caught for the fraction of a second, and then he jerked away and spat, as one insulting an equal.

"I coulda smoked y' to death," he said coldly. "I didn't. Fight like a man! I'm—"

The thing darted at his legs, its head held low. If it could get around his legs and then swarm up his body...

The man's sword glittered in mid-air. Again he leaped. The python hissed in a veritable crescendo of rage. The deck began to be stained. It writhed clumsily for an instant. Then it made a sudden dart for a swinging boom, barely overhead, slithered around it—and the man leaped into the attack.

"I was complimentin' you," raged the man. "Fightin' you fair! Like you was a man, not vermin! Now—*A-a-a-ah!*"

Like lightning a coil was about his body. It tightened. There was a satisfied, raging sibilation in his ears. The tail was anchored overhead to a very acceptable substitute for those overhanging branches from which it had snared prey as large as this man, in days gone by. One coil. One coil and a half. One and three-quarters. The man groaned. His arms—both arms—were yet free. The spiked protection flailed uselessly. The sword could not strike downward because of the thickness of the coil beneath his armpits.

But the man could strike one blow. One blow only. A terrible and a despairing blow overhead. At the anchoring-coils about the overhead boom. The sword-edge struck and bit. It bit deep.

On the instant the man was rolling on the deck, with a mad thing writhing all about him. He tumbled to one side and got to his knees, his face purple with suffusing blood. The python thrashed horribly, its forked tongue flicking, a good five feet of its length made paralyzed.

"All right!" gasped the man in a high rage. "All right! I gave you y'chance! Now I'll take mine!"

As he lunged forward, the crippled thing tried to rear upward for defiance. It could not. Then it tried to flee. And the man cried out furiously at it, and struck, and struck again—and it turned horribly upon him with gaping jaws—and then the slashing sword cut clean through just behind the small, inhuman head.

A Thing, then, writhed convulsively for a space, until the man dumped it overside. He flung his sword and arm-guard after it. He hauled up bucket after bucket of sea water and flushed off the deck. He was trembling, as if from rage.

Then, quite suddenly it seemed, the other ship could be seen in certain combined positions of the rolling ship and sea. It drew steadily nearer. Presently it hove to, not far away. A boat dropped into the water. Its oars crawled rhythmically.

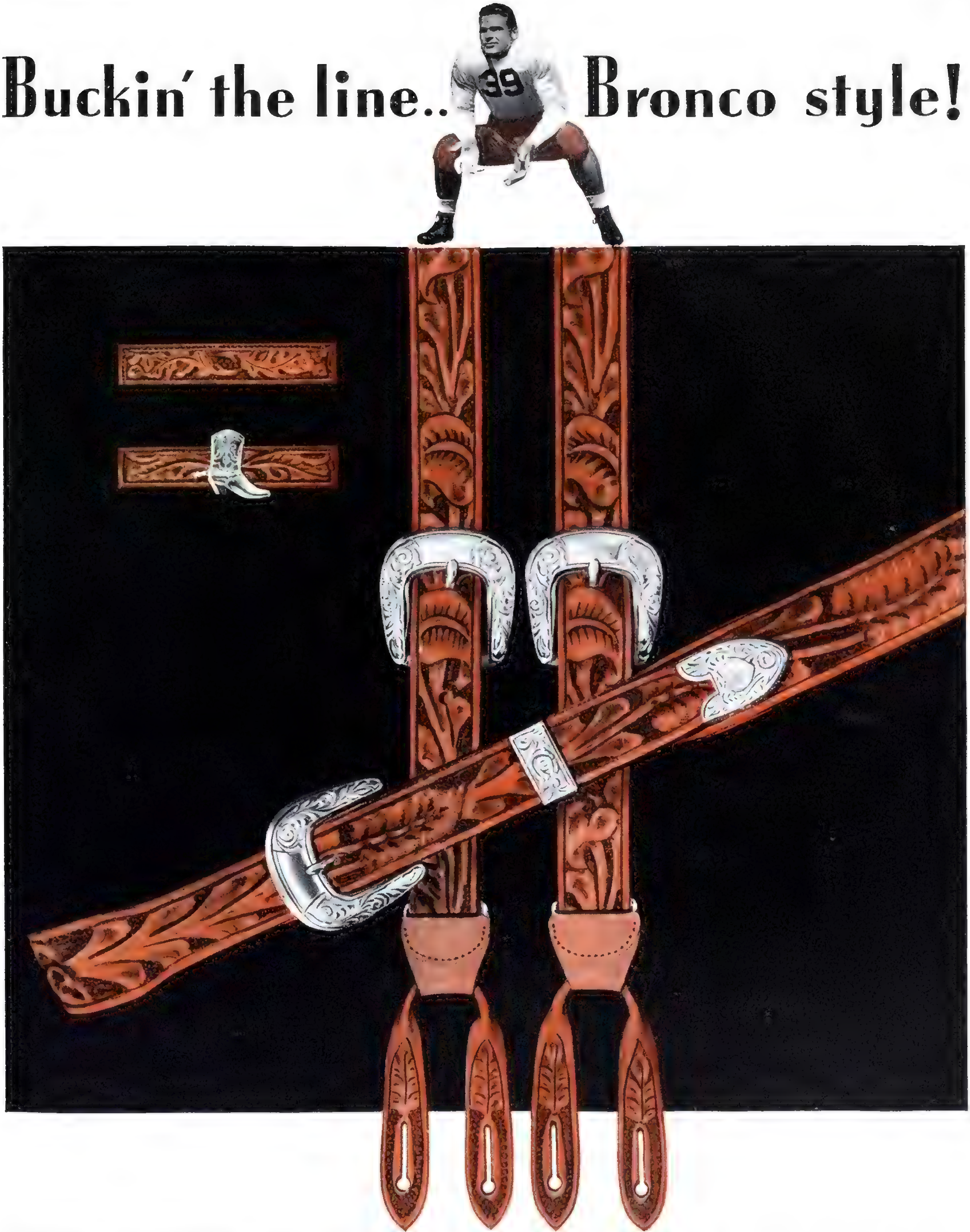
The yellow-haired man grinned down from the rail of the little ship. Those in the small boat read the ship's name on her counter. They babbled to each other. They backed water, yards from the ship's side.

"Come aboard!" said the yellow-haired man, cheerfully.

"Don't you want us to take you off?" demanded the officer in the small boat's stern. "Your boats were picked up. They said you were dead! They say there's snakes loose all over the ship! Jump over! We'll haul you in!"

"Hell!" said the yellow-haired man, grinning. "Come on aboard! Nothin' to worry about. We did have some snakes around, but I got 'em pretty well cleared out. I want some hands to help me sail this ship to port. Ain't goin' to give this ship to vermin!" #

Buckin' the line.. Bronco style!



Cowboys began it . . . Hickok corralled it . . . now Bar-H is stampeding the nation's campuses! Authentic Western designs . . . specially tanned saddle leather . . . Bar-H is the brand of smartness that belongs to tweeds, cheviots, corduroys. Lasso yourself a couple . . . for your school wardrobe!

Hickok Bar-H Belt . . . sterling silver mountings, $5. (Others—$1 to $10.) *Hickok Bar-H Brace* . . . sterling buckle, $3.50. (Others—$1 to $5.) • *Bar-H Tie Bars* . . . saddle leather, $1. With Western motifs in metal, $1.50.

HICKOK

The Cycle of Myrrh

Continued from page 39

entered the room with an alabaster jar in her hands. She stood over the Master and breaking the seal poured this precious ointment over His head. And then she anointed his feet and wiped them with her hair. The fragrant scent from this aromatic myrrh filled the air of the entire house.

There were some who thought this a great extravagance and it was the disciple Judas Iscariot who remarked: "For what purpose has this waste of ointment been made? It is valuable and could have been sold for over three hundred pieces of silver. This money might have been given to the poor."

When he said this others joined in and murmured against Mary.

But the Master stopped them: "Let her alone. Why trouble her? She has wrought a good work on me. For ye have the poor always with you; but me ye have not always. For in that she poured this ointment upon my body, she did it to prepare me for burial."

These last words brought deep silence and all were struck with amazement. They waited for the Master to explain the meaning of His words but His lips were silent.

At length the old and venerable Ben Shaba rose from the table and spreading his hands apart said: "The ointment is more precious than you know but not nearly precious enough. It was given to Him and now it is returned to Him. I have heard someone mention three hundred pieces of silver and it brings a smile to my face. I tell you truly that three thousand pieces of silver could not have ransomed this jar of myrrh from me. No, not even three thousand pieces of gold. And why? I will tell you now something which my lips have told to no one."

He paused for a brief instant and looked about the room. All were silent and all were ready to learn why this ointment was so highly regarded.

"Many years ago," he began, "I was young, I was strong, I was bold, daring and leader of my own caravan. I came to Jerusalem and I fell into a nest of trouble. The tale of this adventure need not concern us now. When I say I was in trouble I mean I was in real trouble, for I was never one to brood over trivial matters. And I was saved from the dungeon by a strange coincidence. A Greek lad saved me and he would accept nothing from me for this great service. He refused gold and even the great jewel which I wore in my turban. Then he reminded me that some years before he was limping across a vast desert and I happened by with my caravan and allowed him to ride one of my camels. He had never forgotten this and all he wanted was that I should promise him I would do this kindness again to someone, whoever it might be. I journeyed all night so that I should get as far from evil Jerusalem as possible. Very early the next morning as I was passing through the town of Bethlehem came my chance to keep my promise. In the early morn I saw a man and his wife who held a small infant in her arms hurrying along the road. I am happy to say that I took them a long way. I brought them safely to Egypt. And it was during this journey that I heard the story of how a star gleamed bright over the little town of Bethlehem and how three kings, on the advice of a great prophet, journeyed from the East in search of this child who was born. The kings brought presents for the child and these valuable gifts Joseph had with him and he showed them to me. A small box was filled with gold, a little chest of carved wood was filled with frankincense and this alabaster jar contained myrrh. These were the presents from the three kings and I saw them myself with my own eyes. As I said before, all this occurred a long time ago. Thirty years or more have now flown by."

"And this is the very same myrrh?" asked one.

"Yes. The very same. I know it by the jar. Thirty years is a long time and yet I remember clearly how it was when we crossed the long ferries rowed by Egyptian slaves and reached the shore of Egypt. Here the little family were safe from the wrath of Herod and here, after some days, before we parted Joseph came to me and offered me one of the gifts which the kings brought from the East. At first it was the gold he wanted me to take and then when I refused this he offered me the frankincense. But this too I could not accept. He was anxious that I have something to remind us of our journey and finally, after much hesitation, I accepted the alabaster jar with the myrrh. Now the real story begins. I had put the jar away somewhere and for a long time forgot of its existence. One day as I was starting out for the East and thinking that I might by chance come into one of the lands of these Eastern kings, I wrapped the jar up carefully and concealed it in one of the saddle bags. We journeyed for many days and into lands which I had never before travelled and as we went I asked if anyone knew of these three kings. At length I heard that the lands of King Gaspar were near. And soon we arrived at his palace. When I was ushered into his presence I told him that I came to bring him good news. And then I related how the family fled to Egypt and that the child was safe. And to prove that my words had weight I unwrapped the jar and showed it to him. He recognized the jar and told me that it had been brought from the East by his neighbor the King Belthazar. He himself had brought the gold. He was much pleased of the news I brought him and entertained me with food and wine. Then we travelled on but before we could arrive to the land of Belthazar we encountered a sand storm such as I have never before experienced. It actually tore our caravan to shreds. Nothing remained. The camels were all dead and we were forced to continue on foot. We saved only what we could take in our hands. After much hardship we came to a civilized place and here I sold the jar of myrrh and with the money we were able to buy ten fresh camels and a fair supply of merchandise."

Christmas may still seem a long way off, but if you had been working on the 1941 issue of Esquire's famous annual Christmas number as long as we have, you'd feel it was just around the corner. Anyway, it's not too soon to remind you that this will be a record-breaking number in every respect.

"You sold it!" exlaimed one of the disciples.

"Yes, it grieved me to sell it but there was no other way. The merchant promised to hold it for me and I hoped to buy it back on our return journey. And so we went on and when I came to the palace of Belthazar I told him my story and I told him also the good news. He believed me even though I had no jar to prove my tale. And he told me how the leaves of this myrrh were gathered in his cool hills and carefully pressed between small stones of agate. We bought merchandise and sold merchandise and we prospered. But alas! Our journey back took a different course and I was never able to buy back this jar of myrrh. Some years later, however, I chanced to pass this place and found the merchant but he had already sold it to a rich prince who was going to Persia. And by an odd chance we came upon the total ruin of their caravan among the rocks of the wilderness. They had been attacked by robbers and everything was taken from them. And so the precious gift of a king fell into the hands of robbers. And the robbers no doubt sold it to someone but that I do not know for certain. Where it has been and how far it has travelled no one can tell. It has no doubt been to Syria, to Arabia and to Persia. And perhaps a hundred other places besides. And only last week a young Arab boy arrived here with a bag of merchandise. It was as though he were sent by an angel. He opened the cloth before me and among the rubbish he was anxious to sell was the jar. It was the same, the very same and I knew the mark on the seal. There was no mistake about it. I paid him double the price he asked and he departed content and in peace."

"This is a strange incident indeed," said one seated at the table.

"The myrrh has travelled," continued Ben Shaba, "a long long journey and now its cycle is ended. It has returned to its rightful Owner and can never again be bought or sold."

Then pointing to the Master he added: "This is the child we brought to Egypt over thirty years ago. And it was for Him alone that the kings from the East brought their gifts. And now my tale of the cycle of myrrh is ended and this tale I have never before told to anyone."

The feast was ended and soon the guests departed and the Master with the twelve who were with Him also bade farewell to their friends and went into the night.

As they walked out to the main road they could again hear the plaintive voice of the Egyptian slave. The hour was late, the sky was dark but he was still driving the oxen round and round. And he sang the song of the ancient slaves, the song of those who were born in bondage and lived with no hope.

Thresh for yourselves oxen!
Thresh for yourselves!
  Straw for your fodder;
  Grain for your masters.
Give yourselves no peace.
  And for your driver nothing
  For he is but a slave.
Thresh for yourselves oxen!

They paused for a moment and listened to the words of this ancient song.

Then spoke the soft voice of the Master: "Which way to Jerusalem?" He asked.

"This way," said one pointing the direction.

And they went on towards the city of Jerusalem. #

"Back to School"
Majoring in
Interwoven
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Inter woven

ustrating a few of the outstanding TERWOVEN* *UNIVERSITY* STYLES . Campus Favorites for this Fall d Winter . . . There are more than a ousand *INTERWOVEN* SOCKS from ich to choose . . . Be well dressed . . . thrifty. Wear *INTERWOVEN* SOCKS.

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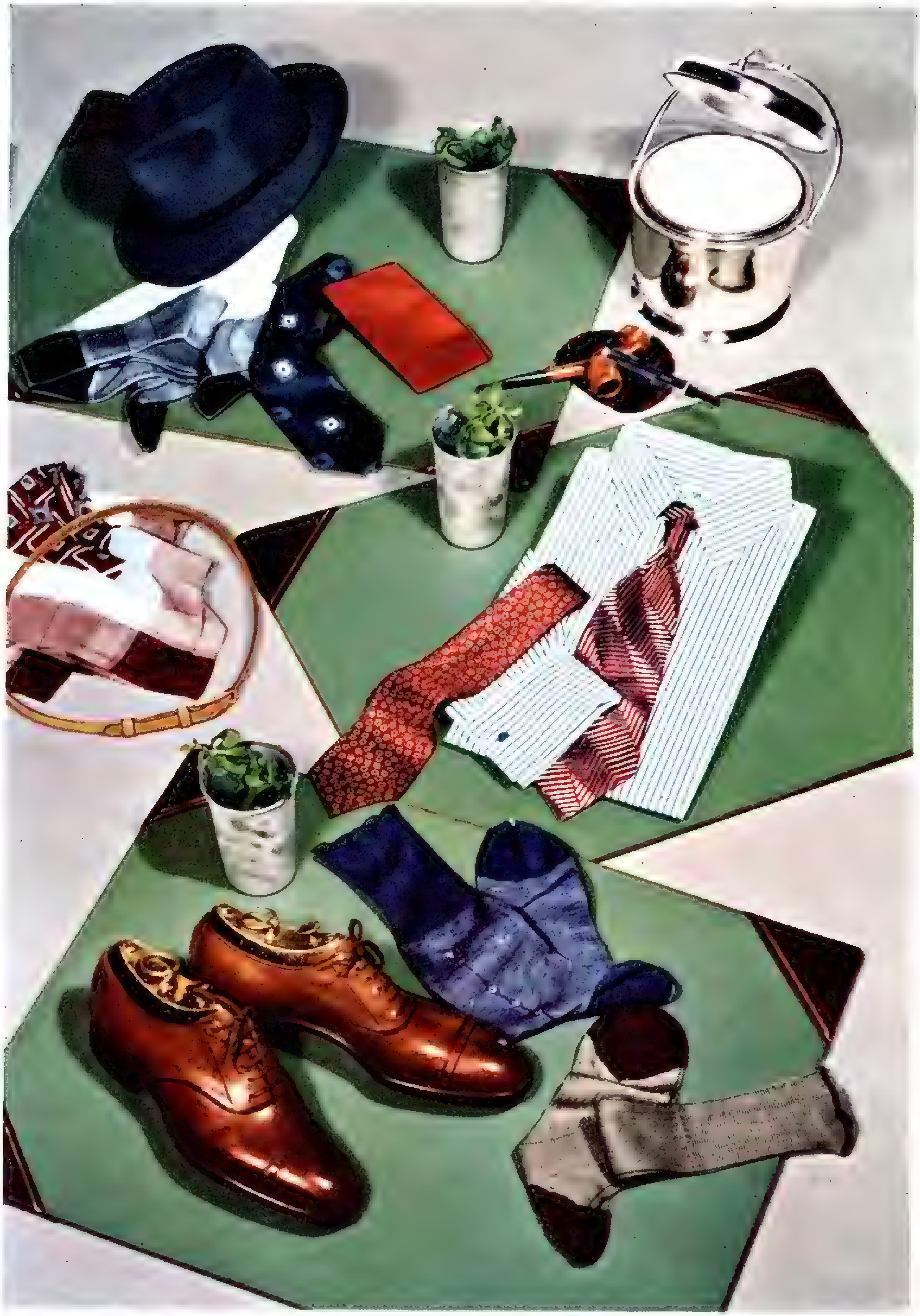


KODACHROME BY LEON DE VOS

accessible accessories

Your appearance in late summer need not be impaired because the mercury hovers high. Fashionable colors in lightweight accessories maintain a good standard of dress for business. The articles in this colored photograph combine with grey or blue summer suits with either single or double breasted jackets. On top blotter . . . blue hat of minimum weight felt, blue bordered linen handkerchief, blue tie-and-dye foulard tie, red soft leather billfold. On center blotter . . . blue and white striped lightweight madras shirt, small and large figured foulard ties, blue cuff links. On bottom blotter . . . blue and maroon lisle half hose, brown lightweight shoes. On all blotters . . . frosty mint juleps to cool you off. Also shown, and figuring in the late summer setup . . . white, maroon and grey printed linen handkerchief, tan pigskin belt, pipes and striped repp silk tobacco pouch, ice bucket.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

One of a series interpreting SM_1

You, sir, need SM_1

You, sir, are not really in a bad way. True, your eyes have the lustre of those in a dead fish. True, your complexion resembles two-day-old macaroni tinctured with iron filings. But these are minutiae.

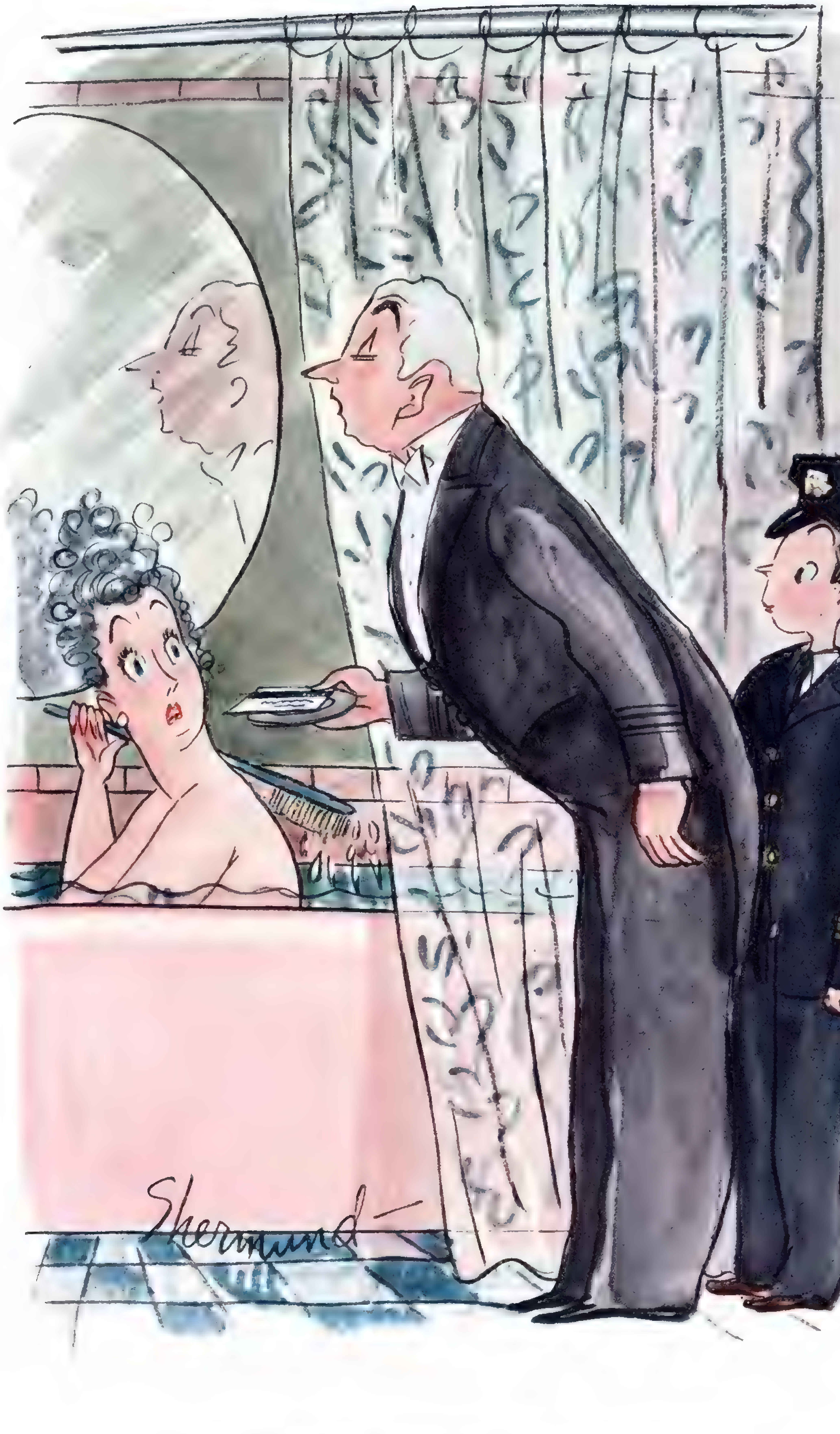
You, sir, are blitz-jittered. Quite Vichy-ated. Indeed, Stuka-fied. A cellar means bombs to you, not home-brew or ping-pong. A tank suggests not water, but swift and terrible death. The world and its sad doings are too much with you.

You, sir, are like most Americans with a heart. Headlines hurt you. But you hunger even for the news that takes away your appetite. No wonder your poker suffers these days. No wonder your English disappoints, even on a billiard ball.

You, sir, need SM_1. Without it, an advertiser finds you a gloomy Gustavus. Less kindly, a dead pigeon. But *with* SM_1 – that SMileage content bursting in chuckles and roars from the risible-ribbed pages in ESQUIRE – you're a swell prospect. One shot of ESQUIRE's SM_1 m'lad, and I'll guarantee that you'll be in a pleasant enough mood for any advertiser to put the bee on you!

ADVERTISERS GET MORE
smileage*
WITH Esquire

**a reduction of sales-resistance induced by pleasure in perusal*



"Postal Telegraph, madame—they want an answer"

I'll Stick with McNeill

Continued from page 86

tralians instead of Frank Parker. By 1940, the duel became keen. In New Orleans on New Year's Day he beat Riggs in the Sugar Bowl. Bobby reversed the decision in New York in March by beating Don in the finals of the Indoor Championships on board. McNeill came back to win the Clay Court title in Chicago in June, defeating Riggs in the finals. By now he was evidently the man to beat for the national title. Riggs was on his toes. When Riggs gets set he's plenty tough, too.

He conquered Don in five long sets at Rye in July. By this time another claimant for the title came into the picture, Frank Kovacs of California. He defeated Riggs at Southampton and Don beat him in the finals. The national championships saw Riggs and McNeill in the finals. Up to the twelfth game of the fifth set it was anyone's match, but Don finally came through. He had started slowly, kept plugging, and finally overhauled his rival. In tennis experience, in science, Riggs is old stuff. McNeill and Kovacs are the comers and both have a greater distance to go than the former champ.

Dynamic Don has an interesting style. It's American of the old school. It's Clothier's game. It's McLoughlin's game. It's Johnston's game. He tries to win matches from the net, not from an armchair on the baseline. A severe service smash and volley backed by accurate ground strokes enable him to work in for the kill. His strongest weapon of attack is his backhand which he uses as a forcing shot. His forehand is a much improved stroke but his backhand is still his big gun. His volleying hasn't been excelled on American courts since the days of Allison and Fred Perry.

This quiet, reticent champion is not so dumb. In fact he isn't dumb at all. At Kenyon he was a member of the debating team which finished his last year as champions of the state. He left his comprehensive examinations at college to go to Philadelphia and win the Intercollegiate title. (By the way, McNeill is the only player ever to hold the Intercollegiate, Clay Court and National Singles titles in the same year.) After that tournament he returned to Kenyon for his degree. P.S. He got it; *cum laude*, with highest honors in history.

McNeill comes from sound Scotch stock and has a sound head on his Scotch shoulders. He knows what it's all about. With four other tennis stars he was sent by the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association to play in the championships of the Argentine last summer. Naturally he won. Everywhere the team was invited out by the big shots of the local American colony. "Nix," said Don, "We can see Americans at home." He insisted on learning Spanish and going out with the natives.

Don has an innate sportsmanship but no showmanship on court. He rarely chucks a point, or makes gestures to the gallery. Wants to win? Sure, who doesn't? He does, and his concentration in a tight match is something to see. But he'd just as lief not win at the expense of certain things. During the Southampton meeting last year he came down with a bad attack of poison oak. So he went to the chairman of the tennis committee and put it up to him. "Look here, I'd like to have you postpone my first match for a couple of days, if you can. If not, I'll play, or if you'd prefer, I'll default." The match was put off, he finally played though little better and continued playing in much distress. No one knew about this. Yet despite his handicap he won the tournament, beating Kovacs in the finals in three sets, and later beating him at Newport.

McNeill isn't talkative; what Scotchman is? At Kenyon where he worked his way through college, he was popular, twice having received the Anderson Award presented each year to the student having done the most for the college, besides being Secretary of Student Government during his senior year.

Everyone knew Don as a boy to be depended upon. Morning service in chapel is obligatory at Kenyon, and the door is locked to keep stragglers and late-comers out. This writer remembers arriving from the station one morning with an undergraduate just after chapel had begun. "If Don McNeill isn't on the door, we can get in." He was and we didn't!

Later that evening we went up to Don's room. By and large he must have won a hundred or more tennis cups, mugs and prizes of all kinds. You'd expect to find them spread out on the tables and above the fireplace. There wasn't a single one in evidence. It was just the room of an average American college senior. This modesty isn't phony; it's part of his character. At Kenyon he was never too busy to help in his fraternity, or coach other players, especially the young freshmen just coming up. As one classmate remarked, "Don was a member of the student body." Bruce Barnes who knows him as well as anyone remarks: "Without doubt one of the nicest kids I ever had the pleasure of coaching. A perfect member of any team."

Curiously, McNeill was never junior champion. Yet he is a product of the Junior Davis Cup program of the U. S. L. T. A. This program to develop young stars justifies the time, money and effort devoted to it by the rise of McNeill alone.

He benefited, so he believes, by the advice and coaching obtained under this scheme, and when he finally won the title last fall the tennis fathers swooned with pride. They had every reason for pride. Moreover, it's no secret that Riggs wasn't much more

Continued at top of page 120

What Do You Know
about the subject closest to you?

Q. *What underwear can take the squirm out of the dullest lecture?*

A. Jockey Midway—no matter how long you sit in one position it can't creep, bunch or bind!

Q. *What is the most suitable underwear for active sports?*

A. Jockey Short—it combines unhampered freedom with masculine support—helps conserve vitality.

Q. *What underwear is correct with tux or tails?*

A. Jockey Bellin—it firms the abdomen, imparts a smarter hang to trousers and keeps shirt fronts from ballooning.

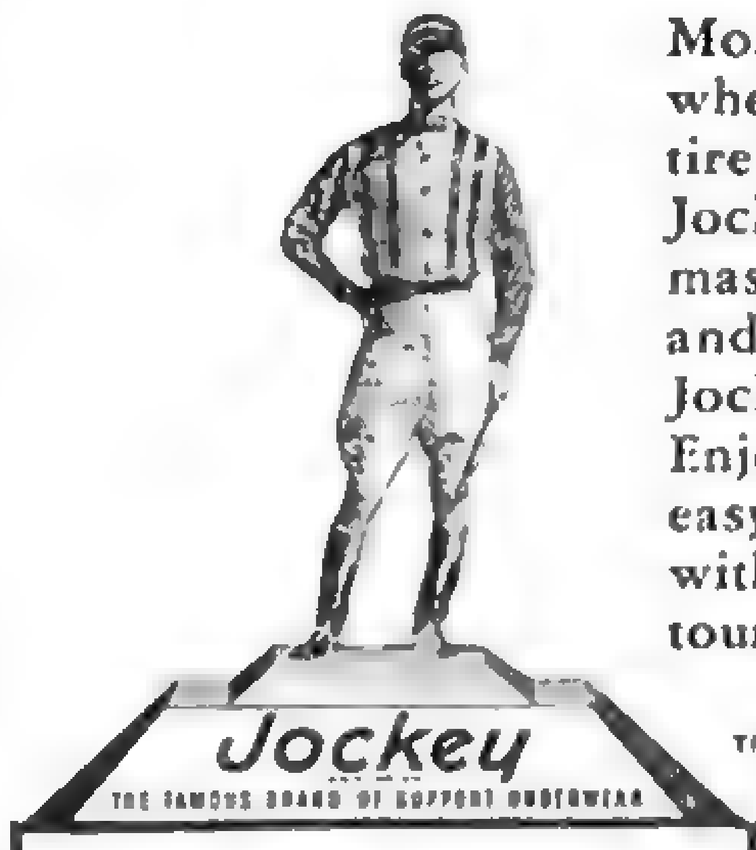
Q. *What underwear feels best with tweeds?*

A. Jockey Over-Knee—to shield sensitive skin areas from scratchy materials, and materials from the destruction caused by perspiration.

Q. *What underwear offers more comfort than an extra overcoat at football games?*

A. Jockey Long—because it provides protection where you need it, next to your skin . . . and keeps chill away.

Jockey Underwear
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.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THE FAMOUS BRAND OF SUPPORT UNDERWEAR

Most schools have their own clothing conventions, but when it comes to underwear, all agree. Reason? The entirely new conception of buttonless, squirm-free comfort Jockey's inverted *Y-front brings into being. Built for masculine support, it provides an angled no-gap opening and complete freedom from bunch, bind or creep. Only Jockey garments score these five assists to well-being. Enjoy them this year on all occasions. Take a complete, easy-to-launder Jockey underwardrobe back to school with you. Price, 55c and up per garment. Matching contoured shirts, 55c. Also children's sizes down to 4 years.

* ⅄ —*The source of support.*

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"Quality Corner"
Better stores offer Jockey in Rayon, mercerized cotton, linen and cotton, wool and cotton mixtures and the new super-textile, Coopreme. Shorts and Midways, 75c to $1.25; Longs, $1.25 to $3.00.

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; In Australia by MacRae Knitting Mills, Sydney; In British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; In New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S 1

AMERICA'S
THOROBRED

GET OFF TO A GOOD START THIS SEASON IN A . . .

Pace-Setter SUIT

Good breeding counts in clothing too! The Pace-Setter Suit is bred to "stand the gaff" of hard wear, and the smart, graceful, perfectly-fitting styles are "tops" in any company. Take time today to see the many quality "extras" you get in a Pace-Setter Suit at no extra cost! A few minutes in front of a mirror will prove to you very conclusively that it pays to pick a Pace-Setter! At your retailer's, or write Raleigh Mfrs., McCormack Bldg., Baltimore, Md.

The new Gripper fasteners keep waistbands snug and secure. Won't pop open, pull off, or break. The perfect finishing touch to the slide-fastened fly!

Full harmony trim, which means matching linings throughout! A quality detail usually found only in much higher-priced clothing!

Every Pace-Setter Suit fashioned with Conmar slide fasteners on both pair of trousers. Another fine clothes feature that well-dressed men appreciate.

TWO TROUSERS
$25·$30·$35

The Pace-Setter SUIT BY RALEIGH

I'll Stick with McNeill

Continued from pages 86-119

popular with tennis officialdom than with the galleries.

This said, it's far too early to count a fighter like Bobby Riggs out of the picture. Hammer and tongs, he'll be after McNeill all summer with everything he can bring into action. Meanwhile Kovacs has come fast, and swept the winter tournaments in the south. So closely are all three matched that it's hard to guess what will happen. McNeill, however, has three things in his favor. First, he has broken the jinx and beaten Riggs on grass. He lost to Kovacs last winter in Florida but he was over-tennised and everyone saw this plainly. He's tough as a strip of Oklahoma rawhide. And last, he is improving all the time. If I had to chose among the three I'd stick with McNeill.

At present McNeill isn't a world beater of the Budge-Tilden-Lacoste variety. It would be silly to pretend he was. He's just a good all-round player with courage, a fine physique, and no weakness in his game. Tilden didn't have any more when he won his first championships in 1920!

Some champions will be remembered for great shots. Others for their courage in desperate matches, or for different contributions to tennis. Don will stay in my memory for other reasons. It was after the finals of the Clay Court Championships in Chicago last year where McNeill had unexpectedly beaten Riggs in four sets.

The crowd had departed. His opponent had left, the courts were deserted. But there was still light, and two players were on court, practicing hard. One was a ballboy. The other was Don McNeill. ╫

Dollar-a-Day Paradises: Part II

Continued from page 55

down on paper before you start and have him sign it—in case you should blow a tire or break an axle.

I'm going to Honduras next week, but I can drop you a few hints about El Salvador, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica. The capital of the first, San Salvador, is almost as nice a city as the capital of Guatemala, and it has plenty of good cheap pensions and houses for rent. Salvador is not so rugged a country as Guatemala, but is plenty picturesque. There are lakes in the interior and fine bathing beaches on the Pacific.

Nicaragua will probably never be bothered by vacationists. There is little in it of the standard tourist sight, and it is in fact a country for the traveler rather than the tourist, and the male traveler at that. Up around Matagalpa, El Sauce, and Esteli there is rugged country reminding one of Guatemala and Mexico, and between Managua and the Pacific there is a high ridge overlooking the ocean. But most of Nicaragua is sticky-hot like Nebraska in August, and the countryside is just about as unkempt as that of our own Middle West. Also there isn't a real city; Managua is a new, mushroom town, hot and noisy and without plan or center. It's a tribute to President Somoza that it's a city at all, seeing that only five or six years ago it was a dirty collection of huts. The ancient rival capitals of Granada and Leon are more interesting, and yet not enough so, unless you're an artist, in which event I say, stop off at Granada and put up at the Hotel Alhambra, and if you have good sea legs, go for trips on Lake Nicaragua, the largest body of water in the hemisphere below the Great Lakes. The lake contains about a thousand islands.

Nicaragua is man's country, for the explorer, hunter, poker-around. From Chinandega and Puerto Morazan on the north to Rivas and San Juan del Sur on the south, it is full of the oddest towns, gulleys, rivers, estuaries, and what-not. (So is Salvador, come to think of it—though I found this out too late to do me any good.) Nicaragua, in short, is not a country in which to settle down beautifully and lead an embowered life on a two-bit budget. It is the cheapest of the Central American countries, but the best use to make of it is to go on trips. And the best of these are river trips, such, for example, as an expedition down the San Juan River where one day our Canal No. 2 will probably be dug.

Costa Rica, though, is second only to Guatemala as a beauty spot. And it has something in the air that Guatemala doesn't have—freedom. It is the best little democracy in all Latin America, a purely white man's country. San José is a cute trick of a capital city; nothing so grand as Guatemala City, but friendly, intimate. The band plays in the square, the prettiest girls south of San Pedro de la Laguna walk around and around, daring you to flirt. The pensions charge about a dollar a day. A few miles out in the country is the 10,000-acre ranch (only you must call it a *finca*, because in Costa Rica a ranch is a hut) called El Rodeo, which is managed by Senor Cruz Rojas Bennett, who has an office everybody knows in the city. Don Cruz's 10,000 acres are the most beautiful stretch of up-and-down land known to me—I spent four months exploring it afoot and on horseback. He charges two dollars and might come down, but I doubt it because that includes saddle horses. There is another semi-dude ranch, La Gloria, owned by Pablo Cleefeld, an anti-Nazi German, who will be an especially good man for the hunt-fish-and-explore minded escapist to know.

So much for a bird's-eye view of four republics among the good neighbors, where you can live a fat life on a lean budget. But it is no use writing me or anyone else to look up and rent a house. No one can pick you the right hideout any more than he can pick you the right wife, the right tie, or the right cigar. You have to risk all and come down personally.

All right, so you come down with Molly and twelve pieces of baggage. Check ten pieces at the station and put up at a hotel. Any hotel—just for the night. In the morning, start looking. In every capital city of every country there is a government travel-tourist bureau. The clerks and officials are helpful as well as courteous. There are newspapers which carry ads the same as those back in Poughkeepsie and Onderdonk Corners. The American consular staff might even be of help if not approached with the assumption that they ought to.

So you don't find the quinta, chalet or villa of your dreams the first day. But you do find a pleasant, inexpensive pension. You move. You move your baggage from the check room. You make trips out into the country, keeping one eye on the standard guidebook sights, the other on the house situation. Anyone you meet may be the man to solve your problem. Every good place I've found has been the result of what is called "chance," but which is really knowing how things happen and making them happen that way.

If you intend to stay in these tropical parts for months, see your family doctor about typhoid shots, and about whether your heart can stand the altitude, and other such personal questions. The dangers of life and death are not greater in these latitudes than back home. Some of the germs are different, so you have to avoid fresh unpeeled vegetables, go slow on hot foods, and in general eat and drink more reasonably than you maybe do at home until you get used to your new world.

Remember that altitude determines climate and temperature quite as much as latitude does. Quito in Ecuador is practically on the equator, but being 10,000 feet up, it's a long way from being tropical. (Incidentally you can live magnificently in Quito for three bucks a week.) And answering some miscellaneous queries—they always come up—:

Except for Mexico, better not bring your own car. The Pan-American highway is far from finished. Wait till you see the road up the Cuchumatanes, then you'll be content to leave local driving to local experts.

Leave the mahogany furniture at home, Mr. and Mrs. Nesbit. They grow mahogany down here, but they use wicker furniture.

The chances of revolution are very small, very small. President Roosevelt has done a swell job with the Good Neighbor policy. There are no bandits, except maybe in small pockets of Mexico and Honduras where you'll never go. Central Americans do not hate us. They hate certain loud-mouthed varieties of rich tourists who laugh at their way of life, but they don't hate them quite as hard as they ought to. Latin Americans are nicer people than we are, socially. They are complete pushovers for a smile. If you can be *simpatico* you will have a swell time.

It is barely possible that the Germans and Italians from the East and the Japs from the West may assault Central America and lay it waste. This is no more and no less probable than that Dowagiac, Michigan, and Boise, Idaho, will be bombed next Tuesday by new Axis super-rocket ships.

Plenty of good servants are to be had, good cooks, laundresses, gardeners. If they don't like you, they'll walk out. You can't treat them like servants; you have to be a friend, or nothing. It isn't true that all food is cooked in "grease." You can have your cooking done any way you want it. Food of every kind is abundant. Even in isolated San Pedro de la Laguna the mail comes daily by launch; the radio operates; and it is easy to buy such recondite items as Chinese punk, Odorono, and the latest swing masterpiece on a record.

It's a great life, and the hardships usually turn out to be things you never thought of. Not the cooking, or the living conditions, or the people, or revolution—these aren't the tests—but can you put up with the quiet life after all those years in Cadillac Square, Market Street, or the Loop? Are you going to be refreshed or bored?

I think you'll be excited the first two weeks, bored the next ten days, and refreshed and rejuvenated during all the months that follow. I think you'll be wise if you take a run-out powder and leave the war and worry behind for thirty weeks. You'll come back clearer-headed, and maybe you'll have made a good-will contribution meanwhile down here—also a piece of war work worth doing. I think you'll be wise if you study some Spanish before you come—twenty easy lessons or ten hard ones. It's an easy language and also it's the one spoken in all these countries. And if you read up in advance and get the map by heart, it'll pay dividends.

Only don't ask me to be a good guy and hire you a house, because by the time this is printed I am going to be camping in the heart of the Grand Chaco in Paraguay, and just to make assurance doubly sure I am going to disguise myself as an iguana. And just to make it trebly sure, let me tell you that living conditions down in the Grand Chaco are very high and escapist conditions lousy in the extreme. ##

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The scalp is the basis of Hair Health

Important? You bet! Sometimes handsome hair means *everything* to a man!

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Normalize—now! Massage a few drops of Ideal Tonic into your scalp every day, and *keep those hair follicles open!* Let the oil flow out naturally over your neglected hair. Quicken that "do-nothing" circulation into nourishing energy. Let Ideal Tonic keep the way clear for full operation of nature's life-giving functions. No more itchy scalp or dandruff. No more excessive falling hair. Ideal Tonic combines with natural oils to give a lustrous, young-looking appearance to your well-groomed hair.

Start using Ideal Tonic today — while you can still get that much-in-demand rubber scalp massage brush free!

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A 50c rubber scalp massage brush FREE with the purchase of a 50c size of Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic. $1.00 value. SPECIAL—both for 49c. Ask your druggist. If not available send carton top to The F. W. Fitch Company, Des Moines, Iowa, and receive brush free.

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You'll like Fitch's
DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO
Use it regularly each week. It is guaranteed to remove dandruff with the first application.

Fitch's IDEAL HAIR TONIC

At Last—the "Flivver" House

Continued from page 63

home, making it no longer necessary to pile hysterical Ossa on top of a long-suffering Pelion.

It will make it possible for the family home of tomorrow to be a clan village, with privacy, decorum, and pleasure thriving side by side. Little Nell can do her entertaining in Roundhouse A, which is "situate," as land deeds have it, a hundred and thirty meters from the Dymaxion Deployment Unit of papa and mama—where the village vicar has come for tea.

As to details: The total weight of the Dymaxion Deployment Unit is 1,200 pounds. (A Ford weighs 3,000 lbs.) Disassembled, its sections can be telescoped, and stacked like poker chips. Anybody who can play with an Erector set can put it up; and anybody who can open a zipper can tear it down.

If you happen to be living in one at a moment when wanderlust overtakes you, simply send for a Western Union boy and have him help you fold it up for shipment to the purple land. Any long distance mover can take care of it for you; for the space taken up by the stacked sections is so small that a dozen shelters, at least, can be accommodated in a box car.

The Dymaxion Deployment Unit (this is an awful mouthful, like that famous first World War town, Przemysl), is essentially a cylinder twenty feet in diameter. Most of the light comes from translucent plastic panels set in the roof; the effect is brilliant and glareless, like the light in a studio. A ring set like a crown on top provides support for camouflage netting, should you plan to encamp in the war zone.

Insulating masonite panels conform to the curve of the exterior wall, and are snapped into place like dress shields. Greater insulation can be had by cramming the space between the plywood and the wall with hay, crumbled newspapers, mink coats, or unopened bills. You can even kill two birds by sticking here all those old letters and notes that you will never need, but can't somehow throw away. As a matter of fact, every house should be built with special walls for this express need.

Heavy, sound-damping curtain material can be suspended from the roof to partition the room as desired. A septic tank takes care of the usual metabolic surpluses, as well as the soluble garbage; and makes the unit independent of sewage systems.

Ten round ship type windows replace the conventional windows, release proportionally more wall space, and supplement the light from the plastic skylights. The roominess of the interior is enhanced by the fact that the furniture and living junk which normally clutters the middle of the room is carried by centrifugal esthetics to the side. Tables, beds, desks, work furniture, all logically fit into the curvature of the wall.

A novel touch could be had, however, by dedicating the whole structure to simple recreations, and setting a lone circular divan directly over dead center.

* * *

Now a word about trends and direction: There has been much talk and epidemics of sketching, during the past decade, of the mass production house. But here is the first, real, functioning, on-the-market assembly line job—and at an initial price that is well within the reach of everyone.

It is assumed that financing will be made available, as in the automobile field; which means that the $700 price can be spaced out, if necessary, over a period of years. And since even five dollars weekly totals more than full price, in three years, it is hard to see why any family need be hard pressed for adequate housing in the years to come.

At the extreme worst, the installments could be met out of relief money—or funds appropriated by a government authority.

Obviously, the D.D.U. is not the last word in *raffine* luxury. What is important about it, however, is the sound thinking and engineering behind it, its almost classic simplicity, and the fact that it is an all-over assembly line job, giving the maximum structural value possible, in 1941, for the money.

Like Fuller's Dymaxion car, the original Dymaxion Shelter (a *de luxe* application of engineering imagination to housing) and Fuller's so-called "Mechanical Wing," the Dymaxion Deployment Unit makes the greatest possible use of design efficiency, eliminating both the engineering persiflage and the esthetic persiflage which have bogged down American living for the past half century.

The science of communication, transportation, warfare, and medicine have leaped ahead with mercurial speed; the science of housing has, if anything, been on the retrograde, scarcely comparing in comfort and grace with the classic housing of the seventeenth century. And against this unnecessary dragon, Fuller has directed the full force of his "Dymaxion" creations—the instruments in this case not being the mailed fist and lance, but the well-lighted eye and an assembly line. ⧺

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17 Jewels. 10K gold-filled case. $39.75

LEONA
15 Jewels. Yellow or red rolled gold plate case, non-corrosive back. $24.75

Grandpa Birdwell's Last Battle

Continued from page 58

between him and Grandma.

"I wish he was older, Lizzie," Grandpa said. "I hate to have anybody around me too young to jine me when I have a drink of 'Herbs.' I like to have my company to jine me with a drink of 'Herbs' or a smoke of the fragrant weed."

"That reminds me, Battle," Grandma said as she pulled her long-stemmed clay pipe from her apron pocket. She tamped the terbacker crumbs in her pipe with her index finger. She held a stick of pine kindlin over the lamp globe until the resin begin to ooze and it caught fire.

Grandma lit her pipe. She puffed a big cloud of smoke from her long-stemmed pipe.

"Wait a minute, Lizzie," Grandpa said. "Don't fan that stick of kindlin wood yet. Let it burn. I need it."

Grandpa reached in his inside coat pocket and pulled out a long green taste-bud terbacker cigar. Grandma bent over the table and laughed until she got strangled on smoke.

"What's the matter with you, Lizzie?" Grandpa said. "Have you sipped too much of the 'Honerable Herbs'?"

"I'll tell you what I was thinkin about, Battle, if you won't get mad."

"Cross my heart and swear," Grandpa promised.

"I was just thinkin about the good times we're havin since all our children left us," Grandma said. "We thought we's goin to get lonesome without 'em. We've never been lonesome. We've been havin the very best time of our lives ever since our dozen youngins left this nest."

"Now, Lizzie, that's not all you's laughin about," Grandpa said. "I know you too well. I know the things that touch your tickle bone."

"I just thought," Grandma said, "when you's lightin that cigar, what if you'd get your beard on fire and it would burn the beard off'n your face clean as a fire burns new ground. Wonder if your face would be burned black as new ground."

"That's what tickled you," Grandpa said. "I don't see anything funny enough to laugh about that. If my face was to get on fire it would be awful."

"You've done so much fightin in your day," Grandma laughed, "could you fight the fire on your face?"

"You've sipped too many 'Herbs'," Grandpa said. "I'm sittin here thinkin about my fight with Bill Sexton."

I looked at Grandpa's toes. When he spoke of Bill Sexton, he wiggled his toes.

"Don't tell me about that fight you lost," Grandma pleaded to him. "Tell about fights you've winned."

"It's not fair to always be a winner, Lizzie," Grandpa said as he lifted the jug to his mouth again.

Gurgle, gurgle, gurgle, gurgle. Grandpa's Adam's apple worked up and down on his throat as he swallowed.

"Nothin in this world like it, Lizzie," Grandpa said as he put the jug back on the table and wiped the beard around his mouth with the back of his big hand. "It's powerful stuff, Lizzie. Watch your sippin."

"Tell us about Bill Sexton," I said. "What did he do to you, Grandpa?"

"What did he do to me?" Grandpa repeated.

Grandpa began to wiggle his toes. He jumped up from his chair and stood in the middle of the floor. He looked like a giant. His big arms swung down at his side. His big gnarled hands looked like shovels. His blue eyes beamed in the yellow lamplight. He looked straight ahead of him at the wall. His big feet flattened on the floor like a blowin viper's head when it hisses.

"Show Adger the scars on my head, Lizzie," Grandpa commanded.

Grandma stood up. She couldn't tip-toe and reach Grandpa's head to find the scars. She climbed up in her chair where she could part the white hair, thick and clean as a sheep's wool. She parted the hair until she found the big scar.

"Look where Bill Sexton hit your Grandpa with a coal pick that time," Grandma said. "Look what a scar he will carry to his grave."

"And to think I let him skip the country," Grandpa stormed. "I let him get away. I didn't follow him. I get so mad now that I could bite a ten-penny nail in two when I think of that man. I'd a got 'im but he knocked me out. I didn't wake up for two days."

Grandma climbed down out'n the chair and Grandpa sat down in his chair.

"I'll tell you," Grandpa said, "I've been a fightin man. I could stand a good fight right now. I ain't afraid of hell and high waters."

"Don't let Bill Sexton rile you," Grandma said. "He may be dead, you don't know. You run 'im out'n this country and we've never heard tell of 'im."

"Let 'im die," Grandpa shouted and wiggled his toes. "Let Bill Sexton die. He fouled me in a coal mine and you know it."

"You didn't have any business goin in that coal mine for Bill Sexton," Grandma answered. "You went in that coal bank to whop him and didn't have anything to fight with but your fist. He had a coal pick to fight you with and he used it. Hit you three times in the head with it. He could see you comin for the light was behind you. You couldn't see him for he was against the coal-vein."

"Yep that's the way he got me,"

Continued on page 124

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Grandpa Birdwell's Last Battle

Continued from pages 58-123

Grandpa said. "If I'd aknowed he's goin to use a coal pick I'd a got me a slab of coal bone and I'd a-caved his damned ribs in is what I'd a-done."

"You've had too much 'Herbs' Battle," Grandma said. "You air gettin riled."

"I'm not gettin riled," Grandpa said. "I'm already riled. I hope and pray to the Almighty that he comes back here one of these days. I'll whop him shore as the Saviour made little green pawpaws."

"It's been fifty-three years since you fit him, Battle," Grandma said.

Grandpa sat and wiggled his toes. He looked mean out'n his eyes.

"Think I'll get me a drink of water," Grandpa said.

"I'll get the water for you, Grandpa," I said.

"I'll get my own drinkin water, thank you," Grandpa said. "I'll be able to wait on myself yet."

"Battle's riled," Grandma said softly to me. "I tried to get him to talk about the men he had whopped instead of the man that whopped him."

Grandpa got up from his chair and started toward the kitchen. He had to cross the entry. The entry was once a dog-trot through Grandpa's house. They took the floor up and left a dirt floor. They used this entry in winter for a place to stack wood. The kitchen was on the other side of the entry.

I looked when Grandpa stepped down from the door into the entry. He was carryin a burning stick of kindlin wood for a light. The last thing I saw above his head was the lighted torch. The next thing I heard was Grandpa holler.

"Dad-durn you to hell nohow," he shouted. "I'll kill ye. Damn you to hell nohow, I'll kill ye!"

"Battle's in another fight," Grandma shouted. "It may be Bill Sexton."

Grandma grabbed the lamp in such a hurry that the globe fell off and smashed in the floor. I followed Grandma toward the entry.

"Fetch the light, Lizzie," Grandpa hollered. "Come here, Lizzie."

"Oh my Lord, it's a snake," Grandma hollered as she saw the dark entry and Grandpa fightin a snake. He was stompin it with one foot and it was holdin his other foot with its fangs.

"He's got his teeth hung in my britches leg," Grandpa shouted. "Damn ye to hell, you low down sneak. You air as unfair as Bill Sexton. Crawl from under a man's floor and try to bite him."

"Kill him, Battle," Grandma shouted as she put the lamp on the floor and started clappin her hands. "Kill him, Battle! Tear him to pieces."

"He needs more light," I said as I picked the lamp up and held it so Grandpa could see.

"You air right Adger," Grandpa said as he bent over and reached for the snake.

Before Grandpa could bend over and reach the big copperhead with his hand, it had to let loose of his foot.

"Watch 'im, Battle," Grandma shouted. "He wants to bite your hand, Battle!"

"I'll get 'im, Lizzie," Grandpa said. "Don't you worry. I'll kill this low down copperhead."

The snake writhed on the ground floor. Grandpa raised up and jumped two feet into the air to come down on the snake with both of his bare feet. When he came back to the ground the snake was quiled like a well-rope around a windlass. Grandpa missed the snake.

"Watch 'im, Battle," Grandma shouted. "Don't step on him and get snake bones in your feet. You won't live twenty-four hours if you do."

"I'll win this battle," Grandpa shouted to Grandma and looked up at her.

"Whip—"

The copperhead struck Grandpa on the other leg and let loose to get ready and strike again.

"Oh my Lord, Battle," Grandma pleaded. "Leave that snake alone. It's riled and it ain't a-goin to quit fightin. It's atter you, Battle. It will finish you."

"I ain't begun to fight," Grandpa said. "I'm not whopped. I'll never let a little thing as a copperhead crawl into my house and start a fight with me. I feel like fightin tonight. This snake is the spirit of Bill Sexton—the only man I didn't whop."

"Whew—" Grandpa stomped at the copperhead and missed. It struck again at Grandpa and missed.

"Come on, Battle," Grandma clapped her hands and started over to help Grandpa.

"You can't do that," I said. I held her wrist with one hand and with the other I held the lamp.

"Bite me you low down scamp," Grandpa shouted. "I'm as full of pizen as you air."

Before the snake had time to make up his mind, Grandpa took a run and jumped at the snake. His big heel caught the copperhead on the flat head and squashed it. The snake writhed on the dusty floor with its head mashed into the dirt and its big bright body still alive.

"I told you I'd whop this snake," Grandpa said proudly. "Bill Sexton is dead and his spirit had to go into somethin and it couldn't go into anythin higher than a snake."

"I'm so proud of you, Battle," Grandma said.

Grandpa reached down and picked up the squirmin snake. With his big hands he pulled the snake in two. He took these parts and pulled them in two again. Then he took each part and tore it in two again. That made eight pieces of copperhead he piled in

Continued on page 126

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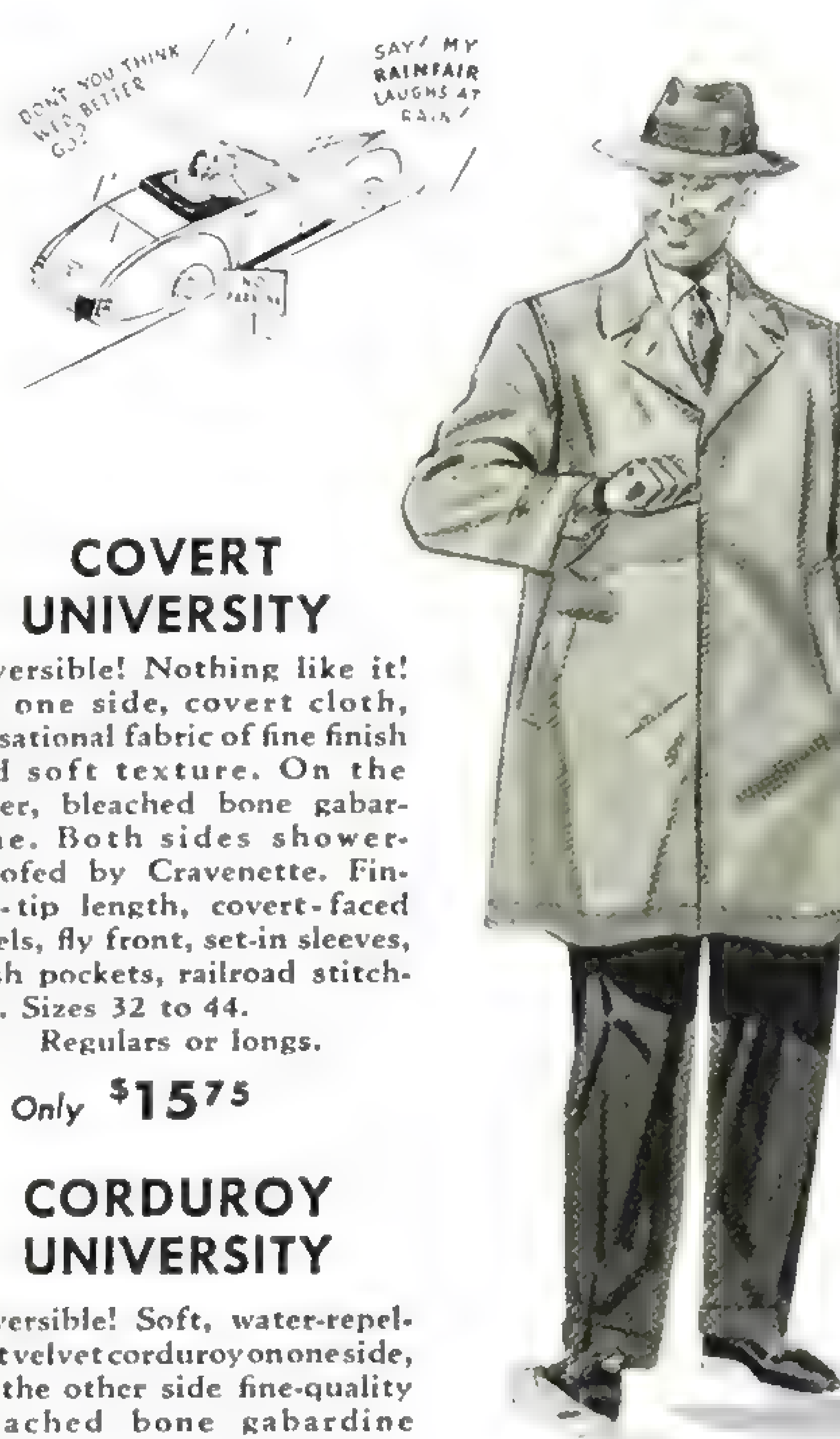
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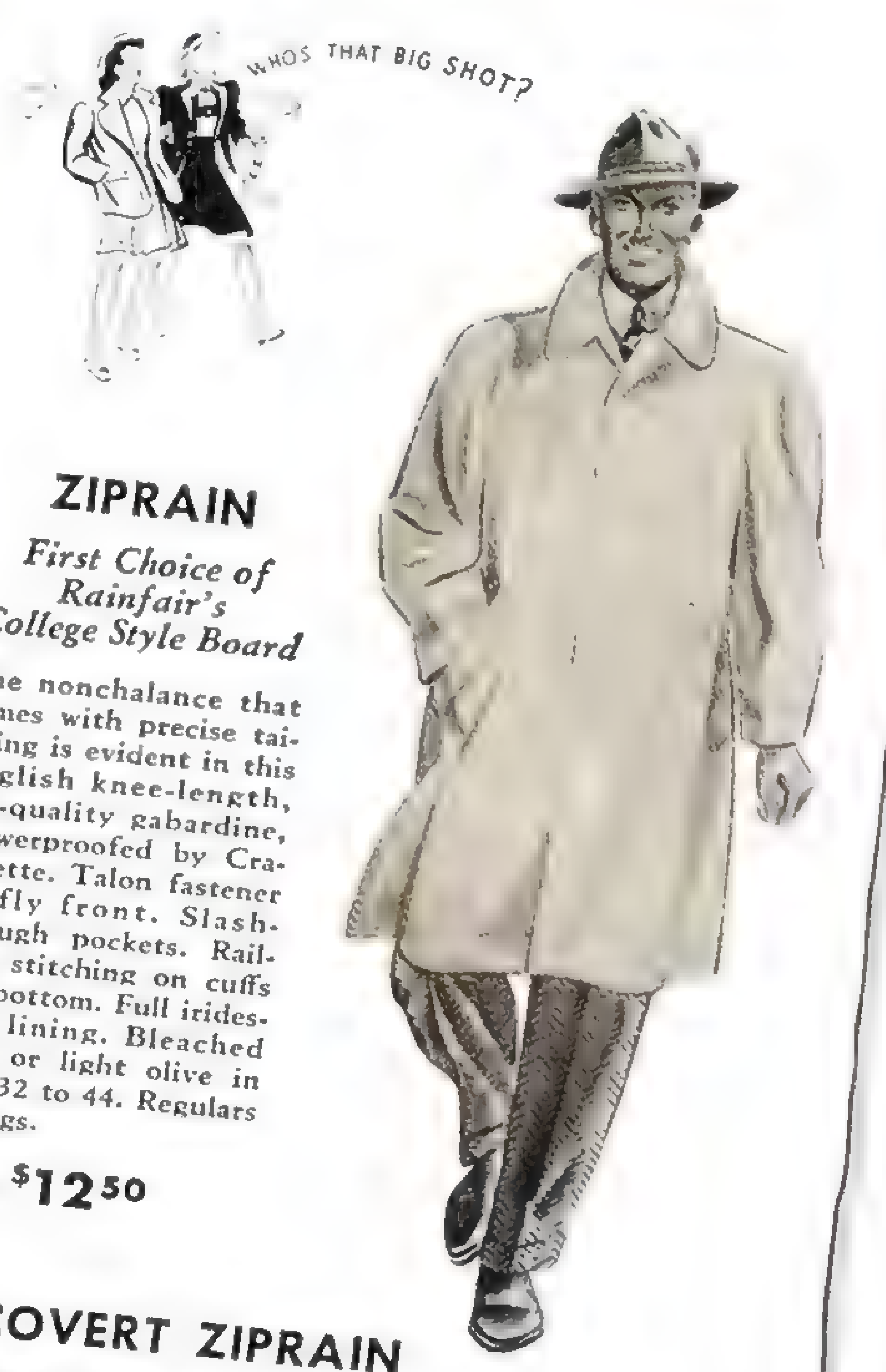
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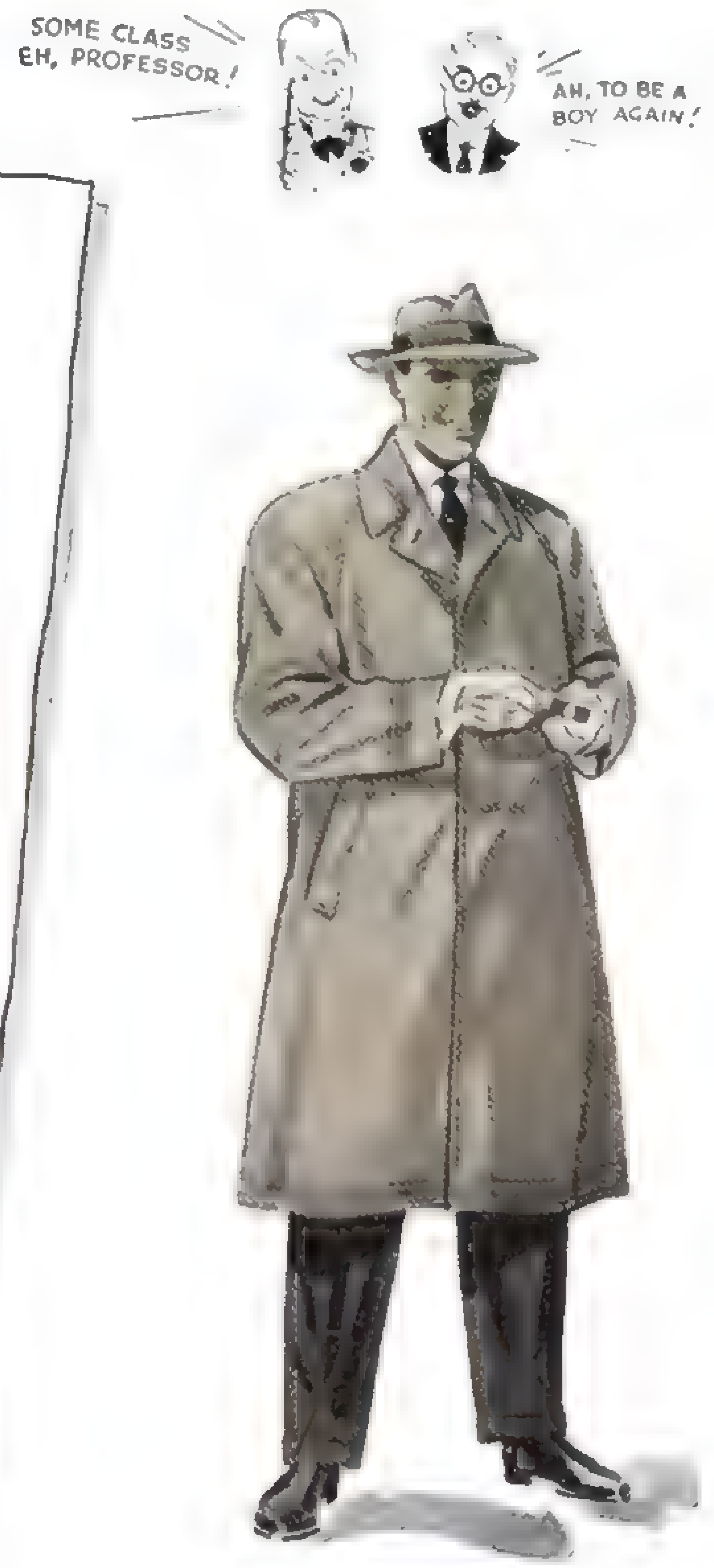
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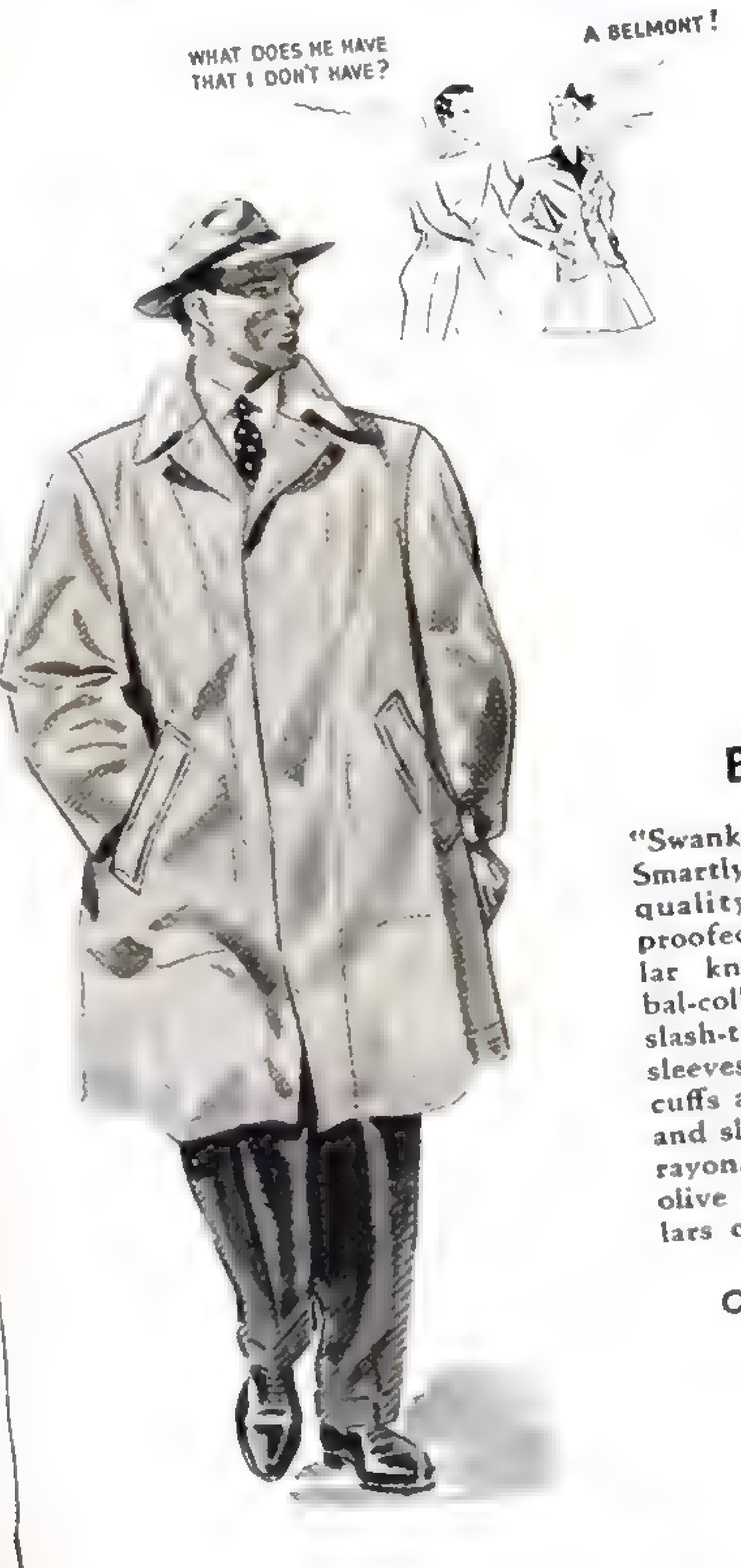
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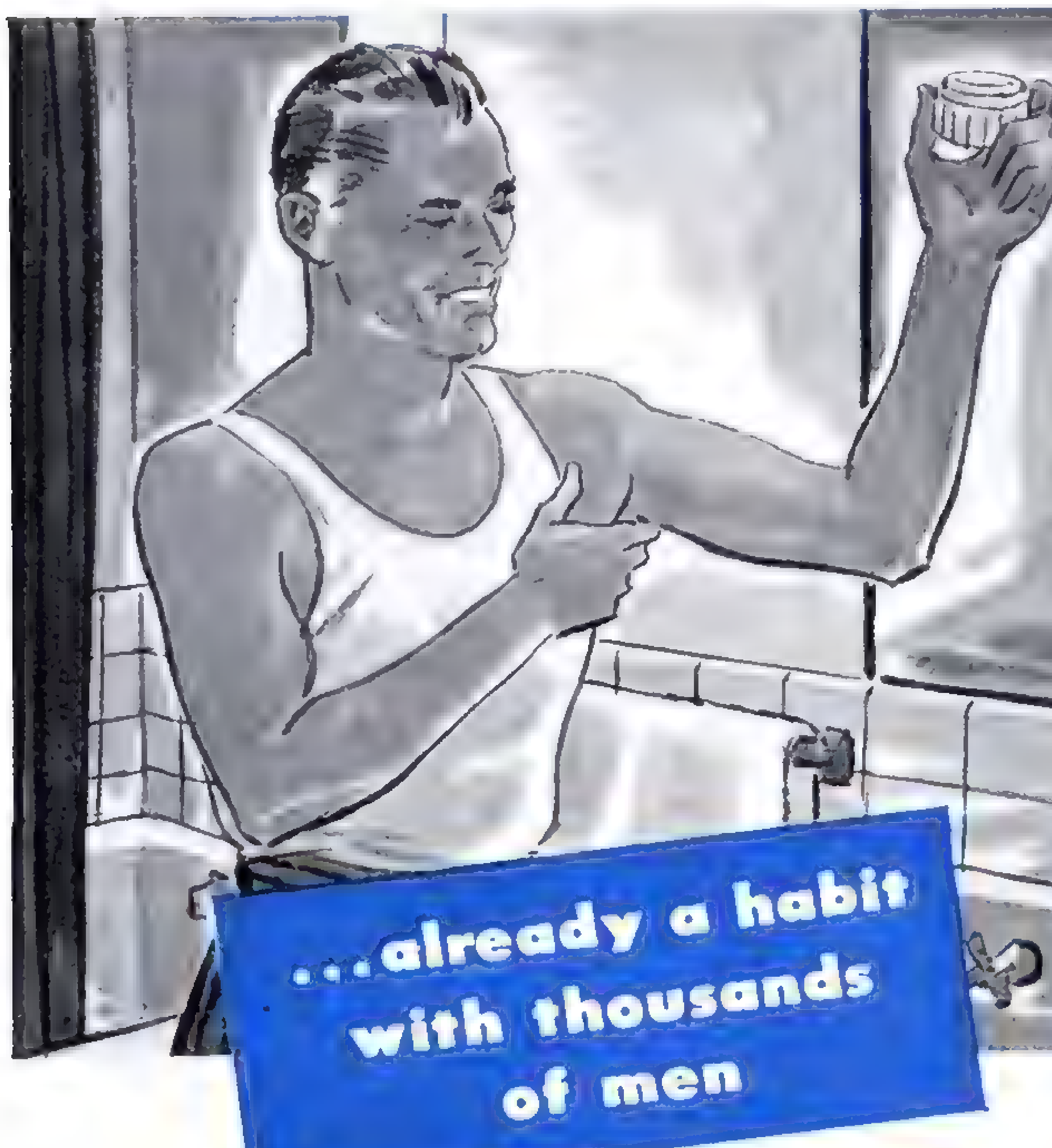
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Grandpa Birdwell's Last Battle

Continued from pages 58-123-124

a pile on the entry floor.

"I'm glad you didn't stomp that snake," Grandma said. "What if you'd a-got them pizen copperhead ribs in your feet?"

"I'm bit all over nohow," Grandpa said as he climbed up the steps into the front room and Grandma took him by the arm.

"Do you want me to get you a drink of water, Grandpa?" I asked.

"Nope, I'll drink from my jug."

"That's right, Battle," Grandma said. "You need plenty of pizen in you."

Grandpa got the jug. I put the lamp back on the table.

"Gurgle, gurgle, gurgle, gurgle, gurgle."

"Drean the jug, Battle," Grandma said. "You've got a lot of pizen in you."

"Gurgle, gurgle, gurgle, gurgle, gurgle."

Grandpa put the jug on the table long enough to get his breath.

"Hurry Battle and get the 'Herbs' down you," Grandma warned.

"Give me time, Lizzie."

"I need to put the turpentine bottle to the places the copperhead bit you," Grandma said. "You'll wake up in the mornin and you'll never know you battled with a copperhead."

"Gurgle, gurgle, gurgle, gurgle, gurgle."

"I'm seein darkness, Lizzie," Grandpa said. "Lower me to the floor. Don't let me fall."

While I steadied Grandpa, Grandma put a quilt down on the floor and she put a pillow on the quilt. We lowered Grandpa to the quilt. He didn't speak after we got him down. He was lifeless as a tree.

"I'll get the turpentine," Grandma said.

By the time Grandma got back with the turpentine, I had found the two places where the copperhead had socked him.

"I'll get the light down there," Grandma said. "I want to see where the snake's teeth went in Battle's legs. "It'll look like briar prints."

"Here's one place, Grandma. See right here by Grandpa's ankle!"

"I can see the prints of its fangs."

Grandma put the unstoppered bottle-neck down over the bite.

"Put the lamp up close Adger," she said. "See if you can see any green stripes of pizen goin up into the turpentine bottle."

I got down on my all-fours. I stuck my face up against the bottle. I held the lamp close so I could see.

"I can see it, Grandma," I said. "I can see green stripes goin up in the turpentine bottle."

"I'll haf to hurry so I can draw the pizen from Battle's other leg."

"Here's the other bite, Grandma," I said. I showed her the place on Grandpa's shin bone.

Grandma carefully put the turpentine bottle over the place.

"Watch for the pizen, Adger."

"I see plenty of it."

"I'll take the bottle away now," Grandma whispered. "It's about full of copperhead pizen. Think I got about all the pizen. All I didn't get the 'Herbs' will get. Now you fetch me a quilt and I'll spread it over Battle and let him rest the night here."

I got a quilt off'n one of the beds for Grandma. She spread it over Grandpa.

"Battle's a brave old warrior," she said as she spread the quilt over him. "He'll fight anythin that walks, crawls or flies."

"Look Grandma, his toes are wigglin under the kiver."

"He's fightin in his dreams."

"Reckon he's all right?"

"Of course he's all right," she said. "He's been bit before by copperheads. We know how to fight 'em."

We sat there and watched Grandpa's chest heave up and down as he got his breath and let it go again.

"Do you reckon that was Bill Sexton's spirit in that snake?" Grandma asked. "He was a sneak and the snake sneaked from under the floor and bit Battle near the ankle. That's the way Bill Sexton fit."

"I don't know whether it was Bill Sexton or not," I said. "I don't know whether a man can go into a snake when he dies."

"I believe he can," Grandma whispered. "That snake had the countenance of Bill Sexton."

We sat awhile by Grandpa's pallet.

"It's gettin late, Adger," Grandma said. "We'd better turn in and get a little sleep. I'll sleep here in the room where I can wait on Battle if he wants anything. You sleep upstairs where you've always slept."

"All right, Grandma."

I didn't sleep well. I dreamed of snakes runnin from a new ground fire. I saw them go over the steep hill slope with their heads high in the air and their tails barely touchin the ground. Grandpa was after them with a club. When Grandma called me down to breakfast, Grandpa was sittin at the table.

"We had some night last night didn't we," he said.

"Yep we did Grandpa."

"I never had a better night's sleep than the one I had last night. I feel just like a two-year old today."

"Battle you winned a good fight last night."

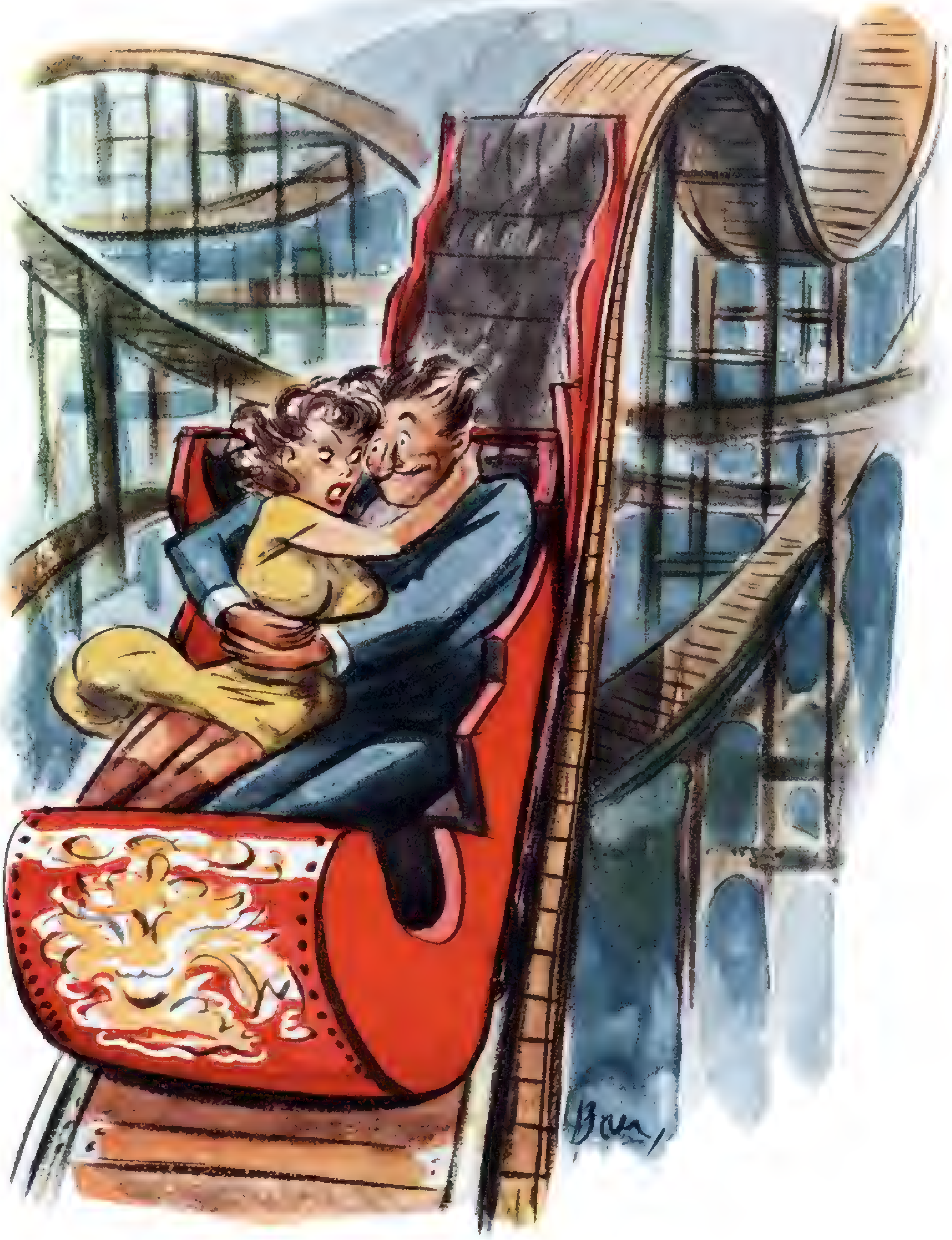
Grandpa looked at Grandma and smiled.

"I believe it was Bill Sexton that I fit."

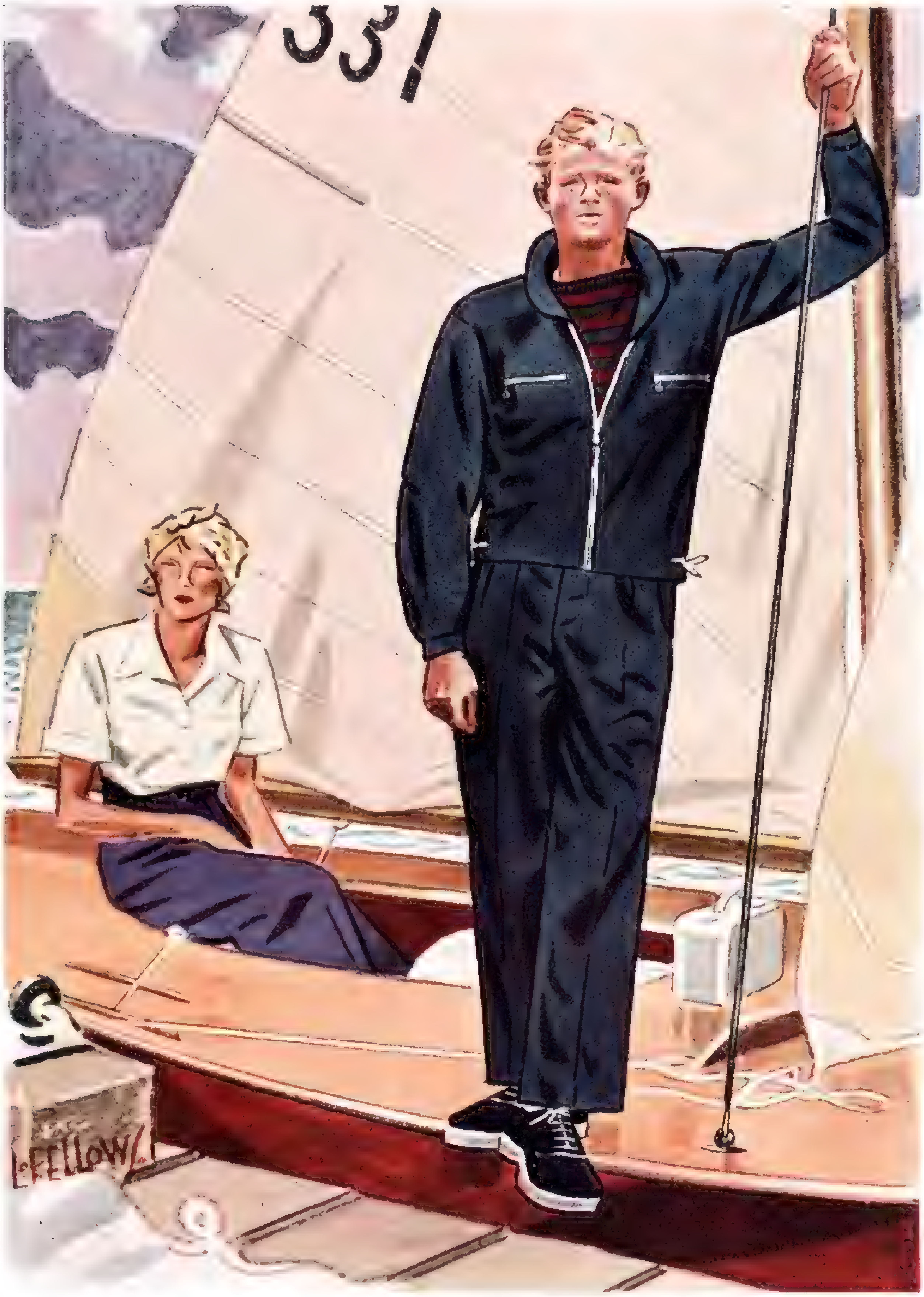
"It might have been Bill Sexton, Battle."

"If that snake was Bill Sexton," Grandpa said, "I'll be able to die happy when I die. I'm good for twenty more years yet."

Grandpa took a sup of coffee from his saucer. ⌗



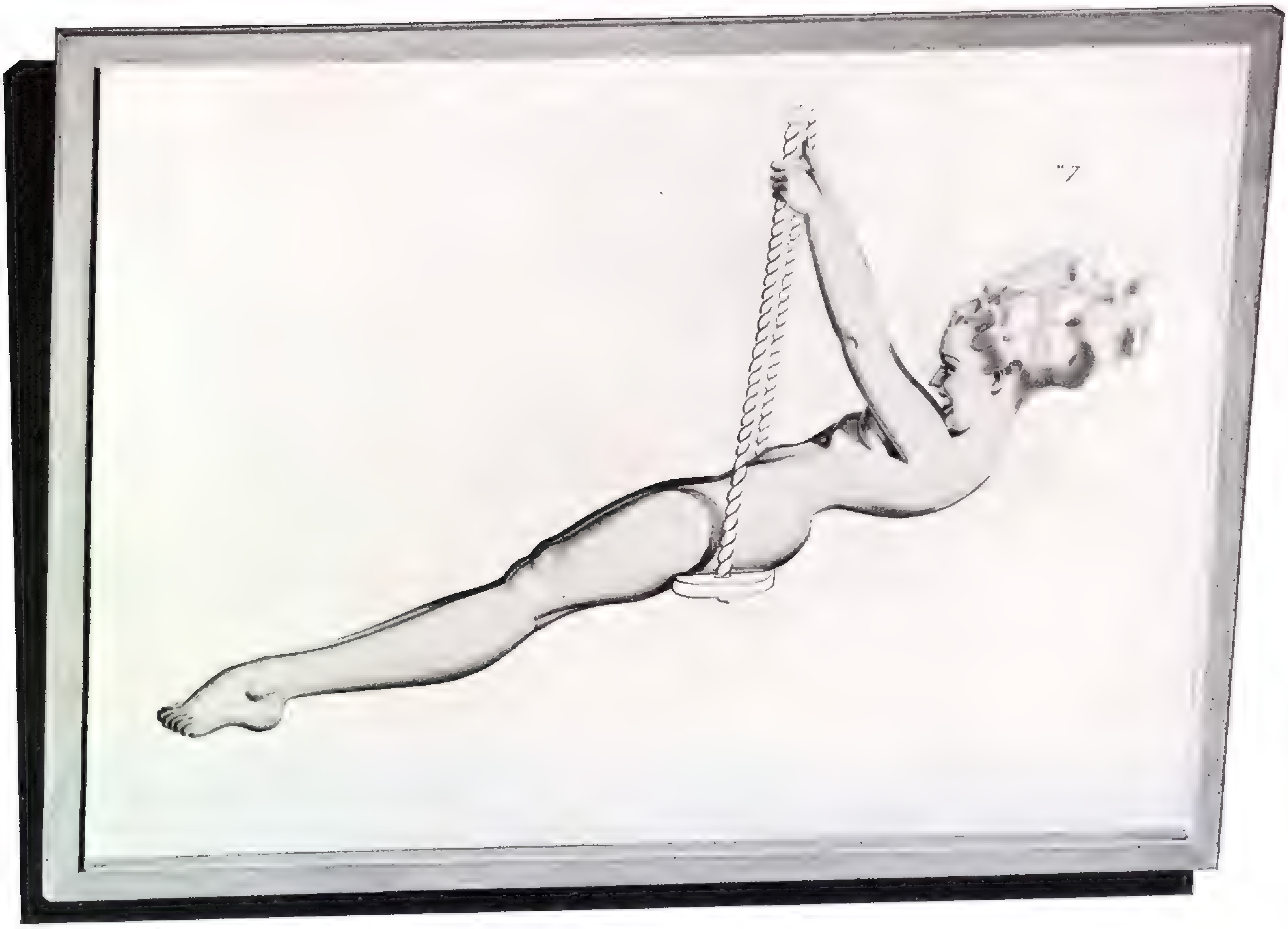
"Gee, it sure gives you a thrill, doesn't it?"



sailing in late summer

Some of the biggest and best days for sailing boats are still ahead of us. All classes from the Wee-Scotts to the 18-meter boats are expanding as more men and women become nautical-minded. The season, too, is being extended. On September week ends you'll find inveterate tenders of the tillers catching the winds. The gentleman sailor above sets a good example as far as clothes are concerned. His outfit, a workmanlike job for all practical purposes, has the ingredients of accepted fashions. The processed blue cotton of the jacket and slacks does double duty. On clear days its close weave breaks the wind, and in the rain keeps the wearer from being soaked. The slide-fastener closures down the front of the jacket and at the pockets were bordered with white, introducing a note of contrast. The white cords at the sides produce a close fit at the bottom of the jacket. The slacks, without cuffs, are roomy. The red and blue knitted lisle pullover has a big following. His blue canvas shoes have rubber soles with all-over cut herringbones on the bottoms, to give a good footing. The young woman in his life wears a white cotton shirt and blue washable slacks. On deck; a portable radio.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



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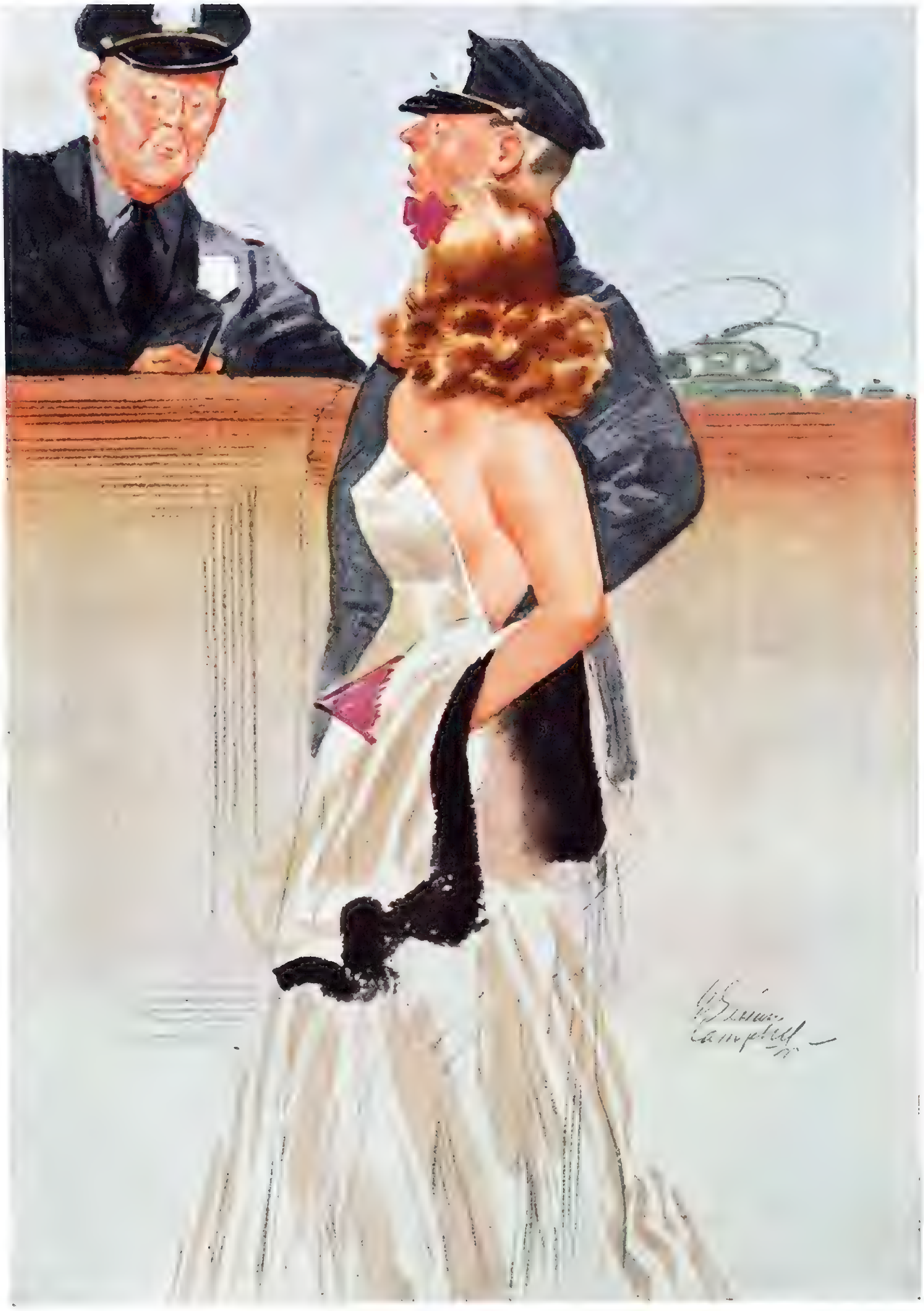

"She's got no visible means of support, Sarge!"

The Heart of a Broken Story

Continued from page 32

then, "Oh, say! I'm terribly sorry, Miss. I've torn your stocking. You must let me pay for it. I'm short of cash just now, but just give me your address."

Shirley wouldn't have given him her address. She just would have become embarrassed and inarticulate. "It's all right," she would have said, wishing Horgenschlag hadn't been born. And besides, the whole idea is illogical. Horgenschlag, a Seattle boy, wouldn't have dreamed of clutching at Shirley's ankle. Not in the Third Avenue Bus.

But what is more logical is the possibility that Horgenschlag might have got desperate. There are still a few men who love desperately. Maybe Horgenschlag was one. He might have snatched Shirley's handbag and run with it toward the rear exit door. Shirley would have screamed. Men would have heard her, and remembered the Alamo or something. Horgenschlag's flight, let's say, is now arrested. The bus is stopped. Patrolman Wilson, who hasn't made a good arrest in a long time, reports on the scene. What's going on here? Officer, this man tried to steal my purse.

Horgenschlag is hauled into court. Shirley, of course, must attend session. They both give their addresses; thereby Horgenschlag is informed of the location of Shirley's divine abode.

Judge Perkins, who can't even get a good, a really good cup of coffee in his own *house*, sentences Horgenschlag to a year in jail. Shirley bites her lip, but Horgenschlag is marched away.

In prison, Horgenschlag writes the following letter to Shirley Lester:

"Dear Miss Lester:

"I did not really mean to steal your purse. I just took it because I love you. You see I only wanted to get to know you. Will you please write me a letter sometime when you get the time? It gets pretty lonely here and I love you very much and maybe even you would come to see me some time if you get the time.

Your friend,
Justin Horgenschlag"

Shirley shows the letter to all her friends. They say, "Ah, it's *cute*, Shirley." Shirley agrees that it's kind of cute in a way. Maybe she'll answer it. "Yes! Answer it. Give'm a break. What've ya got t'lose?" So Shirley answers Horgenschlag's letter.

"Dear Mr. Horgenschlag:

"I received your letter and really feel very sorry about what has happened. Unfortunately there is very little we can do about it at this time, but I do feel abominable concerning the turn of events. However, your sentence is a short one and soon you will be out. The best of luck to you.

Sincerely yours,
Shirley Lester"

"Dear Miss Lester:

"You will never know how cheered up you made me feel when I received your letter. You should not feel abominable at all. It was all my fault for being so crazy so don't feel that way at all. We get movies here once a week and it really is not so bad. I am 31 years of age and come from Seattle. I have been in New York 4 years and think it is a great town only once in a while you get pretty lonesome. You are the prettiest girl I have ever seen even in Seattle. I wish you would come to see me some Saturday afternoon during visiting hours 2 to 4 and I will pay your train fare.

Your friend,
Justin Horgenschlag"

Shirley would have shown this letter, too, to all her friends. But she would not answer this one. Anyone could *see* that this Horgenschlag was a goof. And after all. She *had* answered the first letter. If she answered *this* silly letter the thing might drag on for *months* and everything. She did all she could for the man. And what a name. *Horgenschlag*.

Meanwhile, in prison Horgenschlag is having a terrible time, even though they have movies once a week. His cell-mates are Snipe Morgan and Slicer Burke, two boys from the back room, who see in Horgenschlag's face a resemblance to a chap in Chicago who once ratted on them. They are convinced that Ratface Ferrero and Justin Horgenschlag are one and the same person.

"But I'm *not* Ratface Ferrero," Horgenschlag tells them.

"Don't gimme that," says Slicer, knocking Horgenschlag's meager food rations to the floor.

"Bash his head in," says Snipe.

"I tell ya I'm just here because I stole a girl's purse on the Third Avenue Bus," pleads Horgenschlag. "Only I didn't really steal it. I fell in love with her, and it was the only way I could get to know her."

"Don't gimme that," says Slicer.

"Bash his head in," says Snipe.

Then there is the day when seventeen prisoners try to make an escape. During play period in the recreation yard, Slicer Burke lures the warden's niece, eight-year-old Lisbeth Sue, into his clutches. He puts his eight-by-twelve hands around the child's waist and holds her up for the warden to see.

"Hey, warden!" yells Slicer. "Open up them gates or it's curtains for the kid!"

"I'm not afraid, Uncle Bert!" calls out Lisbeth Sue.

"Put down that child, Slicer!" commands the warden, with all the impotence at his command.

But Slicer knows he has the warden just where he wants him. Seventeen men and a small blonde child walk out the gates. Sixteen men and a small blonde child walk

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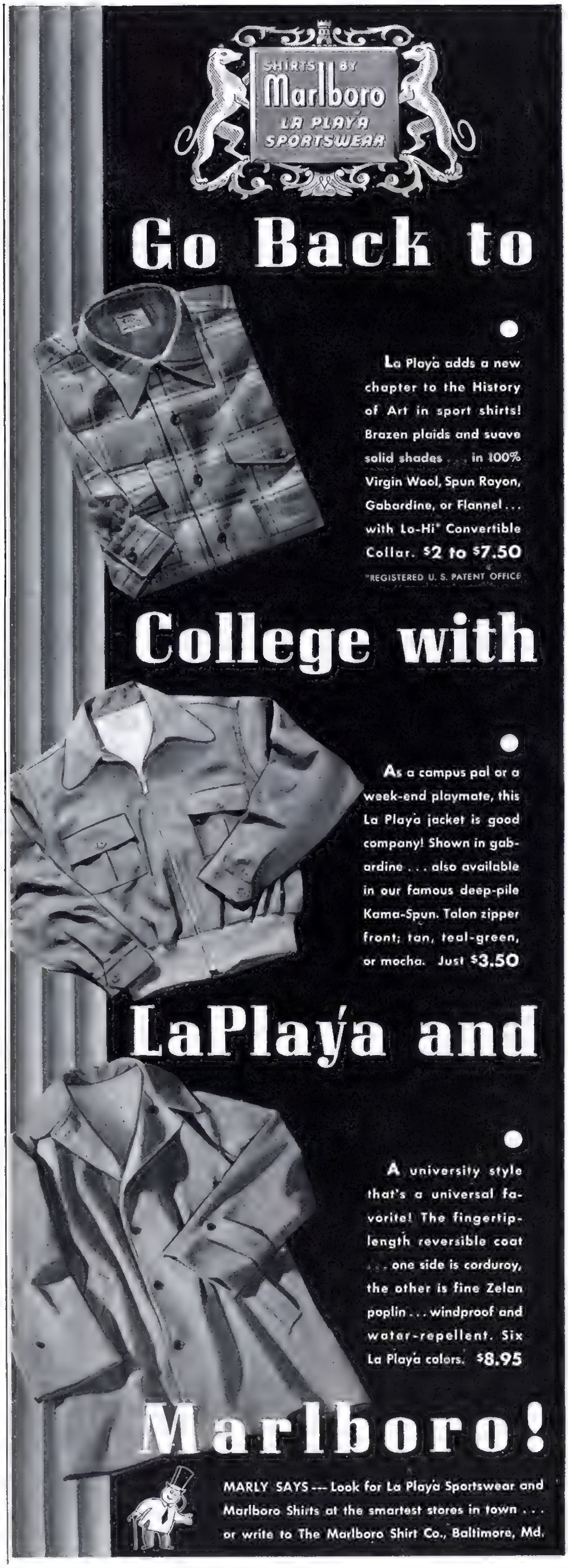

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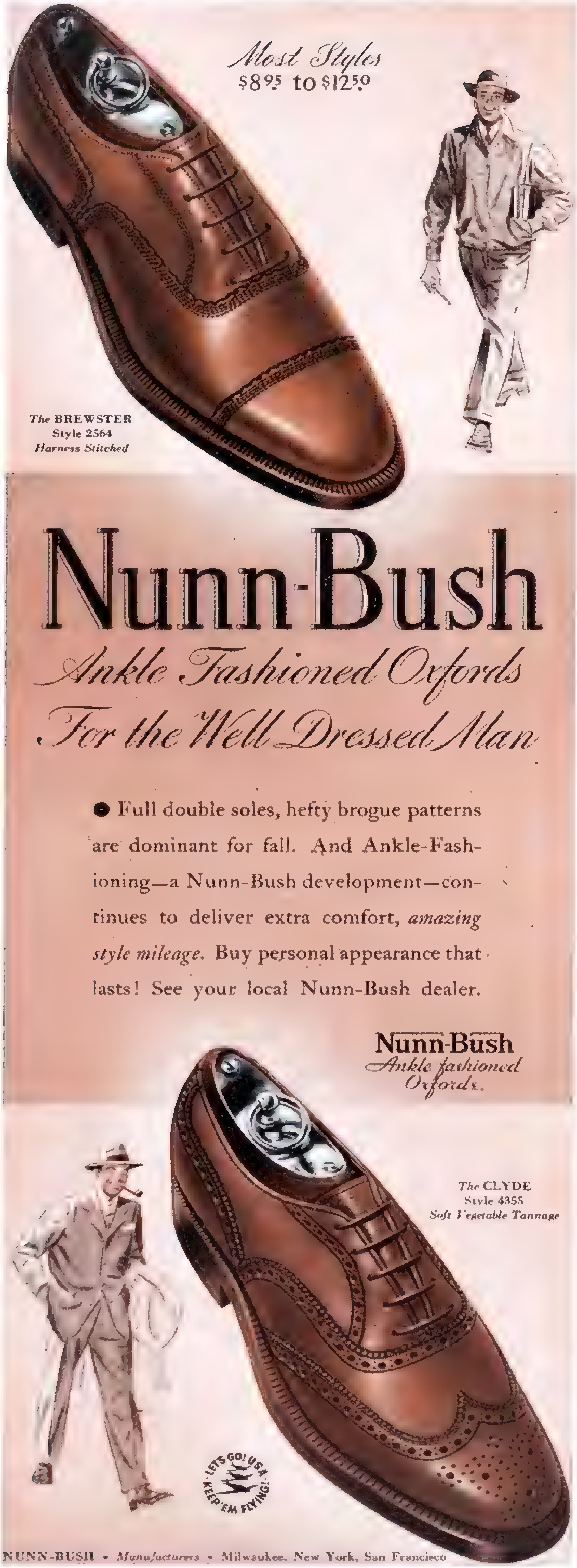

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The Heart of a Broken Story

Continued from pages 32-131

out safely. A guard in the high tower thinks he sees a wonderful opportunity to shoot Slicer in the head, and thereby destroy the unity of the escaping group. But he misses, and succeeds only in shooting the small man walking nervously behind Slicer, killing him instantly.

Guess who?

And, thus, my plan to write a boy-meets-girl story for *Collier's*, a tender, memorable love story, is thwarted by the death of my hero.

Now, Horgenschlag never would have been among those seventeen desperate men if only he had not been made desperate and panicky by Shirley's failure to answer his second letter. But the fact remains that she did *not* answer his second letter. She never in a hundred years would have answered it. I can't alter facts.

And what a shame. What a pity that Horgenschlag, in prison, was unable to write the following letter to Shirley Lester:

"Dear Miss Lester:

"I hope a few lines will not annoy or embarrass you. I'm writing, Miss Lester, because I'd like you to know that I am not a common thief. I stole your bag, I want you to know, because I fell in love with you the moment I saw you on the bus. I could think of no way to become acquainted with you except by acting rashly—foolishly, to be accurate. But then, one is a fool when one is in love.

"I loved the way your lips were so slightly parted. You represented the answer to everything to me. I haven't been unhappy since I came to New York four years ago, but neither have I been happy. Rather, I can best describe myself as having been one of the thousands of young men in New York who simply exist.

"I came to New York from Seattle. I was going to become rich and famous and well-dressed and suave. But in four years I've learned that I am not going to become rich and famous and well-dressed and suave. I'm a good printer's assistant, but that's all I am. One day the printer got sick, and I had to take his place. What a mess I made of things, Miss Lester. No one would take my orders. The typesetters just sort of giggled when I would tell them to get to work. And I don't blame them. I'm a fool when I give orders. I suppose I'm just one of millions who was never meant to give orders. But I don't mind anymore. There's a twenty-three-year-old kid my boss just hired. He's only twenty-three, and I am thirty-one and have worked at the same place for four years. But I know that one day he will become head printer, and I will be his assistant. But I don't mind knowing this any more.

"Loving you is the important thing, Miss Lester. There are some people who think love is sex and marriage and six o'clock-kisses and children, and perhaps it is, Miss Lester. But do you know what I think? I think love is a touch and yet not a touch.

"I suppose it's important to a woman that other people think of her as the wife of a man who is either rich, handsome, witty, or popular. I'm not even popular. I'm not even hated. I'm just—I'm just—Justin Horgenschlag. I never make people gay, sad, angry, or even disgusted. I think people regard me as a nice guy, but that's all.

"When I was a child no one pointed me out as being cute or bright or good-looking. If they had to say something they said I had sturdy little legs.

"I don't expect an answer to this letter, Miss Lester. I would like an answer more than anything else in the world, but truthfully I don't expect one. I merely wanted you to know the truth. If my love for you has led me to a new and great sorrow, only I am to blame.

"Perhaps one day you will understand and forgive your blundering admirer,

Justin Horgenschlag"

Such a letter would be no more unlikely than the following:

"Dear Mr. Horgenschlag:

"I got your letter and loved it. I feel guilty and miserable that events have taken the turn they have. If only you had spoken to me instead of taking my purse! But then, I suppose I should have turned the conventional chill on you.

"It's lunch hour at the office, and I'm alone here writing to you. I felt that I wanted to be alone today at lunch hour. I felt that if I had to go have lunch with the girls at the Automat and they jabbered through the meal as usual, I'd suddenly scream.

"I don't care if you're not a success, or that you're not handsome, or rich, or famous, or suave. Once upon a time I would have cared. When I was in high school I was always in love with the Joe Glamor boys. Donald Nicolson, the boy who walked in the rain and knew all Shakespeare's sonnets backwards. Bob Lacey, the handsome gink who could shoot a basket from the middle of the floor, with the score tied and the chukker almost over. Harry Miller, who was so shy and had such nice, durable brown eyes.

"But that crazy part of my life is over.

"The people in your office who giggled when you gave them orders are on my black list. I hate them as I've never hated anybody.

"You saw me when I had all my make-up on. Without it, believe me, I'm no raving beauty. Please write me when you're allowed to have visitors. I'd like you to take a second look at me. I'd like to be sure that you didn't catch me at a phony best.

"Oh, how I wish you'd told the

judge why you stole my purse! We might be together and able to talk over all the many things I think we have in common.

"Please let me know when I may come to see you.

Yours sincerely,
Shirley Lester"

But Justin Horgenschlag never got to know Shirley Lester. She got off at Fifth-Sixth Street, and he got off at Thirty-Second Street. That night Shirley Lester went to the movies with Howard Lawrence with whom she was in love. Howard thought Shirley was a darn good sport, but that was as far as it went. And Justin Horgenschlag that night stayed home and listened to the Lux Toilet Soap radio play. He thought about Shirley all night, all the next day, and very often during that month. Then all of a sudden he was introduced to Doris Hillman who was beginning to be afraid she wasn't going to get a husband. And then before Justin Horgenschlag knew it, Doris Hillman and things were filing away Shirley Lester in the back of his mind. And Shirley Lester, the thought of her, no longer was available.

And that's why I never wrote a boy-meets-girl story for *Collier's*. In a boy-meets-girl story the boy should always meet the girl. ⁜

The End of Hitler

Continued from page 27

Hitler's ideas in advance. He preyed on British commerce and captured hundreds of American freight ships. But he suffered more harm than he inflicted.

By and by the Czar turned against him. Napoleon decided to crush the ingrate as he had crushed everybody else but England. He organized a gigantic host, a steamroller, the *Grande Armée*. He marched unimpeded across Germany and Poland and drove the Russians before him as a gale sweeps snowflakes across the steppes. He pushed on to Moscow. Then somebody set it on fire with all its stores. Napoleon had to turn back or starve. He was escorted to the border by the Russians. Like wolf-packs they harried his storm-beaten armies. Napoleon had finally to leave them to flounder through the blizzards. In a carriage he pushed on posthaste to Paris. At some of the stops, in order to escape discovery and capture, he had to pretend to be his own secretary.

News could travel no faster then than the fastest horse and he beat his own bad news to Paris—presented it in his own way, while the Grand Army disintegrated in the snowstorms the way Mussolini's army fell apart in the sandstorms of Egypt—the way Hitler's hordes may yet collapse.

The incredible Napoleon recruited a new army and came within an ace of winning at Waterloo, where Wellington trumped his ace. Realizing that he was finished for the moment, Napoleon decided to surrender to the British navy—that old devil navy that has caused Hitler so much trouble. Napoleon thought he could relax in the pleasant English countryside till he could work up a new army and escape to it. But the British put him in hot storage on Saint Helena. And there he stuck.

On a lonely rock in mid-ocean Napoleon, an even more dazzling conqueror than Hitler, died of cancer of the stomach. His chief annoyance during his last years was that when he looked out of his window he could always see a British guard.

There was a quaint item in Napoleon's will: he left a legacy of 10,000 francs to the assassin Cantillon who had tried to murder the Duke of Wellington. Napoleon had his good points, but good sportsmanship was not among them.

Nothing could have seemed more incredible than such a finish for a genius who at his peak was treating the Pope with even more contempt than Hitler has shown. Napoleon dragged the Pontiff from Rome to Paris for the coronation, then snatched the crown from the Pope's hands to crown himself as Emperor—and his Creole wife as Empress.

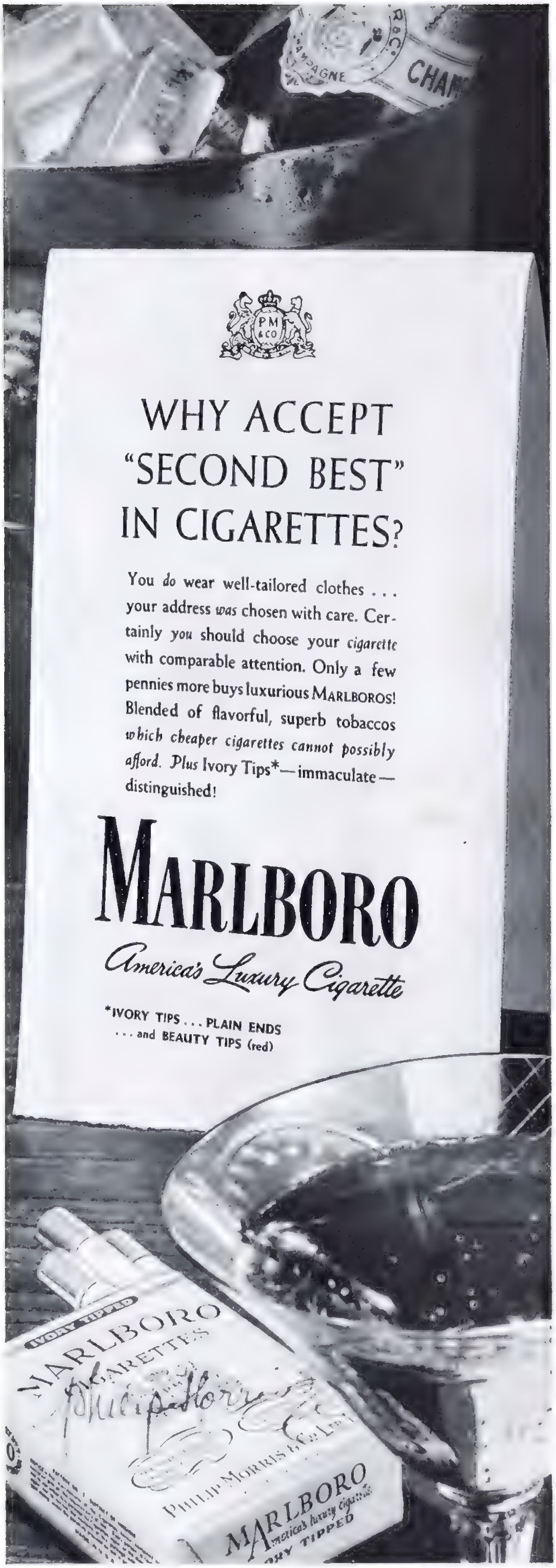
Napoleon had found the French race the tallest in Europe. He left it the smallest. Napoleon left his adopted country with less territory than it had when he took it over. Hitler may well do the same by the Germany he has adopted. In any case he has completed the Kaiser's task of ridding the word "Germany" of its old associations with sweet sentiment, tender and all-pervading music, Santa Klaus and Christmas trees, great scholarship, great science. He gave it what Hitler is confirming, a connotation of ruthlessness, horror, cruelty, devastation. In World War I we called the Germans "Huns." Hitler has made "Hun" "honey" by comparison.

Since Napoleon and many another great warrior outlived his triumphs to die in defeat, so Hitler may live that long. His defeat, however delayed, is inescapable now that our great nation is girding its mighty loins, and pouring out increasing help to England. Hitler's dream is doomed—the hideous dream of that grotesque egomaniac as we have heard him screaming it across the world through the radio.

I used to dream, too; for it is human nature to admire the standard: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be meted unto you." Who could wish Hitler worse than that?

In the vast total of his atrocities we have almost forgotten his early villainies, especially his fiendish attacks on the Jews and his peculiar ways of proving the superiority of the imaginary race he claims to represent. In the news-

Continued on page 134



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PIONEER ACCESSORIES FOR MEN—SINCE 1877

The End of Hitler

Continued from pages 27-133

papers and the newsreels we used to see many pictures of elderly Jewish men—rabbis often among them—forced to kneel and scrub filthy streets on which the humorous Nazi guards poured lye as a help—usually splashing some of it on the wrists of their ancient victims. There were always a few laughing Nazis looking on.

I used to feel sorry enough for the pitiful Jews, but far sorrier for the laughing spectators who had once been human beings—sorry as one feels for madmen laughing in an asylum. Circe turned the brave companions of Ulysses into swine. So Hitler turned the amiable German people into wild boars.

My dream was that I might live to see, and Hitler might live to furnish, a newsreel or photograph showing him on his knees scrubbing filthy pavements while ancient rabbis pour lye on his wrists. But I doubt that even the triumphant Jews would laugh at his shame and at the tears he would shed. They have too many unutterably pitiable memories of what their race has had to endure. It was a Jew who said, "Love your enemies and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

It is cruel of me no doubt to wish such punishment even for a demon whose cruelties have made the word "cruelties" useless. But I do not expect to see that dream of mine come true. In any case it could only be a frivolous prelude to the punishments he has earned, punishments infinitely beyond any one man's ability to endure.

Yet it is because mankind feels the need for making the punishment fit the crime that people turn to fiction for satisfaction, and pay other people to write it. It is why more people read fiction than read history. For in fiction (of a sort much looked down on by the grim critics of the "slice of life" school) the villains come to a bad end, their victims get a belated reward, and live happily ever afterward. That is called "poetic justice" because it is "poetic," which means "made-up" and not natural, not according to the prose of realism.

Yet there ought to be some repayment in kind for such tremendous viciousness as Hitler's, seeing that other men are denounced and imprisoned for stealing or brutality and sometimes put to death for murder, even if they murder only one single individual. There ought to be a chance for the world to give back to Hitler a tiny mite of the incomputable, unimaginable aggregate of sorrow he has caused. But he has only one head to chop off, only one body to hang, or shoot; one heart, if any, to stop.

And at that he might thwart the vengeance of man by killing himself first.

That other great music-lover, Nero, who so cheerfully murdered everybody who offended him, including his adopted father, his mother, and his wife, ordered his teacher, old Seneca, to commit suicide. He found out by and by that some of his friends were conspiring against him. His armies grew dissatisfied and mutinied; suppressed nations revolted; his own generals set up a new ruler; his palace guards deserted him. So he fled to the home of an ex-slave and, hearing troops approach, killed himself in a mad hysteria of terror, to save himself from his own people. They had loved and revered him as a god in spite of his crimes, but now they broke his statues, erased his name wherever it appeared, and wrecked his "golden house," his Berchtesgaden.

So Hitler might fall from his Neronian height and commit suicide in a Neronian cowardice before the prospect of enduring a bit of what he has so mercilessly meted out to throngs, not only of strangers but of his own friends. That Hitler should be his own executioner is improbable, yet not at all impossible. All the accounts of him describe him as the victim of whirlwinds of ungovernable hysteria, of the kind that men love to call womanish. He has always been a tremendous weeper, especially when thwarted. The Roman dictator Sulla died of the breaking of a blood vessel in one of his passions. Hitler has a throat that gives him ominous trouble, as he gives it ominous strain by shriekings that we have heard even over here.

There have been many suicides among the great conquerors and kings. The Carthaginian Hannibal has been called "the greatest general that ever lived." After he had ravaged Italy and annihilated Roman armies, he fell on evil days and finally, seeing his house of refuge surrounded by hostile soldiers, killed himself with a poison he had always carried in a ring.

Another great enemy of Rome was Mithridates, whose royal father was assassinated by his own courtiers. Mithridates had murdered his mother, his sons, his sister, who was also his wife, and killed off his whole harem to keep his concubines out of the enemy's hands. When he lost his power he tried to poison himself, but failing, forced a Gallic mercenary soldier to kill him.

His dealings with his family were rivalled only by those of the great Constantine, who put to death his father-in-law, his half-sister's husband, his son, and his wife, among others. But he did not kill himself. He died beautifully of a fever in a sanctified peace and lives on in high honor, his crimes forgotten. That seems a fate impossible for Hitler.

We can feel sure that his conscience, so to speak, will never trouble him. Somehow, one never thinks of him as capable of suffering from remorse. We hear of his demoniac rages against those who smoke in his presence or presume to oppose him; but he does not seem to be of the self-accusing type. There seems little reason to hope that he will ever sit in judgment on his own soul, review the ghastly toll of the evils he has inflicted on mankind or set afoot, and then condemn himself to death.

But what remorse he could feel if he could feel remorse! What bitterer judgment could be passed on him than the fact that one never imagines him capable of repenting the misery he has brought upon the whole world?

Suicide might then well be ruled out as the Hitlerian escape.

A more plausible fate for him might be assassination. You remember the description of Russian government as "despotism mitigated by assassination." It is bewildering that Hitler has been permitted to kill such multitudes without being killed in the process. He practiced first on his own people and they accepted ruin, exile, poverty, prison, and death with no more effort at reprisal than a herd of cattle driven to the slaughter pens.

One fault with assassination is that the people who are willing to attempt it are apt to show more depravity than discrimination. Among their victims have been the beloved and amiable Henry of Navarre; the kindliest of Russian Czars, Alexander II, who freed the serfs, but was bombed to death while preparing further liberties for his people; even the American president who freed the slaves. Two other of our gentler presidents were slain. Several had narrow escapes.

Shakespeare makes Julius Caesar's assassination lamentable, but Caesar was not altogether a good man. His conduct shocked even Rome. He was an arch-conspirator against his government, as Hitler was. Caesar was mixed up with Cataline. The great warrior Pompey was his son-in-law, but Caesar turned against him and drove him into exile to be killed by his own soldiers. Caesar was merciless with the alien enemies he fought and ordered women and children exterminated as calmly and as boastfully as Hitler sends his bombers out. Hitler might envy Caesar his two invasions of England.

Caesar was created dictator and, like Hitler, consented to be treated not only as King but as God. His statue was set up and his image carried in religious processions, just as Bundists and others burn candles before Hitler's picture at their picnics on American soil. After Caesar's death the Romans had priests appointed to keep his cult alive. That also might happen to Der heilige Hitler, whom they Heil with such awe and incessancy.

Yet it also might happen to him that on some wild day he should be assassinated as the divine Julius Caesar was, of whom Seneca said: "Among his murderers there were more of his friends than of his enemies."

Hitler did better than Julius, by reversing the process early in his career. He assassinated more of his friends than his enemies.

Such mountains, such sierras of crime and death have been piled up by him and his pagan followers that they hide from our remembrance the wholesale assassinations he perpetrated on the day of the bloody purge of 1934.

Before he gained power he had promised that when he did, "heads would roll in the sand." Some of his partners furnished some of the first heads when he and Goebbels struck Munich at daybreak while Goering made a visitation on Berlin. Hitler's former boon companion, Captain Ernst Roehm, was giving a big house party to a throng of Nazis. Hitler broke in upon them and screamed at them for their treachery and their dissipation. Captain Röhm was in his pajamas, as was his boy favorite. The mignon was shot dead. The Captain and the rest were rushed to a Munich prison to be massacred by firing squads. In Berlin, automobiles filled with Nazis dashed hither and yon, distributing death. The great General Schleicher and his wife came to their door and were both shot dead there. Two of Von Papen's assistants were shot. Von Papen was imprisoned and menaced with death, but finally released to crawl back into service. Fifty persons were known to have been murdered. It is believed that hundreds perished.

It was such butchery as won American Indians the name of savages. But it was only a mild preface, a textbook lesson in Nazi procedure. The same method was employed in the ghastly treatment of the Austrian Dollfuss. The treatment of Schussnig has been medieval.

From the start Hitler has been a willing and eager assassin of individuals, as well as a mass assassin. Some day some former devotee of his may dread a change of whim or take a hint from a frown, and strike first. It has happened too often in history to be thought at all impossible. In fact an assassin came within half an hour of wiping Hitler out with all his crew by blowing up the Munich Beer Hall on an anniversary. Better luck next time!

Even if he escapes the treason of a suspicious partisan, or the revenge of one driven mad by his cruelty, there is always a chance of disease.

A common cold may get him, as a cold ending in chills and fever did for Timur, whom we call Tamurline, so ruthless a conqueror that the Elizabethan playwright Marlowe brought him on the stage in a chariot drawn by six kings, whom he lashed with a whip as he shouted, "Hola, ye pampered jades of Asia!" Hitler could do almost as well. The King of Norway, the Queen of Holland, the King of Rumania have fled from him; but he has the King of Denmark, the

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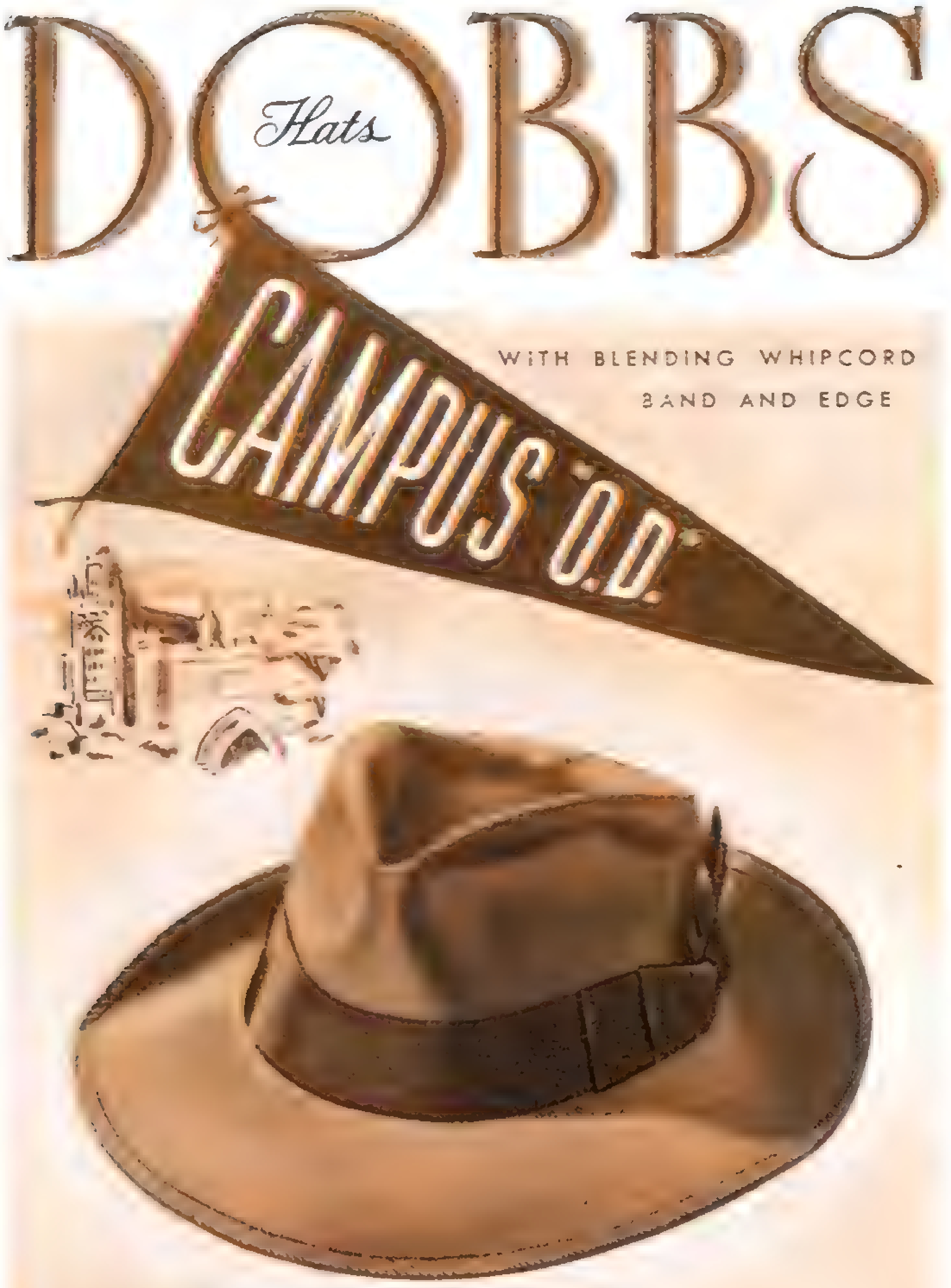
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The End of Hitler

Continued from pages 27-133-135

new King of Rumania and the King of the Belgians in his custody, while the kings of Italy, Spain, and Bulgaria regard him with undisguised terror.

If a little common cold does not rid us of Hitler, a microscopic germ may do what the armies of Europe cannot as yet accomplish. Influenza carried off hundreds of thousands of persons in the World War I, and Hitler might catch it. Perhaps even the microbes are afraid of him. He might bite himself by accident and die of his own poison, as the scorpion is alleged to do.

His airplane may crash. His automobile may collide with something. He might be hit by a bomb from on high, or caught by a collapsing wall. Hundreds of men, women and children are perishing so. Why should Hitler be spared? Even with all the cloud of guards that surround him, the secrecy that surrounds his movements?

But death can pass through all human precautions. There was Sweden's one ruthless conqueror, Charles XII, "the great obstacle to the peace of Europe," whose foreign wars caused suffering and ruin at home as well as abroad. On one of his inspection tours, he visited a petty fortress, went along the trenches and peered over. His officers found him lying across the parapet still in death, his eye and his skull pierced by a bullet from some source forever unknown.

The ancient Assyrians were Hitler's prototypes. They shifted whole populations as Hitler does. Some of them died quietly, but Sennacherib was assassinated by two of his own sons. Hitler has no sons.

Quaintly enough, as the British noted in a leaflet they distributed all over Germany by airplane: Hitler has no son; Goering has no son; Goebbels has no son; Himmler has no son. They can afford to be liberal with the lives of other people's sons, and hurl them out of parachutes in a human snowstorm.

For all their mercilessness in conquest, defeat and oblivion came to Assyria and Babylon. Nineveh and other of their great cities became mere mounds in the desert unrecognized as cities for centuries. That is what Hitler has been trying to do for England's cities. If he had his way, London with all its treasures of art and story would be a heap of cinders and rubble with all its people entombed within the gigantic cairn.

Babylon had an ugly record before it also was conquered by the founder of Persia, the great Kooroosh, whom we call Cyrus. He was merciful to the conquered, and died honorably on a battlefield. But his son Cambyses was a drunkard who murdered his own brother. A usurper rose against him and Cambyses became one of the earliest royal suicides.

But his conqueror was overthrown in time, and killed by the great Darius, who called himself Darayavaush, developed commerce, sent out explorers, civilized his nation, and was merciful to his victims. He died in peace. But his son Xerxes, called in the Bible Ahasuerus, tried to crush the Greeks, was defeated and eventually assassinated by his own vizier. His grandson reigned only forty-five days and was murdered.

One might go on forever cataloguing the picturesque conclusions of good and evil warriors. They outrun the wildest imaginings of fiction writers and are more truly "slices of life."

The dying Alexander the Great caught a fever and lost the power of speech. That would be hell for Hitler. Alexander died at thirty-three. His wife Roxana and his son Alexander were both put to death and his generals fell to fighting among themselves. The vast empire he had built up in thirteen years was soon broken up into separate nations.

Among the names that are household words for devastation and conquest, Attila the Hun stands high. People were in such terror of him that the city of Venice was founded among the marshes by fugitives from his ravages. He died on his wedding night after a too hearty banquet. After Attila passed out, "his Huns disappeared almost like bats at sunrise," says Andrew Reid Cowan. Why doesn't Hitler get married? or at least go on a bat?

Alaric the Goth conquered the Romans and sacked the city; but a little fever carried him off. His followers were so anxious to keep his burial place secret from possible vengeance that they turned the river Busento aside, dug his grave in the river bed, and let the river in again. They then slew all the captives who had done the work so that the secret might not be betrayed. Perhaps we shall never have a chance to cover Hitler's remains with a monument appropriate to his deeds. His ending may be as obscure as his beginnings were.

Among conquerors, the biggest name of all, of course, is Jenghiz Khan. That Mongol chief of a petty tribe, who conquered China, then all Asia, was as treacherous and tricky as Hitler, and as ruthless when he had the chance. At Nishapur he put every man, woman and child to death except 400 artisans whom he saved for his own use, as Hitler makes captured peoples work for him. Jenghiz punished the rebellious great city of Herat by a massacre lasting a week and resulting, it is said, in the death of sixteen hundred thousand persons. The territory he conquered could swallow Hitler's realm with hardly a gulp. It reached from the Pacific Ocean into Europe at the Dnieper River. At the age of sixty-five he was frightened by the astrologers. Hitler is also said to astrologize. Jenghiz Khan struck out for home, but fell ill on the way and died. As with Alaric it was thought important to keep his death secret, and every witness encountered by his funeral procession was slain by the escort.

The son of Jenghiz was Ogdai Khan who rivalled his father in conquest and cruelty. He ruined the Chinese "golden dynasty," and the last of its emperors hanged himself. Then Ogdai turned against India and his enemy there fled to the mountains and was murdered by a peasant. Meanwhile he sent out three huge armies. One crushed Korea in the far East. One under Batu pushed West, razing Moscow and Kiev, ravaging Poland and Hungary, sacking Budapest, and reaching all the way to the Adriatic, when it was recalled by news of Ogdai's death as a result of licentious ease. And then, as usual, the glory quickly passed away in civil wars. Later Kublai Khan revived the power of the Mongols and ruled over more people than any man ever before or since. But after him the Chinese rose and erased the dynasty from a power that Hitler can never hope to rival.

Jenghiz Khan it was who drove the Turks out of northern Asia to their present home, with all that meant to Europe in the fall of Constantinople and the Crusades. The Turkish rulers died all sorts of ways, from falling off horses to being strangled in their own seraglios. A favorite method was to put out their eyes and send them forth in rags to beg and starve.

The Russian tyrants died all sorts of ways. Ivan the Terrible murdered his own son; slew friends and foes with Hitlerian impartiality; had an elephant cut to pieces because it would not kneel to him; developed spies and informers into an all-pervading Gestapo, and made seven wives unhappy. Yet he had a long and beautiful last illness in which he scattered sweet sayings and wise counsels and talked tenderly to the ghost of his murdered son. He sat up to play a game of chess and fell back suddenly dead.

Of Peter the Great, a biographer says: "His rage was cyclonic, his hatred only stopped short of extermination . . . No man equally great has ever descended to such depths of cruelty and treachery . . . Few men have ever had a more intimate persuasion that they were but instruments for good in the hands of God." He died at fifty-three after prolonged and frequent convulsions that made him cry aloud in agony.

Spanish history is almost all melodrama. That Philip II who had a lifelong obsession to crush England and sent the Armada against it, was another of those meek and lowly God-mad men who did everything vile with a lofty purpose. Besides the tortures he perpetrated upon the Netherlands people, he once sentenced the whole population to death. Yet, he reduced his own people to such want that at times he could not pay the wages of his own servants. He suffered appalling agonies and was fifty days dying, covered with verminous ulcers; but enduring all with angelic sweetness.

The French kings were versatile at the edge of the grave. Henry II lingered for days with a splintered lance in his eye. Charles IX, whose reign is remembered for the St. Bartholomew's massacre, died of hemorrhages that bathed him in blood, and was further lashed with remorse, his only happiness the thought that he left no son to succeed him. Hitler will probably escape the remorse but he may need the consolation of leaving no son to inherit his horrible name.

The first of the three German emperors, Frederick William IV, had two strokes, and his brother was made regent. The second Emperor was dying of cancer when he took the crown and lingered only ninety-nine days. His son, the third and last German emperor, was the one we called the Kaiser.

I have spoken of Hitler's frenzy to invade England as a major obsession. How easily the early invaders got ashore! They simply went across the Channel in a lot of rowboats with sails. The last of them was William the Conqueror, who followed close on two other invaders. He killed off the last of the Anglo-Saxon kings, Harold, whose two brothers died beside him. His body lay unburied among the loathsome heaps of slain till his mistress, Editha "the swan-necked," found it.

William had a curious finish. He returned to France to punish the rebellious town of Mantes. He had his troops tear up all the vines, cut down the orchards. When he took the town by surprise or treachery, he burned it to the ground, no more sparing church or school than the Nazi bombers do.

But as William rode near to gloat over the ruins, his horse stepped on hot cinders, and gave a sudden plunge. This threw William's heavy belly so hard against the pommel that it was ruptured. He lingered for six weeks in anguish, repenting his cruelties and crimes and sending money to rebuild the churches he had burned. Hitler does not ride a horse, alas.

Shakespeare, who said something about everything, summed up the stormy fate of rulers in the famous lines:

"For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings.
How some have been deposed; some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed;
Some poison'd by their wives; some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd; for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a King,
Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,

Continued on page 138

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The End of Hitler

Continued from pages 27-133-135-137

Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, he fear'd and kill with looks,
Infusing him with self and vain conceit
As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable, and humour'd thus
Comes at the last and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell, King!"

Shakespeare gives these lines to Richard II, who was effeminate and extravagant and was overthrown by rebellious subjects. His own people threw dirt in his face when he rode through the streets. Compelled to abdicate, he was killed in prison.

In Shakespeare's tragedy of the third and more evil Richard, he accomplishes a review of the monster's life by the device of a dream.

The night before the fatal battle in which Richard III was slain, he is visited in a long nightmare by the ghosts of those he has done to death; the King, the little princes smothered in the Tower, Clarence, Hastings, and others, all bidding him "despair and die!"

If some future Shakespeare should write *The Tragedy of Adolf I*, what a nightmare he could find to hand! Only eleven ghosts visited Richard; but the procession that could march through Hitler's soul could never be numbered: his friends wakened from sleep to be shot to death; the Jews tortured and shamed, beaten, starved, slain, exiled; the great scientists, physicians, novelists, poets, journalists, crushed into silence or death or driven into poverty and banishment; the Germans and Austrians whose deaths he caused, the Czechs, the Poles—

From Denmark, Norway, Holland, from Rumania, Hungary—would swarm thousands who owed their deaths or the ruin of their lives to him.

The Queen of Holland in flight, the King of Norway, the King of Rumania might visit him, accompanied by the endless train of those who died from the foul conspiracies and civil wars and complex treasons set on foot by his fifth columnists and spies among the peoples cowering under the menace of his bombers and his tanks and his goose-stepping troops.

Through his dreams should pass the English and Scotch and Welsh multitudes in the murdered cities, the hordes of children and poor helpless women, crippled, wounded, slaughtered, or groveling in terror underground.

It has been estimated that a million children have died of hunger, cold or wounds as a result of Hitler's ministrations. Of those who have not died, millions have been torn from homes to be hidden in villages or in nations overseas.

The Slaughter of the Innocents by Herod is a petty thing alongside Hitler's work. The Children's Crusade of the Middle Ages, where thousands of little ones died on the march or in the sea or in slavery, was a minor tragedy compared to the fugitive hosts of children that have been thrust into exile to eat the bread of strangers. Even German children have been driven from their homes in multitudes to escape retaliatory bombing.

Hitler has boasted that he has sunk millions of tons of beautiful ships with their precious cargoes, leaving their human freight to strangle in the waves or perish in the storm-lashed lifeboats. What a vision that might give him of his workmanship on earth.

Last of all, he should look upon the emaciated skeletons of those whose food he has stolen and who have starved to death in multitudes because of him.

He has written his own condemnation in his life work, *Mein Kampf*, a book that glorified the lie and sneered at his own victims for making it their Bible and believing the gospel of hate he preached, the colossal fallacies, odious ideals and the wholesale destruction he so carefully planned.

For years he has turned the whole world aside from its orderly pursuits, its progress, its humane endeavors to be rid of pain and plague and poverty and unhappiness. He has filled it with terror and treason, spying and butchery, and every form of bankruptcy in finances, morals, mercy and hope.

To what end? to whose benefit? for what kindly purpose or human achievement? He rages through our world like a blood-dripping idiot with a torch and a bludgeon and leads his mad people to their destruction and to ours. It is all but unbelievable that this grotesque maniac who has never been near our shores, should have so set the world ablaze that the main, almost the sole business of our own great republic has become the preparation to withstand the avalanche of ruin he has set rolling our way.

The only comfort we can find is in the bravery with which he is endured and resisted, and in the knowledge that one day he will die, leaving his name to an infinite infamy shared by those who have helped him by action or by indifference, leaving immortal honor to those who resisted him and finally brought him down to the earth he has made a hell.

Then mankind can once more take up its forward march toward justice, mercy, liberty, equality, and the pursuit of happiness. If our generation should prove cowardly enough to let him live, it will deserve to share the shame of the epitaph history will write for him, and for the generations that yielded cravenly to other conquerors. ⌗

"Bugs" That Almost Fly

Continued from page 92

cars today are molded in one piece with an air pill running through the center of the tire. They cost from four to eight dollars for a set of four.

A friend of mine owns a gnat which has a low center of gravity and is super-streamlined to the nth degree. His contention is that although his car lacks the power of larger cars, the difference in wind resistance is enough to overcome the shortage of power. In a contest all cars must conform to certain weight and engine specifications. Several weeks ago at the neighborhood track a modeler turned up with a homemade job which, unfortunately, was short of the required weight minimum. Undaunted, he wired a screwdriver to the side of the car and filled up the cockpit with stones! He didn't do so bad either, finishing second in a field of twelve bugs.

Handling a new engine in a bug requires the same care and attention as a new automobile. From five to eight hours' running time is necessary before an engine is satisfactorily broken in for racing. During this period the gears are oiled frequently and the motor is never permitted to run for more than three minutes at one time. Because of the poorer properties of air-cooling an engine must be given ample time to cool off. Most motors are designed to function most efficiently at sixty-five per cent throttle but you'll have to go around the world and back to find a racer who adheres to this tenet. In a race they "open 'er up" and the hell with the engine. For this reason a new motor must almost invariably be bought the following season.

Opinions of fuel mixtures in the field of Lilliputian racing are as varied as the combinations in a kaleidoscope. Normally a mixture of two parts of gas to one part of oil functions properly in the average bug. But ambitious enthusiasts are not satisfied. They want speed and plenty of it. In the confines of their workshops they experiment and fuss with combinations of gasoline, ether, alcohol, benzine, camphor and castor. One enterprising chap concocted a solution which he hoped would revolutionize bug racing. It did but in another sense of the word. During the trial heats he placed his charge on the electric starter and it popped off like a machine gun. No sooner had he released it than wheels, screws, nuts and pieces of metal were flying in the air. Unknowingly he had prepared an explosive fluid and when the heat reached sufficient intensity the whole works blew up.

In the beginning when a group of doodlebug fans organized they were forced to confine their activities to a public park where no expenses were entailed. Eventually, as the popularity of the sport was established in the community, they could afford to move into larger quarters. The forerunner of present-day tracks consisted of a post in the center of a shallow wading pond which was used as a pivot around which the cars raced. By hitching a "Y" yoke onto the side of the car and fastening it to the post with wire, the bug was permitted to speed around the course unassisted. Of course this method had its setbacks but for experimental purposes it was satisfactory. Only one car was raced at a time and often it overturned because there were no banked curves.

Despite the inadequate equipment big turnouts were experienced. There were comical and tense moments just as there are today on a regulation track. Frequently, a gnat would go spinning around the circle, turn over a couple times, land on its wheels and continue on its way again much to the delight of the onlookers. Spectators had a keen sense of judging speeds. They knew when a close race was being fought. Yet it wasn't quite the same thrill as watching four or five cars in a race simultaneously. Realizing this, the club members sought a track with rails where real bigtime bug races could be held. The owner of an amusement park graciously consented to construct such a track. He knew that the resultant publicity would be more than enough to pay for the cost of construction.

Today races are held bi-weekly for beautiful trophies donated by public-spirited citizens. One sixteenth of a mile long, the wooden saucer is banked with fifty-five degree turns and has rails for four cars. An electric roller powered by a quarter horsepower motor is installed at the starting line. Preliminary time trials are held to enable the entrant to familiarize himself with the track. Then come the qualifying trials which determine the positions of the cars. Slower cars are placed on the innermost rails while those with the fastest qualifying speeds are placed on the outer rails.

Just before the big half-mile race the contestants remove their bugs to the pits. There they refuel the tanks, oil the wheels and gears, replace plugs, batteries and other parts requiring replacement. Once more out to the track where each car is fastened to its rail with a special adapter. An adapter is a ball-bearing attachment which holds the car to the rail and guides around the course. Wheels spin as they are pressed to the roller and soon the roar of four motors silences all conversation. The timekeeper nods, the starter drops the green flag and they're off!

Again and again they whiz by the starter's stand until the winner is given the checkered flag. These puny sons of Mercury are stopped by holding a flag several inches above the track. The flag contacts a piece of wire projecting up about six inches from the car. This wire is really an extension of

Continued at top of page 140

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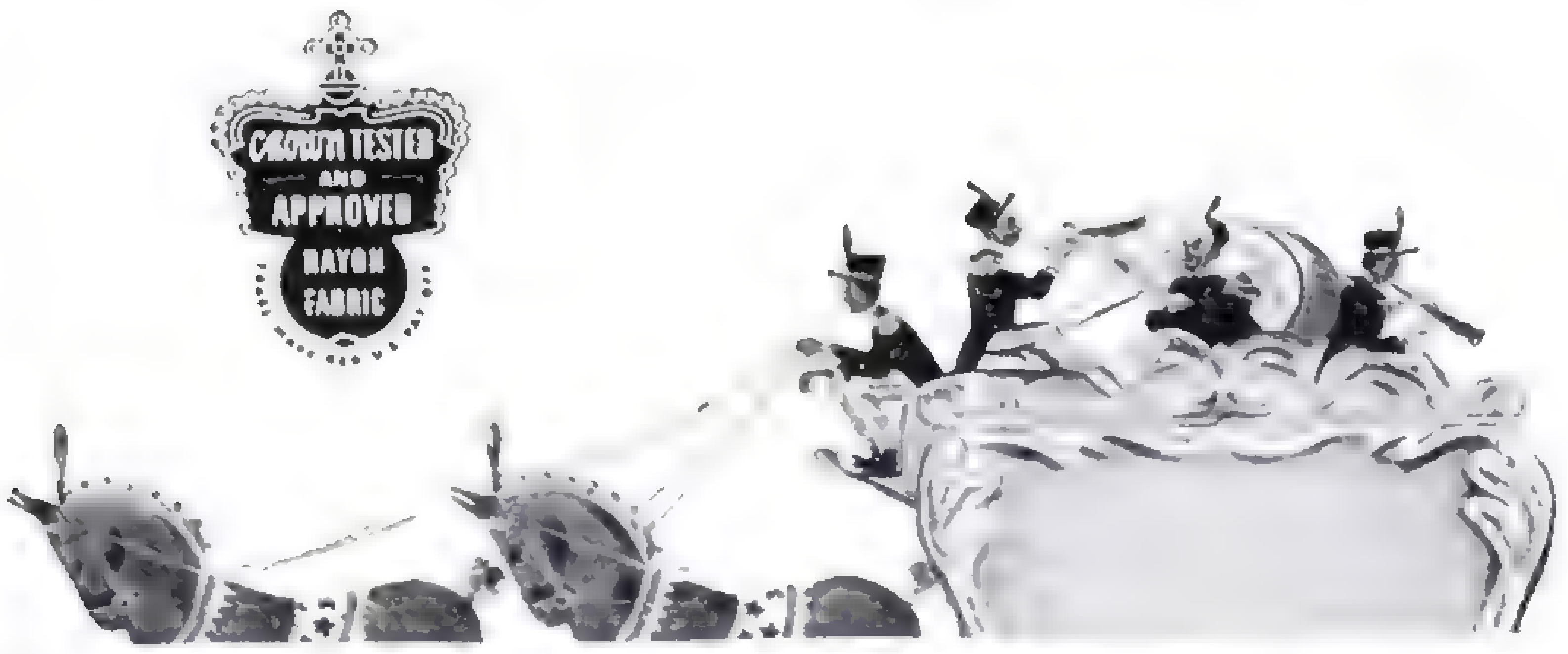
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"Bugs" That Almost Fly

Continued from pages 92-139

a switch. When the flag hits the wire it bends it back, flipping the switch and cutting off the motor. In some rare cases it's impossible to stop the cars. As they fly around the course the cylinder becomes red hot and cutting the switch isn't effective because there is enough heat in the cylinder to ignite the gasoline.

One of bug racing's foremost partisans is Major Lenox R. Lohr, former President of NBC. Major Lohr has designed and machined his own vest-pocket racer. Equipped with a clutch and other personal refinements, his car is a model of craftsmanship.

Because he knows what an important part mental relaxation plays in maintaining good health, Major Lohr devotes a good part of his spare time to model building.

I'm sure that once you get out and watch a miniature race you'll join the rush to get yourself a doodler. It's really just about the only sport left that hasn't been seized by saucer-eyed promoters who don't care how they scoop up their lucre as long as they do scoop it up. Minimidget racing is strictly a non-profit venture. Rules of the American Miniature Racing Car Association specifically emphasize that the owner of a car in official races must operate purely for pleasure and not for financial profit.

Yes sir, as soon as you assemble that bug of yours and get her tuned up to a pretty fine point, well, bring her out to the track. I still think that little chunk of vest-pocket dynamite which I have can beat the pants off yours. ##

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 80

who is not offended in me."

To all who are not too much offended in Barrie I recommend Mr. Mackail's biography; and anyhow, it is always interesting when a man has attained fame to trace his growth from early obscurity.

Page 546 of Mr. Mackail's book brings comfort to me. Although I was deeply impressed by *Mary Rose*, there were some things in it I couldn't understand and for which there seemed no explanation. In general I think the idea is that if people who have died were able to return after a lapse of years to the earth, they would feel wholly out of place. It would be embarrassing both for the living and for the dead, even tragic. As the Bible says, we shall go to them, but they can't come to us. This seems to me the central point of this powerful play. But even so I can't understand the *first* disappearance of Mary Rose. If one wished to have a definite explanation for it, one might say that it was a period of delirium in something like typhoid fever; but it is not necessary to make so definite an explanation. When I spoke to Barrie himself about the drama, it was immediately evident that he did not wish to discuss it.

And therefore I am pleased when his biographer says that Barrie himself did not understand the play. In other words, a great dramatist can write a great play without knowing what it means. It had the longest first run of any one of his dramas—399 performances. I saw it twice and was profoundly impressed. But this is what Mr. Mackail says: "There is a tremendous frontal assault on the emotions, and hardly the pretense of any system of philosophy, either old or new, underneath. Not that this matters, or need matter, in the theatre. The magic was still there. . . . Audiences wept, sniffed, swallowed, and choked, without ever being able to explain what had reduced them to this state. Being human, some of them still sought for a meaning, but it was never vouchsafed. For nobody knew it. . . . He had followed another tremendous impulse, poured all his skill and art into it, and remained true to its guidance throughout. But *he* didn't know where his heroine had been, or why she had been taken, or the reason for her return."

To me this is exceedingly comforting.

Our American novelist, Louis Paul, shows remarkable versatility and virtuosity in his latest two novels, *A Passion for Privacy* and *The Reverend Ben Pool*. The former is pure comedy; it is meant to be funny, and is. From beginning to end it is so diverting, so entertaining, so side-splitting in situations and conversations, that I recommend it to all who are looking for amusement. It is, of course, like every book by this writer, intellectually mature; the characters are created and developed in a masterly way; they represent widely different social strata, and there are plenty of things to think about if one wishes to think; but the story is so exciting in incident and so continuously amusing, that I did not stop very often, because I wanted to see what happened next. For the author and for the serious reader it is a vacation exercise and I am grateful.

The Reverend Ben Pool is a wholly serious realistic contemporary novel. Without any shadow of plagiarism, I doubt if it would have been written had not the author read and admired Dostoevski. It gives a faithful picture of the poor, of the despised and rejected; and the Reverend Ben Pool who suddenly leaves his pastorate to go to a big city to become acquainted individually with the poor, the sick, and the suffering, acts out in his daily life the unlimited love for any and all others which is the central theme of the Gospels. Thus, he is a blessing to some, and a continuous puzzle to those supposedly hardheaded experienced realists who believe that everyone acts from a selfish motive. I shall forget most of the incidents in *A Passion for Privacy*, while always remembering the enjoyment I had in reading it; but I do not think I shall forget the characters and incidents in *The Reverend Ben Pool*. Two or three years ago I read a very good novel by LeGrand Cannon, called *A Mighty Fortress*, in which it was indirectly suggested that clergymen who were not able to preach brilliant sermons should become good pastors; and Mr. Paul's book suggests that it might be more profitable for some clergymen to follow the hero's example and take up for a year or two the case system; find out how the poor really live, get acquainted with them individually. This would perhaps be more valuable for the clergymen than to read Karl Marx or to study social reforms on a large scale.

Just after I had finished reading these two novels, I got an interesting letter from the author, whom I have never seen, but whom I congratulated some years ago on the appearance of his first novel, *The Pumpkin Coach*. In this letter he did not mention any of his own works, but gave me some valuable and interesting criticism of my article in the June number of this magazine. I am glad he did this, for on rereading my article, I see that I might (unintentionally) have let some readers believe that I ranked Booth Tarkington with Dostoevski. All I intended to say was that because Mr. Tarkington dealt with normal characters, that should not lessen his position as one of the best contemporary American novelists. Dostoevski is of course among the few great novelists of the world; if I were making comparisons, I should compare him not with Mr. Tarkington but with his own contemporary, Turgenev. Mr. Paul's letter is so interesting that I wish to share some of it with my readers.

“Art is a mutation. It is the living story succeeding generations of artists tell about the meaning of their times. Art preserves our culture (not our customs, remember), as reproduction preserves our bodies. The difference between Tarkington and Dostoevski is hardly to be determined by the superficial differences in treatment of material, in choice of character, in plot structure. The true difference lies in the artist's attitude toward emotion and experience.

“Now genuine experience is universal. Men have always been doing the same things. Emotion, on the other hand, varies from generation to generation. Experience evokes varying emotions. For example, in one period a man will murder his wife for a sexual indiscretion; in another period he will be chagrined; in another period he will be merely amused. The sexual indiscretion is *experience*, happening consistently in all ages. But man's reaction to that experience, which is emotion, is conditioned by the ethics of his times. Thus we see that emotion is an inconstant thing for which there can be no permanent symbol. Experience on the other hand evokes a universal recognition.

“It is my conviction that those artists who reflect the emotional nature of a time are minor craftsmen, creating the appearance of truth in their own time because they mirror the correct emotional content of their material. Such artists, if consummate craftsmen, can give the appearance of great genius so long as they remain contemporary. *They write for an audience*. Their talents are *popular*. They do not define experience, they exploit it. Their work has a verisimilitude which is easily mistaken for reality. Primarily they are interested only in experience which can be readily understood by large audiences through an emotional interpretation of that experience.

“The real artist deals in universal experience. He does not write for or to a specific audience, but to mankind—mankind anywhere at any time. Bach and Beethoven, thus, were true artists, but not Richard Wagner, who was the prophet of 19th century romanticism (for which we still have a slight hangover; Wagner, however, cannot endure). Certainly the principal difference between the great and the small artist does not lie in the realm of craftsmanship, choice of material, etcetera. Many superb craftsmen of the past have nothing vital to say to us today. Aesop, however, lives on and on. So does Petronius for exactly the same reasons. So does the Bible. Thus we can judge works of art from the past with some accuracy of critical judgment, being separated from the changing emotions which characterized the eras in which they were produced; thus the difficulty of judging the works of contemporaries while still under the influence of our particular ethic. Perhaps this has been better said before, by Herodotus in all likelihood, ideas which I have arrived at slowly and painfully for myself.

“Without going into a specific discussion of the underlying characteristics of Tarkington and Dostoevski, it is my belief that Tarkington reflects the emotional quality of his audience while Dostoevski represents the universal nature of human experience. I do not want to detract from Tarkington's great skill as a novelist any more than I would remain oblivious to Wagner's technical genius as a composer. But to me Wagner is a musical child in comparison with Claude Debussy, as Tarkington is a literary child in comparison with Fyodor Dostoevski.

“Perhaps you'll be willing to do me a favor. I don't know how long it has been since you read *The Brothers Karamazov*, but there is a

Continued on page 142

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 80-141

section in it which is a beautiful illustration of what I am talking about. My edition is the Modern Library one. The section begins on page 202, is entitled "A Laceration in the Cottage," and extends to page 218 at the end of Book IV. I wish you'd just reread through that little section. It is one of the most passionately described *experiences* in all the literature I have read."

I am not a musician, just a listener to music. But I wonder how many first-rate musicians or music critics would agree with Mr. Paul on the relative importance of Wagner and Debussy. I am glad we have both. The four greatest music composers of all time are Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner.

With reference to *The Brothers Karamazov*, I read that through in French in 1909 or 1910; in May 1912 I was in the office of William Heinemann, the great London publisher, and he said, "I am going to give you the cheapest book (in price) ever published;" and he presented me with Constance Garnett's fine English translation of *The Brothers Karamazov*. Considering the length of the novel, 838 pages, its excellent type, paper, etc., and its price 3 s., Mr. Heinemann was very near the truth. Then I read the book again in English; and when I got Mr. Paul's letter, I reread the passage he mentions; he is right about it, and so am I; because the characters and situations are abnormal.

In addition to the Heinemann edition of this novel, the first English translation, and Everyman's Library and the Giant Modern Library, there is an *edition de luxe* produced by Random House in 1934.

Although the book will always be known in English as *The Brothers Karamazov*, would it not have been a more idiomatic translation of the title to say *The Karamazov Brothers?*

Dean Hill of New York, writes me of a Tarkington item with which I was unfamiliar.

"Mr. Tarkington illustrated *Poe's Run and Other Poems*. This book is a collection of poems by M'Cready Sykes and is described as follows—

"Being the true and authentic Narration of certain notable Games, wherein are set forth many marvelous Good Deeds wrought by the Princeton team; all done into Verse in the Vulgar Tongue:
to which is appended
The Book of the Chronicles of the Elis.

"The illustrations by Mr. Tarkington are cartoons in pen and ink and are all signed with a "T." One has no difficulty in recognizing Mr. Tarkington's grand sense of humor. I have the Revised Edition, published in 1905."

This letter gives me an opportunity (unsolicited) to mention a book that will interest Esquire subscribers. This is *Football Thru the Years*, by Dean Hill. It was published in 1940, and I wonder why I did not see it. Mr. Hill went to Georgia Tech, was captain of the football team, and has been collecting material on the history and high lights of the game during the last twenty years. Every one who loves to watch a game of football ought to have a copy of this folio volume; it contains 114 pages, and the large size gives space for huge photographs and drawings illustrating the entire history of the game in America with individual portraits of heroes. I share the belief of the author: "Football symbolizes team play, discipline and self sacrifice. If our country is to continue to be the America we love, I say let every American be a football player at heart, if not on the gridiron."

A smaller book called *Tennis* is by one of our American women champions, Helen Hull Jacobs. In the finals at Forest Hills in 1939, although she was defeated in the third set by Alice Marble, she made one of the most magnificent fights of her career. She was nearly blown off the court in the first set, and apparently had no chance whatever; but she won the second, and for a short time led in the third. I daresay she enjoys playing tennis as much as anyone else; but I often wonder why her face has so tragic an expression. Whether she is ahead or losing, her face is profoundly sad.

In the June number of Esquire I read with especial admiration Sidney Carroll's article called *Quentin Reynolds Can Take It*, one of the best biographical sketches of a living man I have ever seen. Let me, therefore, recommend Quentin Reynolds' new book *London Diary*, which gives from day to day his experiences in England during this present war. It is reporting at its best; it is also a revelation of the diarist's personality and character, unconsciously testifying to the truth of Mr. Carroll's appraisal.

It is natural that there should be many war books, even by professional poets. John Masefield's *The Nine Days Wonder*, the amazing miracle of the evacuation at Dunkerque, is a little book describing accurately one of the biggest things that have ever happened in any war.

But I wonder if it would be characteristic of any country except Great Britain to produce in

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the very whirlwind of action books of tranquillity, celebrating the unspeakable charm of British rural scenery? V. Sackville West's little collection of sketches called *Country Notes in War Time* is an admirable series of observations and meditations in quiet places.

I take especial pleasure in recommending *Sweet Thames Run Softly* by Robert Gibbings, written and illustrated by the author. The first sentence of the Preface filled me with high anticipation which the following pages surpassed. "Having travelled more than fifty thousand miles over salt water, and having visited the five continents of the world, it occurred to me that it might be fun to explore the river Thames, in whose valley I had lived for fifteen years. It seemed to me that it would be a neat and compact little journey within clearly defined limits. It would be restful, too, for I planned to float downstream at the river's own pace, and to look for nothing but what I might see as I moved along, consigning all guide-books to the devil, and offering the same hospitality to insistent and obtuse advisers."

So he made with professional help a flat-bottomed boat, in which he travelled alone, sleeping in it by night and observing with his eyes and with a microscope by day. He made this journey during the Summer of 1940. An Irishman born in Cork, he served through four years of the World War (including Gallipoli), and although he is a professional painter, sculptor, bookbinder, he is also a first-class amateur botanist, zoologist, biologist. He seems to have read the classics in English and some other literatures, and has a marvellous sense of humor. I feel certain that those who read this book will not only envy the writer's river experiences, but will plan to follow him when and if the present war ends. The author is a lecturer at Reading University in England. And although the chief industry of that city is biscuits, it has churches built in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; the Danes lived there in the ninth century. Mr. Gibbings had his boat built according to his own specifications in the "woodwork department of Reading University"; she was launched fourteen days after beginning construction, "and she did not take in as much as a bead of water."

It is astonishing what a range of subjects is discussed in the course of this placid journey down a quiet river; and it is reassuring to read the closing sentences of the book, remembering that the writer served all through the World War, has been in every large section of the world, and could not possibly be called a "shallow" optimist. There are more persons afraid of life than of death. This is why the following testimony is worth consideration. Some men (like the great Dr. Johnson) maintain that no one is really happy; but our author says he met farmers who were "entirely happy," university dons who were happy, "labouring men" who were happy, and anglers who were happy. He says:

"Some people say that it is impossible for people with imagination to be truly happy, for realizing all the misery that is in the world, they must be affected thereby. This seems to me a doctrine of defeat. Admittedly there is cruelty and illness and poverty, but there is also abundance of kindness, good health, and richness of spirit. For every child that cries by the roadway there are fifty who are laughing in the fields; for every bird that is taken by a hawk there are a hundred still singing in the trees. Even in these days when hell bursts upon our world, like boiling lava from a volcano, let us remember that for every insult offered to humanity there are a hundred deeds of heroism."

In the midst of the present war, it is refreshing to be informed by Mr. Gibbings that *some snails are vegetarians*. He himself takes such an acute interest in this fact, that I wondered what would happen if we sent a cablegram to Hitler, "Did you know that some snails are vegetarians?"

A new book, equally interesting, but of an entirely different kind, is Burton Rascoe's mock-heroic biography of Belle Starr, the "Bandit Queen," who was murdered in February, 1889. The biography is mock-heroic, but with careful attention to accuracy in details, in which we meet Jesse James and many other gunmen, who are "debunked" by Mr. Rascoe. Innumerable published statements about them which have been believed for many years are shown to be untrue. With all the implied humor underlying the book, it is really a piece of original historical research; for Mr. Rascoe has devoted months of patient study to original sources. There are many illustrations, in keeping with the descriptive style: *A Stagecoach Hold-Up*, *Billy the Kid*, *Murder in a Dance Hall*, etc. In the first paragraph of the book, he calls attention to a "glaring omission" in "Vernon Parrington's monumental three-volume history, *Main Currents in American Thought*." He is right; for the glaring omission is Richard K. Fox's *National Police Gazette*. Mr. Rascoe says, "That sprightly, well-edited, highly moral and romantically imaginative illustrated news-weekly had a much more profound influence upon the national culture of its period than had the work of all the romantic writers discussed by Parrington put together."

He says it was read presumably by the male half of the population only, and "was to be found in bordellos, saloons, gambling houses, pool-halls, livery stables and barber-shops," but in this list there is an omission—it was always to be found in *fire-engine houses*. When I was eleven, we lived close to Engine House No. 5,

Continued on page 144

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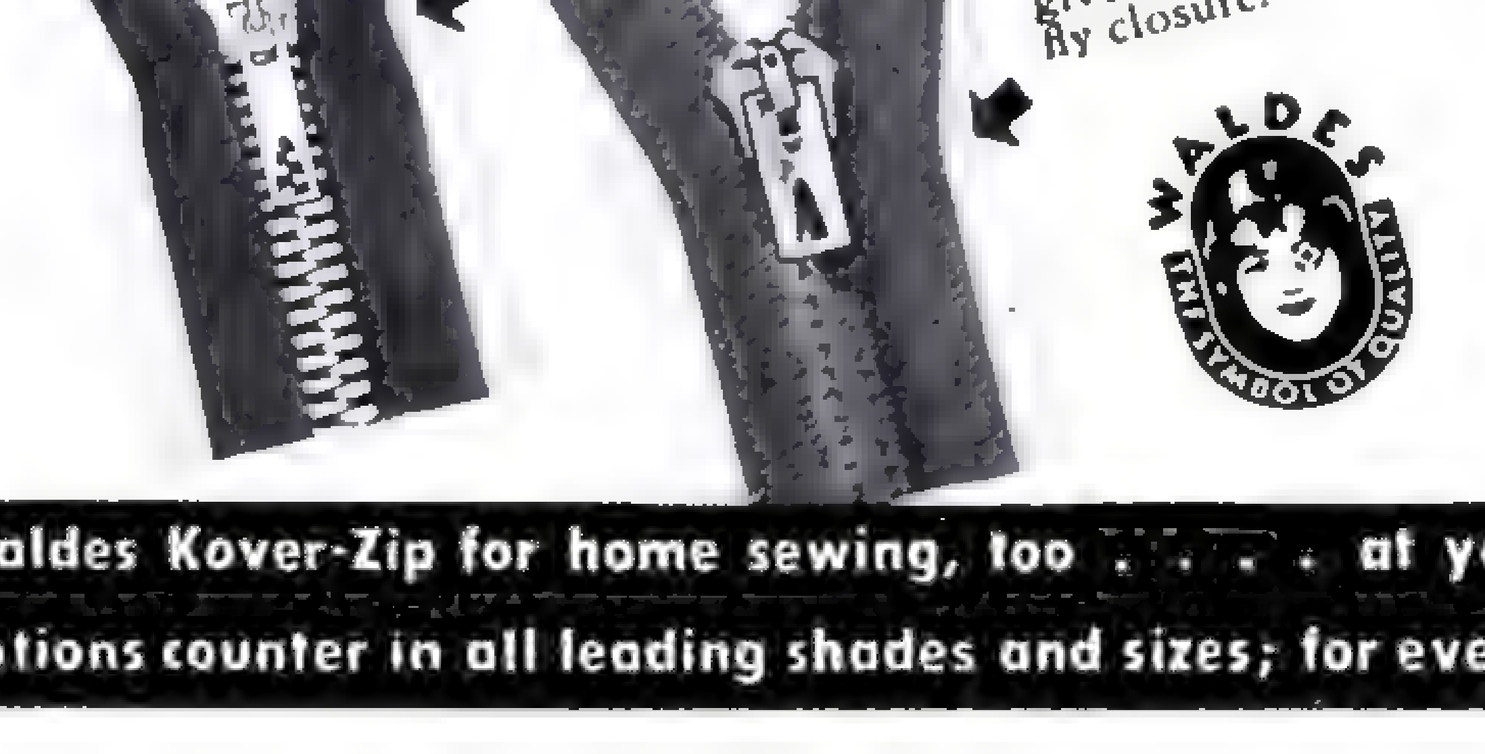
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THE "BEN MILAM" Named for the martyred leader of the patriot army in their assault on San Antonio. A narrow belt, 1" wide. Hand-tooled in floral design. Top-grain steerhide. Colors: Saddle Tan, Duotone Brown, Black, **$2.00**

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 80-141-143

on Sigourney Street, Hartford, where the driver was Nelson Lyon, the hose-cart man Mike Powers, and the engineer Mr. Baxter. Every evening at nine o'clock "the horses came out," took their places, and so did the men. There was always the current copy of the *Police Gazette*, with the pictures that in those days seemed so revealing; but as a majority of a similar kind now appear every day in respectable newspapers, there ceased finally to be any place for that shocking weekly; and for the same reason that caused the disappearance of the word "tomboy."

I wish that Mr. Rascoe would write a biography of Richard K. Fox. In this book he confines himself to the *Police Gazette*, and the biographies of outlaws printed by Fox, who knew that nearly everybody was interested in bandits. Fox himself was an extraordinary person and had an astonishing career. He was born in Belfast in 1846, worked as a boy in the office of a religious journal, married an Irish girl; together they crossed the ocean, arrived in New York almost penniless, where he got a job soliciting advertisements for the *Wall Street Journal*, but in a few months he became business manager of the *National Police Gazette*, when it was on the verge of bankruptcy. Fox had a genius for discerning life in the moribund; for a short time he became sole proprietor of the paper, and directed it for forty-five years. In addition to shocking the public (I have tried in vain to forget one sentence I read in it), he made his paper an authority on sporting matters, prize-fighting, rowing, running, football, wrestling. He gave a belt to John L. Sullivan, which was adorned with precious stones. And here I quote two sentences from the *Dictionary of American Biography*, and if readers wish to know anything more about Fox, they may consult the bibliography given at the end of that article. "He backed several of Sullivan's most promising opponents, and is said, in all, to have given $1,000,000 to amateur and professional athletes. He himself played no games and did not know the rules of the commonest sports." He died at the age of seventy-six, leaving $3,000,000.

Mr. Rascoe's book on Belle Starr is a valuable contribution to American history, is exciting from beginning to end, and I cannot imagine anyone who could read it without enjoying it and also without benefit. I am looking forward to the motion picture on Belle Starr, on which the publisher of this book and the picture producer have collaborated.

The British weekly called *Time and Tide* recently offered prizes for the best list of three "entirely happy" books in the English language, as we learn from Herbert W. Horwill's article in the *New York Times Book Review*. It is interesting to observe that the first prize was given to a reader who chose the *Book of Tobit* from the *Apocrypha*, *Izaak Walton and the Compleat Angler*, and *Mrs. Beeton's Cook Book*. That certainly shows an immense range of reading. The second prize was given to one who chose *Pickwick Papers*, *Kim*, and once more the same cook book. Mr. Horwill says that in a general review of the lists submitted by competitors the most popular choices were *The Compleat Angler*, *Under the Greenwood Tree*, *The Autobiography of a Supertramp*, *Walden*, *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*, and *Pickwick Papers*. The competition editor, very justly, I think, would not agree that Thomas Hardy had ever written an entirely happy book, though *Under the Greenwood Tree* is cheerful. And the editor also wisely remarks that Thoreau's *Walden* could more probably be called "contented" than "entirely happy." He said also that in the general list there were five rural books to one urban. It seems that in these tragic days the English people are turning more and more to established classics rather than to contemporary books. An immense number of the world's classics are published in small bound volumes in English very cheaply, in a great variety of series, but at the top of the list stands *Everyman's Library* with a sale of thirty-one million copies.

Mrs. E. M. Delafield says that since she was thirteen she has read *David Copperfield* at least once in every year, *Great Expectations* and *Little Dorrit* about once in every two years, and *The Fairchild Family* at intervals of about three years.

Let me confess that I did not know *The Fairchild Family*, as I can't remember having read it or even heard of it. But Mr. Herbert Horwill, whose book, *A Dictionary of Modern American Usage*, is both valuable and interesting, seems even in wartime always to find something interesting about literature to discuss in his weekly column in the Sunday *New York Times Book Review*.

I have just looked up *The Fairchild Family*. The book is called *A History of the Fairchild Family* (three parts, 1818-1847), was written by Mrs. Mary Martha Sherwood (1775-1851).

At this point I stop to salute a murder mystery writer quite new to me. The author is Cornell Woolrich and the title of the story is *The Black Curtain*. The quotation on the title page (from Browning's *Paracelsus*) is:

If I stoop
Into a dark, tremendous sea
of cloud,
It is but for a time.—I shall
emerge one day.

and nothing could fit the narrative and the hero better.

The Black Curtain is a terrif-

Continued at top of page 146

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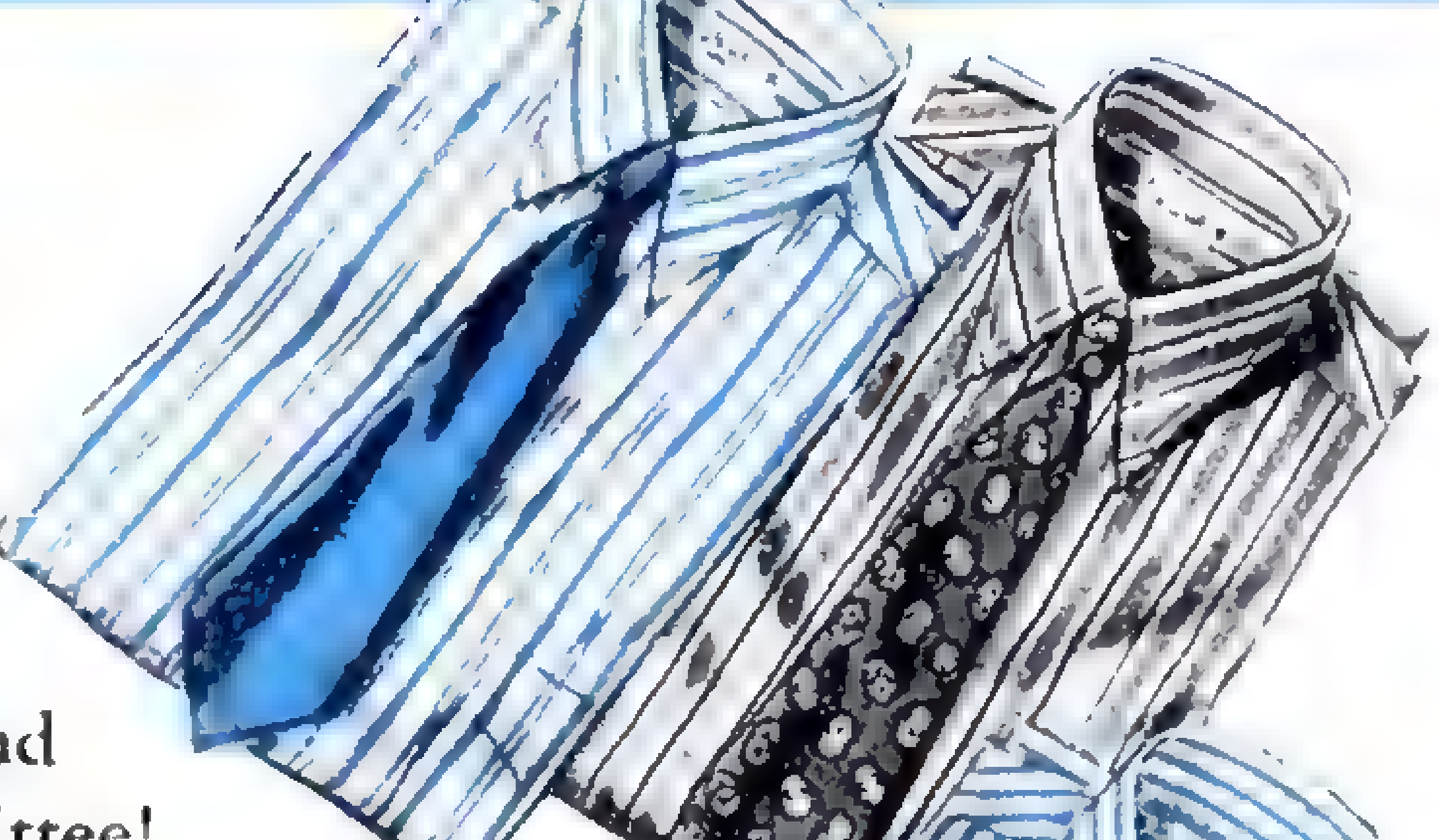
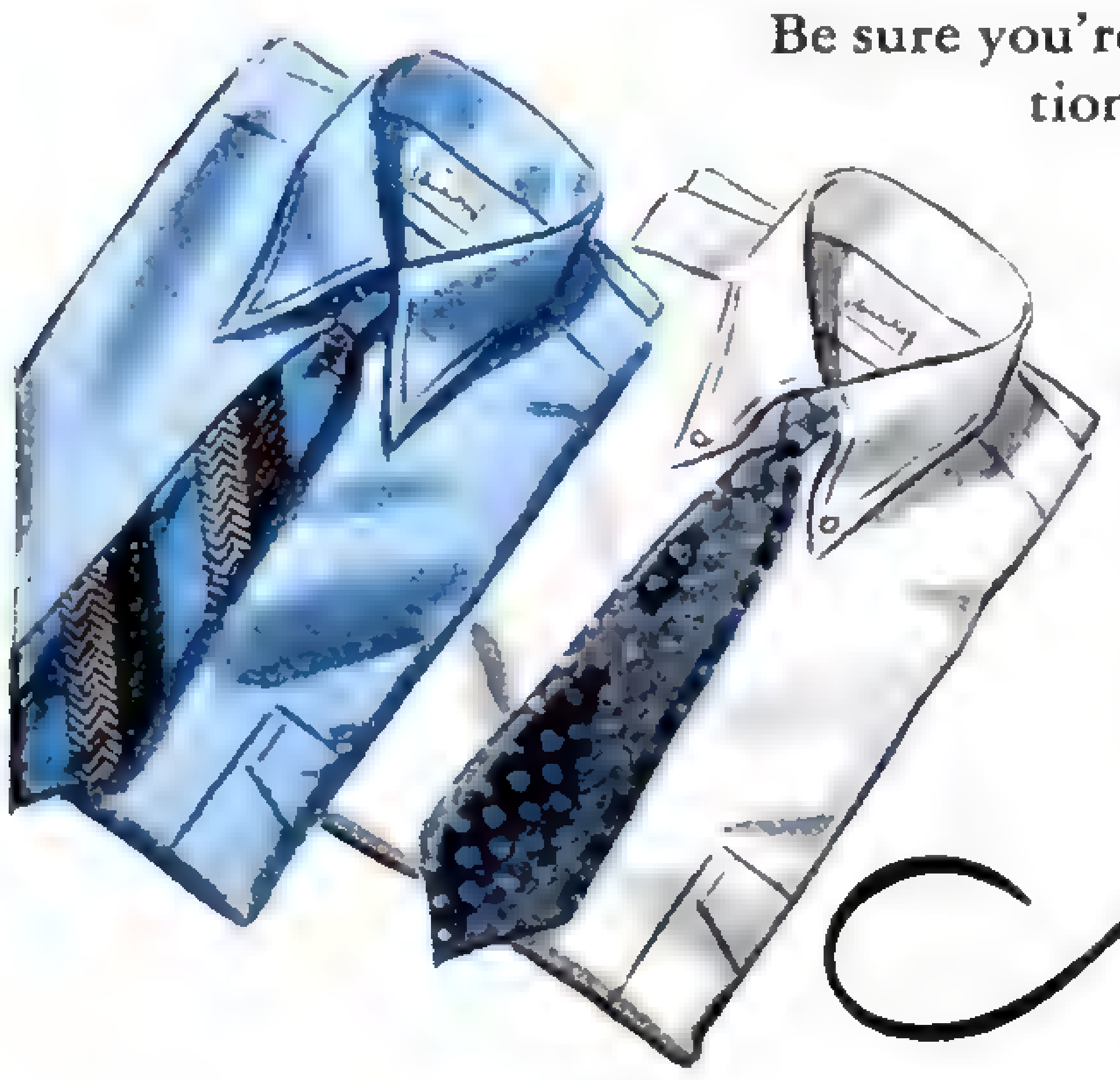


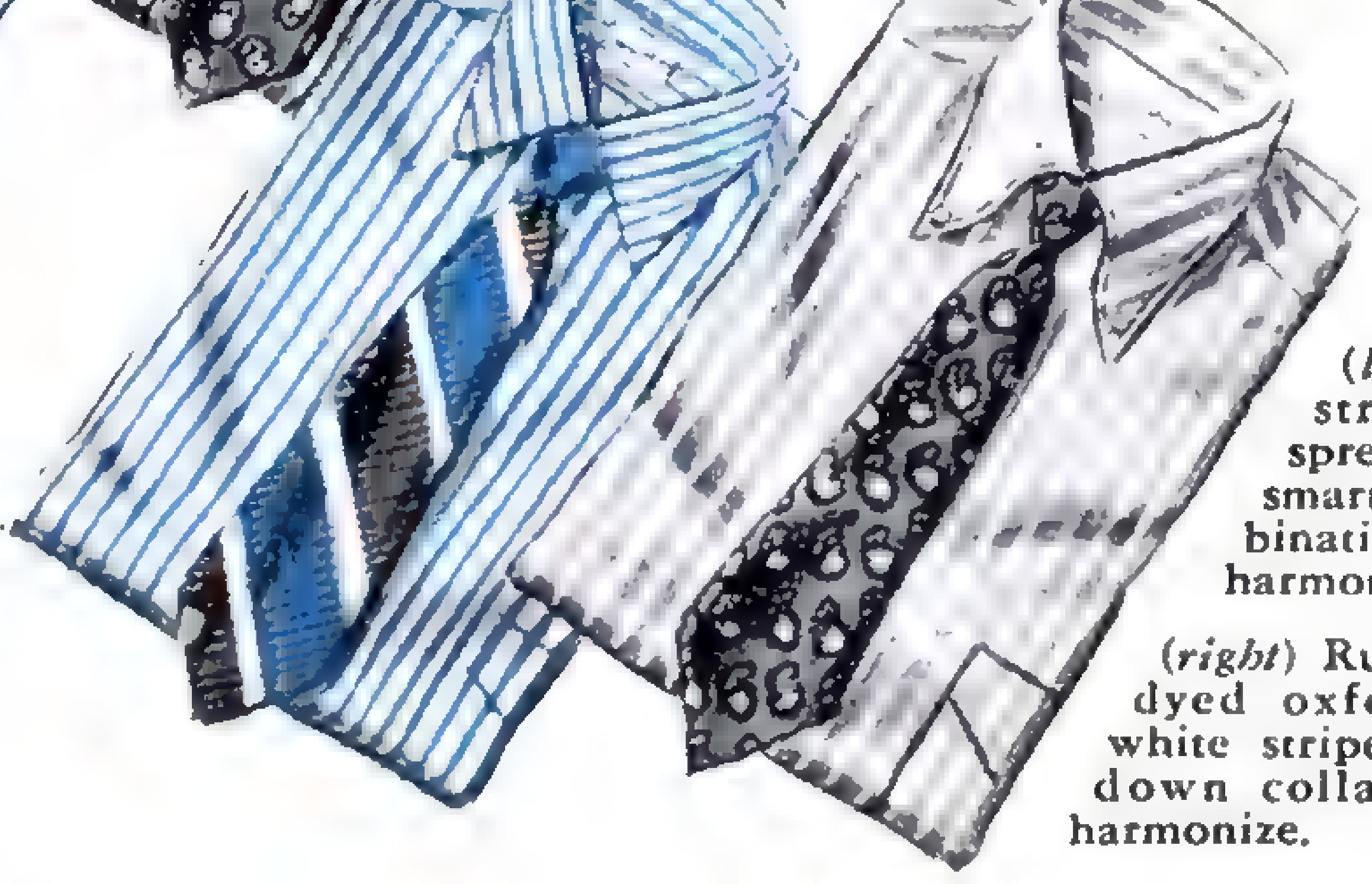
(*left*) Neat stripings on a white ground, Manhattanized starchless collar. Tie to harmonize.

(*right*) The Glade series—distinctive arrangements of stripes and colors—a style highlight of the season. Ties to harmonize.



(*left*) Yarn dyed oxford shirt, with new longer-point collar for extra dash. Tie to harmonize.

(*right*) Manhattan's famous white oxford shirt with button-down collar. Tie to harmonize.



(*left*) Tape stripe with spread collar—smart style combination. Tie to harmonize.

(*right*) Rugged yarn dyed oxford shirt, white stripes, button-down collar. Tie to harmonize.

Manhattan SHIRTS

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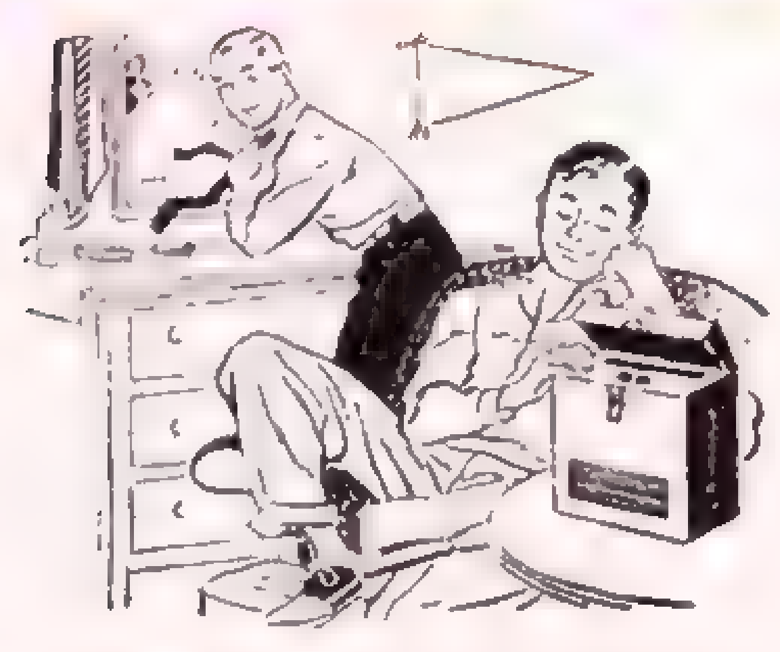
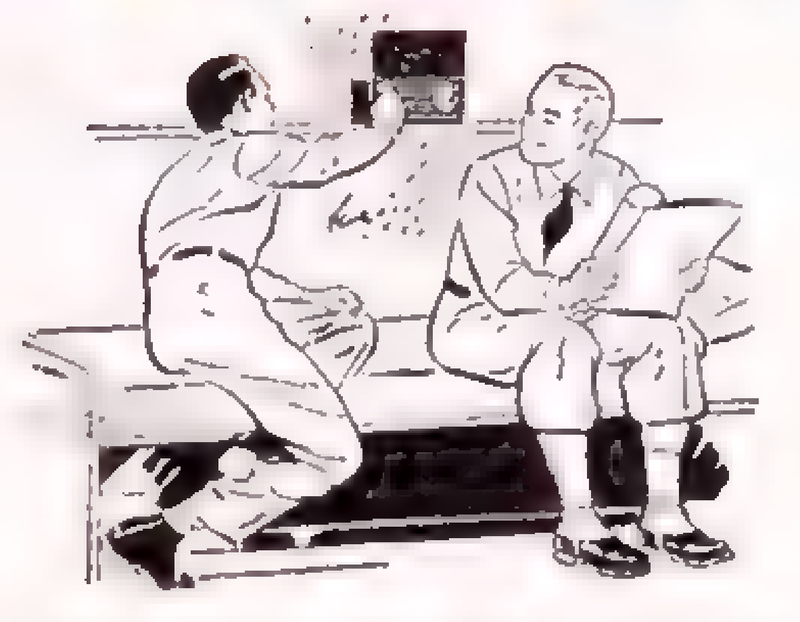


THE BOYS AT SCHOOL



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COMPACT. Light in weight. Packs easily into a small traveling bag. Less than seven inches high!

Ideal for the boys in the service!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 80-141-143-144

ically exciting thriller, with no let-up from first page to last; and although men and women in fiction have not infrequently lived for months without knowing who they were—see *Random Harvest* for today and Hugh Conway's *Called Back* for half a century ago—the situation is handled by Cornell Woolrich in a peculiarly original way. I like this book. It carries my personal guarantee; which means that if you don't like it, I am sorry; not for myself, but for you.

Men's clothes again.

Shall we say vest or waistcoat? I do not believe there is a living Englishman who uses the word vest in its common American sense. With the English vest means undershirt, so that when some time ago an American was invited by an English lady to dinner, he wrote, "Shall I wear a white vest?" which astonished her. Reading in Boswell's journals, I found he used vest only in its American sense. Hence I looked up the word in the Oxford Dictionary. I found that the vest (garment under the jacket) was invented by King Charles II, and for nearly two hundred years was used only in that sense, that is, as most Americans use it. It was not until about 1850 that the English began using vest for undershirt. This is one more illustration of what many call a vulgar Americanism being really good English a few centuries ago.

The death of Hugh Walpole on June first removes a distinguished novelist, and also the best public speaker and lecturer among all the British men of letters who visit America. Hugh Walpole made a great success before he was thirty; which is very unusual among novelists. Among the truly great British novelists, only Dickens succeeded in doing that. *Fortitude* called public attention to the young Walpole, and he maintained his reputation with some lapses. I do not care at all for his Rogue Herries series; I think the best book he wrote was *The Green Mirror*. His specialty was in the creation of terrifying old women who were so sinister that they frightened men and boys. Personally, he was lovable, unaffected and charming.

And I make no apology in coupling him with a famous man who died the next day, June second—Lou Gehrig. One of the greatest of professional baseball players, breaking all records for continuous service; when he found he had an incurable disease, he faced that with the same courage he had shown so often on the diamond. He was a great ornament to baseball, not merely because of his brilliant play, but because of his character. He was universally beloved. The only time I had a good talk with him was when we happened to be together one evening on the radio; and in the intervals I felt that I got intimately acquainted with him. I began, "Mr. Gehrig,"—and he said, "Oh, call me Lou." He was very much interested in the strange personality of Johnny Broaca, who after he graduated from Yale, joined the New York Yankees. Gehrig said he was a complete enigma in action and speech; he could not understand him at all. I told him Johnny was in my undergraduate classes at Yale, that he was a good student, but Joe Wood, the coach, could not understand the workings of his mind, nor could I. ⧺

Esquire on the Record

Continued from page 104

school station. It was a joyful memory, yet in it mingled the natural fear all men feel for the great steaming beast. When Gardiner got up to speak—he chose locomotives as his subject, punctuating his observations with train noises he never knew he had in him. The results turned out to be hilarious. When Gardiner went through a tunnel, even the headmaster laughed.

On numerous occasions after this he repeated the monologue to his friends until, one day, he found himself microphoning the noises for BBC. The next step was a command performance of train imitations before the then H.R.H. Duke of York and now His Majesty, George VI. Since then he has radioed and screened them here, and come to endow all inanimate objects with sounds. Even wall paper patterns suggest a rhythmic pattern to his ears. He tells you about it on the first disc, and goes on from Hy-diddle-dee, hy-diddle-do (the click of the wheels) to imitations of a train spitting at a harmless little bridge, a huge French locomotive with a pipsqueak whistle, a playground siding set aside by the philanthropic railroad company for old engines to shove freight cars around just for fun, the sound of a piston rod, and a train whisking by the window in the opposite direction.

It's fun for children, and for lovers of trains from seven to seventy.

* * *

NO FOR AN ANSWER

The Cradle Will Rock has a successor, *No For An Answer*, recorded in part by Keynote. The composer is at the piano and many of the scenes ring true. Marc Blitzstein concerns himself, after all, with how people make a living, a subject that most operas pass over, a subject that actively concerns most of us. He doesn't dig up antiquated or mythological situations. His problems are the here and now, and his treatment is more than topical. He tries to create a music drama that reflects our people, our times, our way of life. He does not completely succeed, but there is vitality in his work.

According to Howard Taubman, who heard *No For An Answer* when it was presented experimentally last winter, the story is elementary, diffuse and long winded, and some of the scenes cried out for the hand of an expert dramatist.

Blitzstein, obviously, is a better musician than playwright. In these records the best writing is in the choral passages, which make you want to hear more.

If such talents as Marc Blitzstein's could be encouraged, if there were theaters to produce his works and those of other Americans, we might yet have a native opera.

* * *

SHAKESPEARE

Shakespeare goes as well on discs as he does in the theater, the movies, on the radio, or in your study. As Orson Welles says in his introduction to the Mercury Theater's recordings of *Macbeth*, *Julius Caesar*, *Twelfth Night*, and *The Merchant of Venice*, "Shakespeare said everything. Brain to belly; every mood and minute of a man's season . . . He speaks to everyone and we all claim him; but it's wise to remember, if we would really appreciate him, that he doesn't properly belong to us but to another world; a florid and entirely remarkable world that smelled assertively of columbine and gun powder and printer's ink, and was vigorously dominated by Elizabeth.

"Shakespeare speaks everybody's language, but with an Elizabethan accent. When he came squawking and red-faced into it, England could carry a tune and was learning to talk. It was a kid of a country, waking up noisily and too suddenly into adolescence and bounding blithely into the sunny, early morning of modern times."

Those times have changed, but England hasn't . . . nor has Shakespeare. He can still be read, enjoyed, and lived.

If you've seen Welles's productions you'll know what to expect. Some scenes are telescoped; others transposed. But the meat of the plays: the surging, vital passages are retained. You have the pulse, the motion, and the realization of their universality. You can go back repeatedly to a favorite passage. You can re-learn, re-live the best moments.

Shakespeare on records is definitely a success.

* * *

ON THE STAR-SPANGLED FRONT

The catalogue of recorded "messages" increases daily. The phonograph is broadening its view and preserving the thoughts and sufferings and controversies of all our people, as well as their jigs, jazz and love songs. When this war is over, there will be a sizable shelf of discs to give evidence of the workings of the democratic process in the reign of Franklin III.

PRO:

Alexander Woollcott orates in his inimitable Grandmother-at-home manner on Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. According to him, Lincoln's words will be repeated by school boys at their lessons in some distant day when the center of our civilization has shifted to another continent—when Philadelphia and New York and Chicago are one with Ninevah and Tyre.

"No one present heard Mr. Lincoln. He was not speaking to them. For whom was the speech meant?" inquires Mr. Woollcott, and answers himself, "Why, the answer is in his own words. For us. 'For us the living.' For us to resolve and see to it—and see to it—'that Government of the people, by the people, for the people, SHALL NOT perish from the earth.' "

Archibald MacLeish, Librarian of Congress, friend and adviser to the Roosevelts, reads his own lines from *America Was Promises* with impressive calmness. Unfolding the epic of America, he tells how it has been a continuous symbol of promises, to whom the promises were made, and how these promises did not come true of themselves for any one of them. Then he reminds us that only the whole people of a country can make the promises come true for all the people.

The current best-seller among verse albums is Lynn Fontanne's telling reading of *The White Cliffs of Dover* (Victor Album M-775). It is exciting to hear her begin:

I have loved England dearly and deeply
Since that first morning, shining and pure,
The white cliffs of Dover I saw rising steeply,
Out of the sea that once made her secure.

I had no thought then of husband or lover,
I was a traveller, a guest of a week;
And yet when they pointed the white cliffs of Dover,
Startled, I found there were tears on my cheek.

I have loved England and still as a stranger.
Here is my home but I still am alone.
Now in her hour of trial and danger
Only the English are really her own.

John Charles Thomas and the chorus of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union have recorded *I Hear America Singing*, a cantata based on the poems of Walt Whitman (Victor Album M-777).

The purpose of the work is to remind us of Whitman's words rather than to say anything novel or striking musically. It is inspirational in its intended effect, rather than inspired in its conception. John Thomas is ideal as the narrator, the recording is good and so effective that the President keeps it in his personal library—and often plays it for distinguished foreign visitors.

CON:

Those who believe that U. S. soldiers shouldn't fight on foreign

Continued on page 148

Manhattan

COLLEGE STYLE COMMITTEE chooses... SPORTSWEAR

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Allan Dingwall of Dartmouth

P. C. Sheeline of Harvard

"Smartest sportswear we've seen anywhere", said these style-wise college men as they worked with us on Manhattan Fall styles. One by one the new models were brought out for inspection, comments and suggestions by the College Style Committee . . . This is the real thing, gentlemen. Okayed by the Committee with an extra cheer, Manhattan Sportswear *belongs* in your college wardrobe.

Sport shirt of fine gabardine that looks and wears unusually well. The tailoring is fastidious and precise, down to the minutest detail.

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MADE BY SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, WATERBURY, CONNECTICUT
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Esquire on the Record

Continued from pages 104-147

soil . . . who say that our first line of defense is not 2,000 miles from Bunker Hill argue their point in *The Songs for John Doe*. Sung to old folk tunes by the Almanac Quartet on Almanac records, they are naïve, controversial curiosities of anti-war Americana. The singers aren't smooth professionals, but working people who have something to say.

Plow Under begins:

Remember when the AAA
Killed a million hogs a day?
Instead of hogs . . . it's men today.

And ends:

Any ignorant mule does know
Better than to step on a cotton row
But there ain't no mules in Congress so
Plow the fourth one under.
They said our system wouldn't work
Until we killed the surplus off
So now they look at us and say
Plow the fourth one under.
The politicians rave and rant
A boy's no better than a cotton plant
But we are here to say you can't
Plow the fourth one under.

To the old English ballad tune, *Billy Boy*, they sing:

Girls would like your uniform, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
Girls would like your uniform, charming Billy.
They wouldn't get much chance to love me
With six feet of earth above me.

Li'l Liza Jane is filled out with verses like these:

I went to the draft and stood in line,
Li'l Liza Jane,
Now I'm a number 609, Li'l Liza Jane.
Said in Congress yesterday, Li'l Liza Jane
Take the right to strike away, Li'l Liza Jane.
They say that labor camps are fine,
Li'l Liza Jane,
To make the young folks toe the line,
Li'l Liza Jane.
I can't marry you today, Li'l Liza Jane,
I can't afford it on my pay, Li'l Liza Jane.
Cut the pay and raise the rents, Li'l Liza Jane,
It's all for national defense, Li'l Liza Jane.
Better make the government change its plan, Li'l Liza Jane,
I aim to be a married man, Li'l Liza Jane.
Dry your tears, get out your knittin',
Li'l Liza Jane,
I don't aim to be no bundle for Britain,
Li'l Liza Jane.

The peace-time problems of our workers are well told in Victor's volume of Woody Guthrie's *Dust Bowl Ballads*. He accompanies himself on a guitar and sings of the troubles and wanderings of the dustiest of the dust bowlers.

He says they are "Migration songs about my folks and my relatives, about a jillion of them, that got hit by the drouth, the dust, the wind, the banker, and the landlord, and the police, all at the same time . . . and it was these things all added up that caused us to pack our wife and kids into our little rattletrap jalopies, and light out down the Highway—in every direction, mostly west to California.

"But these here songs ain't mine. The Government says so, and so does Victor Records, but really they ain't and I hope that when they are played on your loud speakers in these U.S. camps, and over Radios, that you say, well, you made 'em up yourself, 'cause I'm just an old awkward Oklahoma boy, use to shine the governor's shoes and shine his spittoons, and ain't too good to do it again, if I get a good chance, and the pay is right."

Woody is not bothered about musical invention. He has a workable, characteristic tune, and he keeps at it. As he says, "This bunch of songs are really just one song, 'cause I used the same notes. Just fixed 'em a little different, that's all. Same old notes as ever." The meat of the albums is in the words, in the dry, twangy manner of delivery and in the poignant, disturbing undercurrent of their feeling.

Paul Robeson has added his voice to the Keep-Us-Out-Of-War movement. In a powerful and haunting Earl Robinson ballad, on Keynote Records, he sings:

I wonder will we be at war in Spring?
Will we be fighting while robins sing?
Will bayonets be a-bristling,
And bullets do the whistling,

Bandleaders' Choice

LES BROWN

1—*Anvil Chorus*	Okeh 6011
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4—*Marche Slav*	Okeh 6199
5—*Amapola*	Okeh 6062

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3—*Sunrise Serenade*	Decca 2321
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5—*Cottonwood Corners*	Decca 3471

BOB CROSBY

1—*You Forgot About Me*	Decca 3417
2—*Big Noise From Winnetka*	Decca 2208
3—*Skaters Waltz*	Decca 2282
4—*South Rampart St. Parade*	Decca 15038
5—*I'm Free (What's New?)*	Decca 2205

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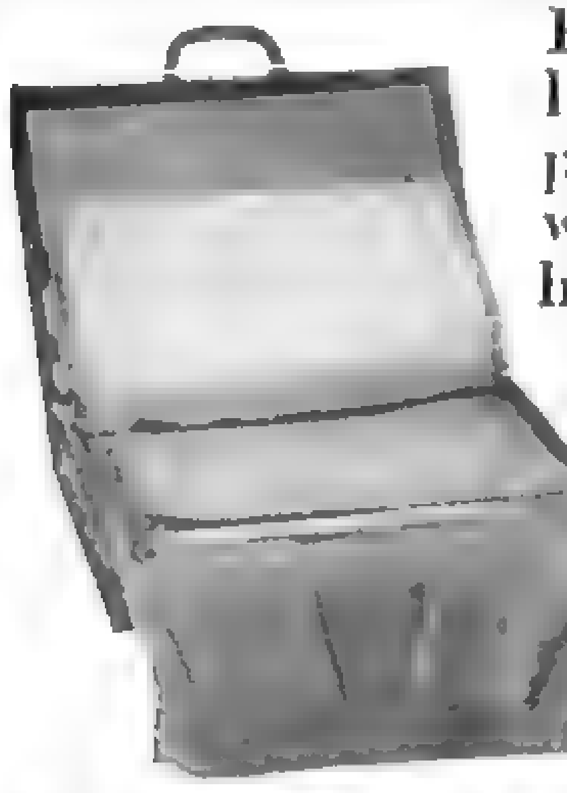

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While the world is all in bloom, in the Spring?
Can I tell her that I love her in the Spring,
When skies are blue above her in the Spring,
Though skies are blue above her
Can I tell her that I love her
If we never meet each other, in the Spring!
In Flanders Field there is a pretty Spring
In Flanders Field the larks still bravely sing,
And row on endless row
The Poppies bloom and grow
But the richness lies below, in the Spring.

* * *

SUGGESTIONS

. . . If you want to confuse your high-brow enemies, let Gertrude Stein read them her *Valentine to Sherwood Anderson*. . . . If you're tongue-tied at conference meetings, buy George Bernard Shaw on *Spoken English and Broken English*.

. . . If you're allergic to ads, hear E. E. Cummings recite *Beauty Hurts Mr. Vinal*.

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Transient

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- *Intermezzo; Simpatica;* Charlie Spivak. Okeh 6120
- *I'll Be Back in a Year; Old Mississippi Moon;* The Prairie Ramblers. Okeh 06053
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Rabsons, Inc., 111 West 52nd Street, New York, N. Y.

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- *Symphony No. 3 in E Flat* (Beethoven); Bruno Walter conducting the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York. Columbia Set M-449
- *I Hear America Singing* (Kleinsinger); John Charles Thomas. Victor Set M-777
- *White Cliffs of Dover* (Alice Duer Miller); with musical background by Frank Black—interpreted by Lynn Fontanne. Victor Set M-775

Transient

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Steinway & Sons—109 W. 57th St., New York, N. Y.

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- *Concerto No. 2* (Brahms); Horowitz, Toscanini, N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-740
- *Sonata No. 4 E Minor; No. 5 C Major* (Bach); Vitya Vronsky, Victor Babin. Victor M-778
- *Brahms's Recital;* Lotte Lehmann. Columbia M-453
- *Symphony No. 5 in B Flat Major* (Bruckner); Saxonian State Orchestra, conductor—Böhm. Victor M-770

Transient

- *Aurora;* Xavier Cugat. Columbia 36139
- *Maria Elena;* Eddy Duchin. Columbia 36089
- *The Thing I Love;* Harry Wood. Victor 27369
- *Gershwin Album;* Eddy Duchin. Columbia Set 52
- *Rhumba Album;* Xavier Cugat. Columbia Set 54

Manhattan

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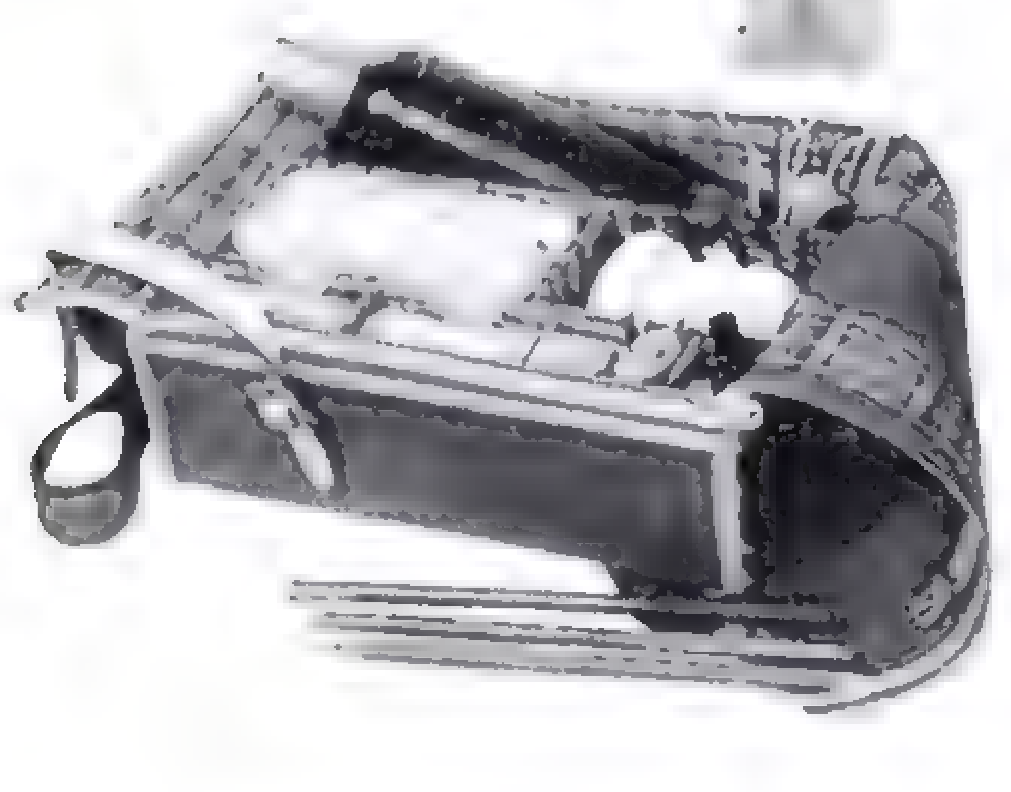

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Model T Football

Continued from page 44

reputation like "Bo" McMillin, then fresh out of Centre College, might play with ten teams during a season.

Under this loose setup, a primary offensive system was mandatory and the simplicity of the T formation made it ideal. The Staleys used the T in those days and continued after removing to Chicago, where they became the Bears, because their home ground was Wrigley Field, the habitat of the baseball Cubs, also called the Bruins. But the T used by the Bears today shows as much resemblance to the original as one of Henry Ford's buggies to the early Model of the same name.

One of the constant customers of Bear games, after they moved into Chicago, was Brother Jones who, like all coaches, takes a busman's holiday at every opportunity, and who knew Halas and other original Staleys as students at Illinois, where he assisted Zuppke from 1912 to 1920. It was inevitable that when Jones and Halas got together they should talk about the T formation and Ralph told the Bear owner-coach of his new tricks with the system at Lake Forest Academy.

The upshot of these sessions was that in 1930, Jones became coach of the Bears. The first time the Bears under Jones went into action, football students were in for a surprise. Not only was there a halfback in motion but in the T lineup the halves were spread out until they stood behind the tackles instead of the guards. This spread amounted to half of Warner's double wing back setup and gave the Bears greater flanking power.

The Bears at that time had in their backfield, Stars Red Grange and Bronko Nagurski. Grange was the back in motion and as soon as the ball was snapped a good part of the defense would take after him. Sometimes the ball would be lateralled to Grange, after which he would break loose on a run; sometimes he would drop back and throw a forward pass and other times he would go down field to catch a pass. And with Grange a terrible moving threat, Nagurski would go for huge gains on plays through the line. Jones won a National League championship for the Bears in 1932 but found the pace too exhausting and went back to Lake Forest. But the T had been reborn.

Still the Bears in themselves never would have made the T a matter of national football importance, not even after defeating Washington 73 to 0, for the all-time scoring record of the National League. Professional football in a major sense, is confined to ten cities of the East and Middle West and of only passing interest to fans and coaches in other parts of the country. The man who made the coaching profession T-conscious is Clark Shaughnessy of Stanford and now the Tale of the T turns back to the Chicago University campus, where it began with Amos Stagg.

Shaughnessy, a star at Minnesota and a successful coach at Tulane and Loyola of New Orleans for fifteen years, was called to replace Stagg at Chicago in 1933. Chicago presented a hopeless situation to a man used to coaching winners and "Shag" had difficulty in rounding up enough boys for a tea party much less a football offense. To avert complete frustration, Shaughnessy became a regular attendant at Bear games.

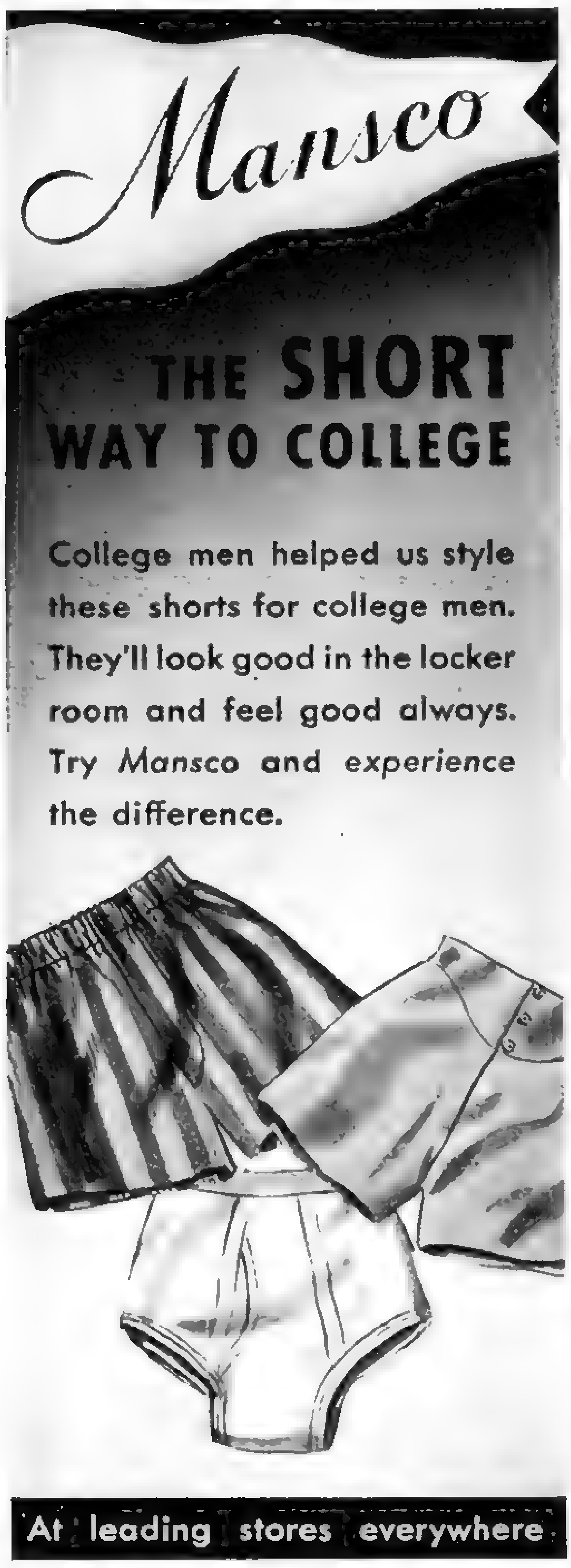
The tall and then lugubrious Chicago coach and Halas became fast friends. Recalling that Knute Rockne always rated Shaughnessy as one of football's finest tacticians, Halas soon was getting advice from his new friend. Eventually Shaughnessy became a sort of advisory coach for the Bears and in morning practice sessions he and Halas tested many an idea, some of which went to make the professionals' T more powerful and deceptive. But at no time did Shaughnessy try to introduce the T at Chicago for its success demands especial material which the Maroons never could provide.

Then, on a December morning in 1939, Shaughnessy awoke to find that Pres. Robert Maynard Hutchins had punted football out of Chicago University as a general nuisance. Shaughnessy hurried to California and sold himself to the athletic committee at Stanford, which had just applied the shoe to Claude (Tiny) Thornhill.

Since football was revived at Palo Alto, after World War I, Stanford had been coached by "Pop" Warner and Thornhill, who between them took six teams to the Rose Bowl. Now Thornhill, whose 1939 team lost all but one game, was to be replaced by a man whose record at Chicago was so awful the school abolished the game. Jack McDonald, a San Francisco sports writer, conducted a contest to find a nickname for Shaughnessy and "Soup" was the choice.

In spring practice, Shaughnessy introduced the T formation to Stanford players. He figured that a team which lost seven games in '39 couldn't do any worse in '40 with any old system. Shaughnessy was aided by Bernie Masterson, star quarterback of the Chicago Bears. Masterson since has been signed as backfield coach at the University of California at Los Angeles, so this season Shaughnessy will be served with some of his own T.

When Shaughnessy fired the T at the Pacific Coast it caught all opposing coaches napping. Father Stagg at little College of the Pacific, but he wasn't playing Stanford so he only chuckled. Down at Southern California, Howard Jones, who played the T at Yale away back, knew something and did stop Stanford until the last two minutes of the game. The other younger coaches were prod-



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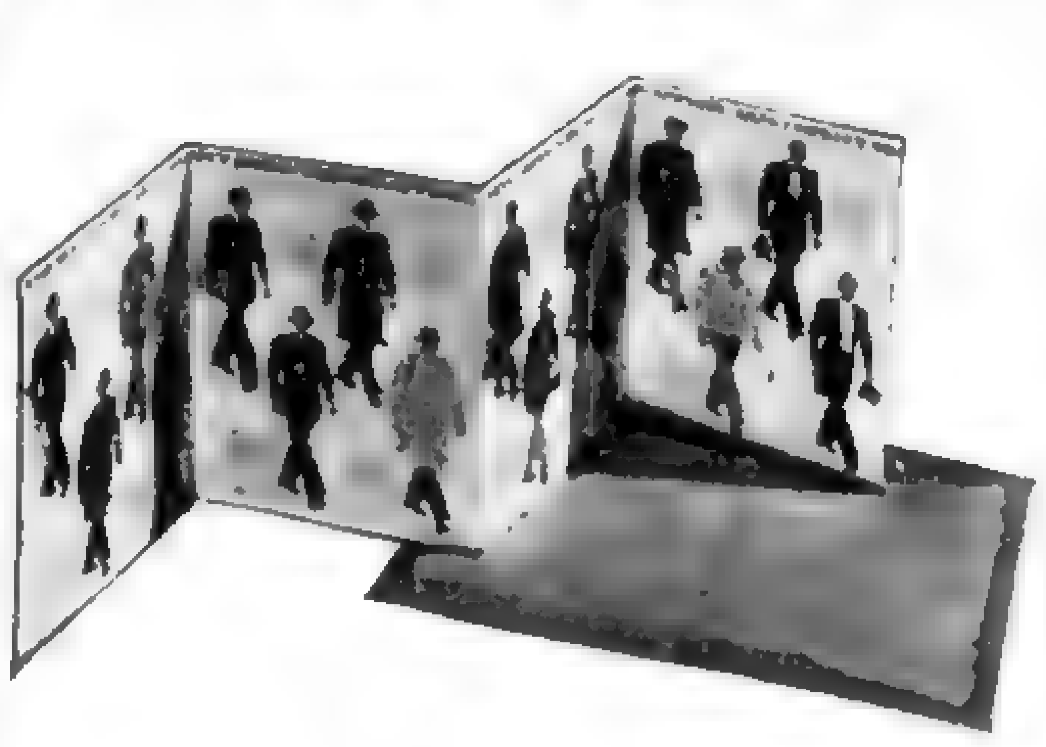

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ucts of the Warner and Notre Dame systems and could muster no adequate defenses.

When Stanford rolled over California in its final Conference game and headed for the Rose Bowl, the coaching fraternity was fully conscious of the T. The Chicago Bears using it was one thing but when a college team traveled on it to the Rose Bowl that was something else and important. Eastern coaches flocked to see the Bears crush Washington in early December. Present on that occasion were Major "Biff" Jones and his assistant, Link Lyman, a long time Bear tackle. They were scouting on behalf of their Nebraska team which was to play Stanford in the Rose Bowl. Numerous other coaches saw Stanford defeat the Huskers in the Rose Bowl to round out the Indians' first unbeaten and united season. At the annual meeting of the National Football Coaches Association every coaching ear was plastered to the radio when the Rose Bowl game was in progress.

Shaughnessy, who was nominated "Coach of the Year," was besieged with invitations to spread knowledge of the T at numerous summer coaching schools and up in Lake Forest, Ralph Jones's mail was heavy with similar R.S.V.P's. Coaches passing through Chicago made it a point to have business with George Halas; always equipped with a pad and pencil.

To the uninitiated the back in motion seems a bit silly and aimless. When Amos Stagg used the flanker at Chicago—on which a back ran wide of the end—one coach said its only value was in reducing the offense to ten men. I asked George Halas just what the back in motion accomplished.

"He can do nine or ten things," replied the Bear coach. 1—He always is a decoy and the defense never can definitely guess his purpose; 2—He can take out the defensive end; 3—go deep and block the fullback; 4—go still deeper and take out the safety; 5—continue wide and take a lateral pass or set up a forward pass; 6—go down field and receive a forward pass; 7—go down field as a pass decoy; 8—go across behind the defensive line as a decoy; 9—can't remember." (Probably a Bear secret for this season.)

"Actually the man in motion can move from three to five defensive players and I've seen him move as many as nine."

The man in motion seldom carries the ball, other than after receiving a lateral or forward pass, but his coverage is so essential—for he just might come back on a reverse—that the attention he requires makes possible quick bucks into the line and all other plays found in any system. Without the man in motion the T has no more modern efficiency than when Stagg brought it to Chicago.

"The real key-man in the T is the quarterback," Ralph Jones told me. "He must be smart in any system but a bit smarter than smart to make the T click, and also an Houdini at ball handling.

"Unlike most systems, the T requires that the quarterback handle the ball on all plays. He squats squarely under the center and takes the ball from the snapper-back's hands. This virtually eliminates the possibilities of fumbles which are present with a five or more yard pass.

"The quarterback then feeds the ball to the back who makes the run or plunge. Sometimes he hands the ball laterally, sometimes he pivots and sometimes drops back to pass or fake a pass. The quarterback must be skilled at hiding the ball before passing it along, adding to the general deception.

"The Bears always have had great quarterbacks since they started using the modernized T. Over the past ten years they have had Carl Brumbaugh, Bernie Masterson and now Sid Luckman, a great field general and passer."

Apropos of smart quarterbacks, get Clark Shaughnessy started on Frankie Albert, his senior, who really made the Stanford team go with his smart generalship and great passing. As a sophomore the left-handed, left-footed Albert was called the "most erratic player on the Pacific Coast." In his first year on Shaughnessy's T he made nearly every All American. "He was a coach on the field," declares Shaughnessy.

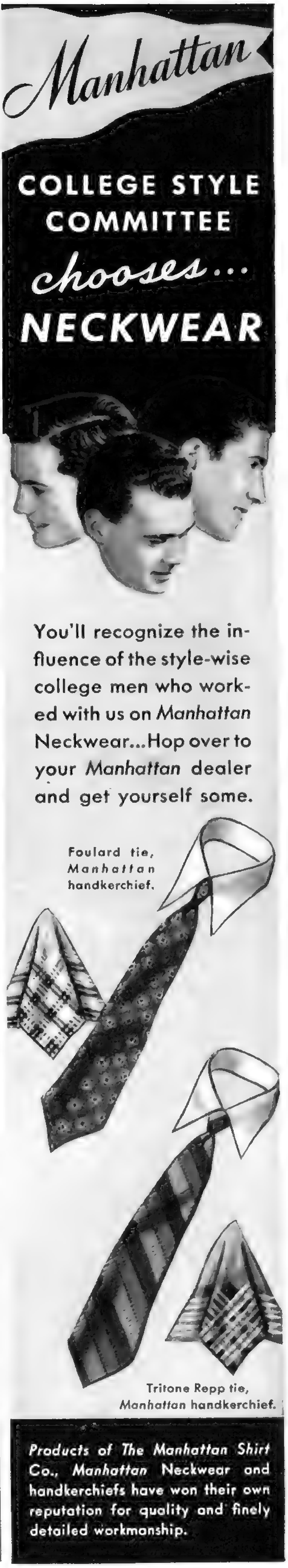
"Even a smart quarterback and the man in motion won't guarantee the T will be successful," continues Ralph Jones. "I haven't used it a lot at Lake Forest the past couple of seasons. Just didn't have the material to make it work. Think I can go back to it this fall.

"You've got to have backs who can start with the speed of a dash man getting off his blocks. You need fast backs for any kind of an offense but in the T they must be able to get going the minute the ball is snapped. Fast starts are what make the quick opening line plays work. You want your ball carrier reaching the hole before the defense has committed itself on the man in motion. Of course, you also need a good line but that is a fundamental."

Some coaches will be disappointed if they attempt the T without weighing their material. But my guess is that 90 per cent of the gridiron professors will have experimented with the T during spring practice and will have at last a few plays generating from that formation.

So when you're watching old Alma Mater this fall and one of your heroes takes off across the field, don't be alarmed. He's not going home nor is he mad at the coach. He'll be the fellow who is decoying the other team into a trap. Don't even bother to watch him. Watch the quarterback and if you can follow the ball until the runner gets well under way, you'll be doing more than the Washington Redskins did through the entire game against the Bears.

You'll have a lot of T with your football this season and now you know something about it. ##



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Continued from page 91

punch bowl, serving no serious purpose, outside of ornamentation, and making the officers think of the fine wet days in the past. Before battle, when most of the movable objects are thrown overboard, this valuable silver would probably find its way to the bottom of the ocean.

Enlisted men, warrant officers, chief petty officers, commissioned officers, captain and admiral, all eat separately, in order to preserve discipline. The admiral and captain each has his own chef, in his own apartment. The admiral's apartment consists of a combination living-dining room, bedroom, bath, and pantry with electric kitchen. The captain has the same accommodations, plus a guest room. The food they eat is either prepared right in the pantry, or in the officers' galley, and is taken up by dumbwaiters. Of course these high officers are only supposed to eat alone but may actually invite any of their staff to join them.

The captain of the *North Carolina* is O. M. Hustvedt, a distinguished officer with a splendid service record. However, a commandant of an important man-of-war is only little less than the Grand Lama of Lhassa, and I must admit that I haven't even seen him. But I did have the pleasure of meeting Commander H. G. Shepard, second in command, and a very charming gentleman.

Commander Shepard is youngish; he can't be much over forty. It is hardly possible to X-ray a person at first meeting, but I could see that the Commander was a man of the world, with great intellectual faculties, capable of quick decision and just judgment. One gets the feeling that he is equally at home in battle on the high seas or in a diplomatic *salon*.

During the last war he served aboard a British destroyer.

It costs $4,649.35 per week to feed the personnel on this battleship, the weekly rations totaling 10,220. The enlisted men's food comes to about 45 cents daily. I also learned that while the submarine men are allowed 50 cents, it is not because the food is different or better, but because submarines can't buy and store in bulk, and even for the Navy retail purchase is more expensive.

Below the Ward Room of the *North Carolina* is the Provisioning Room, from where all raw food goes to the various messes. Chief Commissary Stewart Flowers only keeps one day's provisions in this room and in the adjoining butcher shop; the rest of the stuff is stored one flight below, in the huge ice boxes. I am not allowed to reveal how long the *North Carolina* can roam the high seas without taking on provisions of any kind; suffice it to say that it's quite a while.

At one single meal for the enlisted men 1,200 pounds of beef are used. And if you wish to make a pumpkin pie, Navy fashion, here is a list of the ingredients: sixty dozen eggs, fifty pounds of powdered milk, two pounds of cinnamon; flour, shortening, and sugar, appropriately measured. They use only three coffee percolators—eighty gallons each! The Navy drinks an awful lot of coffee; it has two of its own coffee roasting plants, one on the East Coast and one on the Pacific. The tradition of the Navy is that coffee may be had twenty-four hours a day; the kettle is always boiling. As to a simple side-dish like cabbage, six hundred pounds are used for one meal.There are ten eighty-gallon vegetable cookers, ten electric griddles, four deep-grease fryers, several cake icing mixers, enormous automatic potato mashers, huge ovens. The system is somewhat like that used by cafeterias on shore; there are steam tables in which the food is stored and kept hot before the meals. The enlisted men line up in four rows winding toward four serving stations. Then they sit down in one of the eight mess compartments to enjoy their meal. In thirty-three minutes all have eaten and are ready to think about what there will be for supper.

The day I was there the fare for the men's midday meal consisted of Bean Soup, Ham Steak—the biggest I have ever seen—boiled cabbage, mashed potatoes, buttered carrots, vegetable salad with dressing, pumpkin pie, bread and butter and coffee. Everything looked most appetizing, but I was not supposed to taste anything for I was to be a guest in the officers' mess, and the gentlemen escorting me didn't let me spoil my appetite. However, the Officer on Watch must taste the food of the enlisted men, and the one on duty admitted to me that this task was the pleasantest of all. I must make the observation that it seems to me that the men's food is better and more abundant than the officers' in the U. S. Navy. This may be intentional, and if it is, it is a most intelligent thing. When I served in the last war, we officers ate well and plenty, while the ordinary soldiers had the same inadequate fare day after day. First they grumbled, then came the revolution.

Listen to a gob's breakfast in the *North Carolina* and be amazed: Fresh fruit, fresh milk, corn flakes, individual omelettes, fried country sausages, fresh Parkerhouse rolls, butter, coffee. But it changes each day. Sundays they get fried eggs—as many as they can eat—and bacon. Thursdays, corned beef hash with boiled eggs. Saturdays, minced beef on toast. Scrambled eggs and fried potatoes on Fridays. Saturday's dinner is cream of potato soup, roast turkey with giblet gravy and bread stuffing, mashed sweet potatoes, lettuce and tomato salad, pie a la mode, bread and butter and coffee. The same night for supper there are cold assorted meats, potato salad with mayonnaise, buttered asparagus, fresh fruit, bread and butter and beverage. The men eat off a single aluminum plate, called the modified Norfolk tray, specially designed for the Navy, with six compartments for six courses. After the meals the trays are piled up near the electric dish-washing machines. There are few kitchen labors which are done by hand today in a modern battleship.

The huge galley is constructed of aluminum alloy and stainless steel; it shines like a new dime. The chefs in the enlisted men's galleys are white; the officers' chefs are Filipinos and colored men. I forgot to ask the reason for this, but it must be deep-rooted. There are two cooks' schools maintained by the Navy, one in Norfolk, Virginia, and the other at San Diego, California. When a gob shows aptitude, he is sent to one of these schools to take a four months' course and to emerge a perfect chef or baker.

One of the eight mess compartments for the men is used as a recreation and music room. Workmen were also busy fitting up a soda fountain when I was there; the soft-drink machines were already standing, and, I was told, they're filled and emptied three times a day. The sailors buy their pop for a nickel like ordinary human beings ashore, but since the Navy gets the soda pop for less than a nickel a bottle, the difference is used for the sailors' benefit. And cigarettes cost only thirteen cents a pack in the Navy.

So much for the men. Officers have to buy their own food on war ships. They receive a monthly mess allowance from the government, an ensign getting $18, lieutenant $36, and commander $54, depending on rank and whether they are married or single. On the first of the month each officer pays thirty dollars in advance for his food on the *North Carolina*. The cost to the officer varies, however, with the location. In tropical waters, for instance, where provisions are cheaper than in New York, it is much less. One of the officers of the *North Carolina* told me that when he was serving on a gunboat at Cheefoo, China, they paid only twelve dollars per person for the food; but then they sometimes did not see fresh vegetables for six weeks, and when finally the mess officer got hold of a few crates, the officers stormed them and ate the carrots, Brussels sprouts and potatoes raw.

The prices of supplies for the Navy are lower than for the general market whether the ship is buying from the Navy stores or from contractors. The Supply Officer checks the quantity of provisions, and the Medical Officer the quality. Private contractors, who get the Navy's business by bidding, are paid off right on the ship in cash. If a contractor delivers poor quality food, he must run ashore again and get hold of some good food and deliver it in time. If he does not, the ship buys it, usually for more money, and the contractor has to stand the difference. I inspected the ice boxes and I can tell you that I rarely saw better quality raw food in first class hotels.

After paying a flying visit to the beautiful and perfectly appointed officers' galley, which is quite separate from the enlisted men's (and where a half dozen chefs were busy putting the finishing touches to our mid-day meal) we climbed up once more to the Ward Room. A row of colored mess attendants in spotless white stood behind our chairs. Eighty-five officers also in spotless white took their customary places. I was invited to sit next to Commander Clark at the very head of the senior officers' table, and among so many white-clad men I felt odd in my best black suit, which I had put on that morning, hoping to impress the Navy. Commander Gordon, the Chief Medical Officer, was my vis à vis, and he soon made me forget my conspicuousness by a steady flow of well-told jokes and anecdotes.

Lunch started with celery, olives and crackers. An excellent spicy Mulligatawny Soup followed, which was good for summer days. Commander Clark didn't like the spices though, and said something about taking the pepper away from that chef. Roast Pork, next on the menu, tasted almost fantastically good. It was prepared not unlike the Chinese do it, and no doubt you know how good their roast pork is. Mashed potatoes, apple sauce, jam and beans came with it, and gravy. I rarely take gravy, I must confess, but this gravy I used three times, it was so fine! And I regretted that the attendant did not offer three helpings of the meat, too. An excellent vegetable salad came next, served in individual tomato shells, and having finished it I waited for the dessert. It never came! The officers don't have dessert, just coffee, and I thought sadly of the pumpkin pie the gobs received.

In the Ward Room which is run very much like a gentlemen's club, there are three taboos in conversation: religion, ladies and the Civil War.

After polite conversation—on other subjects—the officers hurried to their tasks, and I came to the conclusion that I had had a delightful time on this beautiful battleship, finding out everything about the good food, but keeping far away from the guns and the secret gunsights. Commander Gordon offered to show me his hospital. It is the most modernly appointed hospital I ever saw; the operating table and the dentist chairs looked downright inviting.

But with the kind of food they serve on the *North Carolina*, I don't see how anyone can need either the hospital rooms or the dentists' tools. And I offer a new slogan to the service: "Join the Navy and Eat the World's Best Food." The best in any navy at any rate. ##

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The Pearl Pelican

Continued from page 77

understood only that a madman evidently escaped from the manicomio, had showered pesos on him, and was now proposing an exchange greatly to his own advantage. For in all his days he had never owned in the way of a wardrobe—in addition to his cotton shirt and trousers—more than a moth-eaten *sarape* and a pair of filthy sandals.

The quick exchange accomplished, Figuero slipped away ragged but light-hearted. But on reaching the Zócalo, he ran almost head-on into Miss Prim and her Aunt Guadalupe, who, snatching aside their skirts, eyed him in unmitigated disgust.

The porter, meanwhile, after ringing the pesos on the sidewalk to make sure of their silver content, decided to step out.

First he stopped at a curbstone shack for a hot, well-seasoned enchilada. His craving for food satisfied, he disappeared behind the swinging doors of a *pulquería*.

Now pulque, which is the fermented—and God-given—juice of the maguey plant, has a different effect upon different people. Some it merely puts to sleep. To others, however, it imparts the glassy stare and beatific smile, and they go forth walking on clouds, convinced that all's well with the world.

To the latter group belonged our cargador, and in an elated mood, he weaved along Avenida Madero, barging into tourists and generally, it is to be feared, making a nuisance of himself.

As he crossed San Juan de Letrán—against the traffic—and proceeded up Juárez, a yellow dog, overtaking him, but not making its presence known, jogged along at the porter's heels. This, as you may have guessed, was no other than the cur which had been bestowing its unwelcome attentions on the scribe. Deceived by appearances, it was now following a false scent.

Still treading on clouds, and still a bit fuzzy in the head, the porter made his way along the Reforma. Meeting a balloon man just beyond the equestrian statue of Charles IV, he decided that a balloon would be appropriate to the occasion, and accordingly purchased a big red one for ten centavos.

Presently he turned off into that section of the metropolis where the streets are named for the great cities of the world—London, Hamburg, Liverpool, etc.

It was in the Calle Hamburgo—or it may have been Londres—that he became conscious of voices raised in altercation.

He had arrived at an impressive iron gateway over which was displayed the coat of arms of one of those oriental nations whose embassy was housed in the marble palace visible within the gates. From the gateway emerged, propelled by a stout boot, a man with an injured countenance and a ladder.

"Qué hay? What goes on?" asked the porter of the bouncee.

"He kicked me out," replied the other, rubbing the spot where it hurt. "Kicked me out after I tried to do him a favor. Did you not see with your own eyes how he treated me?"

"Deep are the wounds which pulque cannot heal," intoned the porter.

As this statement admitted of no argument, and as the porter seemed to be in funds, the two repaired to a convenient pulquería, where the balm in question was applied.

It appeared that the man with the ladder had been given the entrée to the embassy garden at the suggestion of the younger of two royal princesses who happened to be there on a visit. Or rather, at her caprice, for the princess, accustomed to getting what she wanted when she wanted it, desired at the moment nothing more than a yellow mango ripening at the very top of a spreading mango tree, which cast its shade over the garden.

The lord high gardener had tried to dislodge the coveted fruit with a long pole, but had been unsuccessful. Following that attempt, the attachés—even the minister plenipotentiary himself—had hurled sticks and stones into the tree, dislodging plenty of mangos, to be sure, but not the one on which her royal highness' heart was set. Foiled in her wish, the princess was about to lose her oriental calm and have a good, old-fashioned tantrum.

It was at this unlucky moment that the man with the ladder passed by.

"They asked me in," he now confided to his host. "They told me to run up my ladder and bring down the mango that the princess craved. A thousand pesos if I turned the trick. And as an extra inducement, the princess herself was offering a pearl pelican, though what could one do with a bauble like that except to pawn it and buy pulque?"

"What indeed?" echoed the porter.

"Bueno. I adjusted my ladder and ascended it, while the group below stood breathless. Even by standing on the topmost rung of my ladder and clinging for support to the yielding branches—I was in danger all the time of falling and breaking my neck—I was unable to get within a metre of that cursed mango.

"On descending the ladder, far from being thanked or rewarded for my effort, I was, as you have seen with your own eyes, rudely kicked out by the gatekeeper."

Here the man with the ladder drained his second glass of pulque.

"The princess—is her heart still set upon this mango?" the charcoal carrier inquired.

So far as his informant knew, it was.

"Wait. An idea comes to me,"

announced the porter. "I myself will have a try at it."

"Good luck to you, then," said the other. "I await you here."

Leaving his companion in the pulquería, the porter, balloon in hand, yellow dog at his heels, made his way, still stepping over clouds, to the embassy gate. The gatekeeper was about to send him spinning, but the princess herself intervened.

"Let him enter," she directed. "Even a toad may have a jewel in its head." Though what she meant by that, the porter couldn't imagine. He thought it might have been a Chinese proverb.

The embassy garden, though its beauty was for the most part wasted on the cargador, was a bit of Paradise. An alley flanked with royal palms led to a glorieta in the center of which was a tile fountain stocked with goldfish. The tinkle of falling water mingled with the liquid notes of mockingbirds. Scarlet bougainvillea clambered over trellises. Climbing geraniums glorified the walls. Roses and calla lilies opened their sweet faces to the sun.

Had it not been for the moral support imparted to him by the pulque, the cargador might not have been quite so self-assured in the presence of her royal highness, who in her silk robes and jewels could have been a picture on a fan.

But the pulque spoke with authority, and besides were the porter's feet not encased in stout leather instead of being exposed as usual to the sun and air? There is a certain sense of well-being which comes from correct dress.

"Tell the fellow," the princess instructed the lord high gardener, "that my offer still holds good. A thousand pesos and this bauble." And she held the pearl pelican to the light. "But I must have that mango very soon. Already my fancy turn elsewhere."

The porter stood leering up at the tree. "So she wants that mango, does she?" he gulped.

The princess stamped an impatient little foot.

Then the porter's idea, which had taken temporary leave of him, returned.

Addressing the ambassador, he said, "Your Excellency, no doubt, can lend me a fish-hook?"

"A fish-hook!"

"Yes. To attach to this balloon. I will then release it and . . ."

"Enough of this nonsense!" cried His Excellency. "Throw this fellow out. He is a fool."

The porter already was beginning to edge away from the group around the mango tree, especially from the gatekeeper, who now approached him menacingly.

Then suddenly everybody jumped. A wild barking and yelping arose. There was a noise like a skyrocket at the moment of ascension, and streak of grey fur with a bushy tail bounded over the lawn and up the tree.

It was the embassy cat. With the porter's yellow cur yelping like mad at her heels, she scrambled higher and higher, nor did she look down until she reached the topmost branches. The dog, still yelping hysterically, stood at the base of the tree, his front paws on the trunk.

Then came a gentle thud. On the ground, all ripe and golden, at the princess' very feet, lay the coveted mango.

The porter had enough presence of mind to pick the mango up and offer it, with a bow, to her royal highness. An undersecretary of the legation handed him a thousand pesos, to which the princess herself—she had already peeled the mango and bitten into it—added the pearl pelican.

As if in a dream, the porter made his way into the street, still followed by his faithful hound. This, he reflected as he sat down on the curb, had been his lucky day. Good fortune had piled upon good fortune. First a madman pressing pesos and good clothes on him, and now—these fabulous riches! He quite forgot his friend at the pulquería, but lay down under a tree and went to sleep. The yellow dog slept beside him.

The porter might have lived in affluence the rest of his days. He might never again have had to hoist a sack of charcoal on his back. He might have become an ornament to the community.

But what did this foolish fellow do? For a week or more he virtually owned a pulquería, treating one and all to as much pulque as they could hold.

Then he began wagering his money on cock fights—and even a thousand pesos do not last forever. His pesos gone, he pawned the pearl pelican for enough to have kept him in pulque for the next fifty years, and only got about a tenth of its value at that. This money, too, went the way of the rest, and in the end, reduced to rags and poverty—an estate shared by the yellow dog—he was glad to get back again to the charcoal bins.

It was the old beggar woman who reported all this to Figuero. And then the dog had come, as it were, to reproach him.

* * *

The siesta hour over, the trio left Tío Ernesto's, Prudence and Bill to flag a "libre" and drive back to their hotel, Figuero to proceed on foot to his place of business.

As the taxicab got under way, Prudence, glancing out of the window, saw a grimy charcoal porter asleep under a Peru tree. Far down the street, behind the scribe's retreating figure, trotted a yellow dog.

"Do you know what I think, Bill?" said Prudence. "I think it's a darned shame. I'm going to look up that Miss Prim tomorrow and tell her the whole story and let her judge for herself. Then I'm going to see if I can buy that pawn ticket from the porter—if he hasn't lost it—and redeem the pearl pelican and give it to them for a wedding present."

"Umph!" said Bill, and lit a cigarette. #

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Big Names Take Over

Continued from page 65

tomed to write for readers who identify the character with no player; or for theatregoers who can and do make the distinction whenever a good actor or actress is concerned. The movies reach people who are not accustomed to characterization; and writers have failed to take that circumstance into consideration. (The French and German audiences which accepted tragic film stories and didn't mind movie actresses behaving like hellions were audiences far more familiar with the theatre than our own.)

So Dreiser, even when no one cared much about an old writer's politics, was not made Hollywood's chiefest writer; O'Neill has done nothing, so far as I know, directly for a studio; Hemingway has written the narratives for documentaries; Fitzgerald worked in the studios, but to small avail. Louis Bromfield works in the movies.

Sometimes you get a man who is first-rate in two places, like the stage and the screen. But it is surprising to see how the two excellences differ. Here, for instance, is the record of Sydney Howard, through 1939: he prepared *Bulldog Drummond* for the screen; wrote *A Lady to Love* and the scenario for *Condemned;* did *Raffles*, *Free Love*, and *The Greeks Had a Word for It*; in addition he reworked two of his own successes, *The Silver Cord* and *Christopher Bean*; and his eminence in pictures actually stems from his treatments of the two Sinclair Lewis jobs, *Arrowsmith* and *Dodsworth.* Compare that with his stage work, with *They Knew What they Wanted* and *Ned McCobb's Daughter* and even the unsuccessful *Lucky Sam McCarver*, and you see that the movies set him tasks he could have written—and may have written—with one hand tied behind his back. The same thing is true of Robert Sherwood, as eminent a playwright as you can meet nowadays; outside of his own work and a foreign job or two, Sherwood hasn't had the big Hollywood jobs to do.

In part, Hollywood is right; it gives its big jobs to the men who stay in the studios, the dependable people, those who in the end will make pictures, not write "additional dialogue." The investment per picture is too great to depend on an occasional writer; and if the movies miss a Dos Passos, they turn up a Sturges who is perfectly in the groove of the movies, without ever being in a rut. And I think that as a result, serious writers will gravitate more to radio; because you can try a one-shot show on an experimental series; or you can try your hand at a script in many commercial series; and if your talent is big, you can go on; you can even get to the movies via radio.

The rewards of radio are so great that even its minor quantities are astounding. You can do a show at an odd hour; or get on a grimly educational program on a small station; or you can come on a network in opposition to Fred Allen or Bing Crosby—and yet, more people will write to you than hear your name after you've published five books. And if you hit a good program, even as a one-time guest, you seem to be made for life; you are surprised and a little aggrieved if one person out of all you meet in the next few weeks, failed to hear you.

But this vast publicity is misleading. You can also be forgotten. And, therefore, it isn't good for the highbrow and the intellectual to be content with whatever they pick up at the second table of radio. They ought to work toward the upper brackets, as seriously as they work for large sales and book club circulation with their books. No serious writer has yet tackled radio steadily, tackled it as seriously and steadily as the incredible Arch Oboler who turned out a play for it every week for a week longer than a year; or as vigorously as Norman Corwin who, apparently in the intervals between other work, has started to do a series simply called *26 by Corwin*—not all big script shows, because Corwin is a radio-creator more than a radio-writer; he uses the techniques he has at his fingertips after a few years of directing and lets them play around his original feeling for poetic reading, as well as his nimble handling of fairly conventional drama. These writers within radio—both of them directors as well—are forerunners of a new creative type, the true radio-writer; they are working with sound-and-speech as surely as the illustrated magazine writer is working with pictures-and-words.

As a matter of justice, I think the government of the United States should be given credit for encouragement of two kinds of creative work; in radio various departments have got as good writing as they could afford, and some of it has been darned good; and in the movie-documentary, the government was at the top of the heap so long as it made pictures under Pare Lorentz; the needs of good propaganda pictures may persuade a few blithering and intimidated congressmen that a good movie is not necessarily Russian in technique nor pink in color.

Parallel to these, the commercial accounts like *Big Town* and *Cavalcade of America* have used sound writers, not for publicity but for good scripts; and the networks have brought in poets and novelists, so that gradually the professional writer is becoming familiar with the requirements of radio, and no longer thinks of it as a play without visible characters or a series of sound effects and loud jokes. The distinguished roster of writers for the Free Company, encouraged by the government, but selected by a writer and given a pretty free hand, did not strike Brooks Atkinson of the *New York Times* as particularly able dramatists; but they were effective on the air, in a profession which actually has no name. Sherwood Anderson, Orson Welles the young master, William Saroyan, Marc Connelly, Robert E. Sherwood, James Boyd, Stephen Vincent Benét, Walter Van Tilburg Clark, Paul Green, Archibald MacLeish, Maxwell Anderson and all the rest, were creating for radio, largely with words. Perhaps some philologue will oblige with a name for their new art.

It is a good thing that those who can create in one field should quickly learn the technique of a new one; because if they don't, a lot of second-rate people will grab the controls. We have seen it happen, and seen the results. It is a pleasure to see the wheel reverse itself.

And don't imagine that radio is going all highbrow and fluttery. That won't happen so long as Fred Allen is there to mock at it, in programs meant for a light laugh, which are technically still ten thousand times ahead of any serious show that I have met; and intellectually not too far behind. ⌗

Kovacs the Clown Will Win

Continued from page 87

call for a scissors and cut your slacks down to shorts. If you're already wearing shorts, take your socks off, bite the ball, punch a linesman on the nose, kick a ballboy in the keaster, visit an adjoining court and watch a match for a change."

Kovacs illustrated the lecture with gestures, even slashing a twenty-five-dollar pair of pants at the knees and sinking his bicuspids into the handle, without salt. He received a twenty-one-gun salute of photographers' bulbs.

This piece of whimsy was glorified in elaborate layouts by hundreds of newspapers here and abroad. And the fact that McNeill then beat Frankie's brains out to win the Southampton final in straight sets rated two dignified paragraphs in most journals, without illustrations.

A capricious, undisciplined child all his life, Kovacs acts chiefly on impulse. At match point against Eddie Alloo in a San Francisco indoor tournament a couple years ago, Frankie threw three balls into the air on his service and nonchalantly killed the middle one for an ace before Alloo knew which ball he had hit.

His classic sit-down strike against Joe Hunt in the quarter-finals of the national championships last fall will be remembered as long as there is a Forest Hills.

Frankie's game had fallen apart, as it frequently does, and he was becoming bored. So he went into Routine T-38 of dances and funny sayings to amuse himself. But Master Hunt, a serious-minded midshipman at Annapolis, saw nothing funny in Kovacs' performance. In fact, he was damned annoyed.

"I won't go on," Hunt cried out in anguish.

Kovacs fiddled around a few more minutes while Hunt burned and then sat down. Out on the courts came the U.S.L.T.A. stuffed-shirts, Kovacs received a stern rebuke and the match was resumed with Hunt winning in the season's greatest upset.

"Heck, I was just having a little fun," Frankie later explained to his pals. "My strokes weren't working and since I couldn't play a decent game anyway, the least I could do for the cash customers was put on a show. That's what they paid for, didn't they?"

The young rebel's attitude is not a pose. At times he spreads it on a bit thick but essentially he is sincere in the radical belief that sport should be synonymous with fun. And a boy who refuses to take himself seriously cannot be expected to take tennis any more gravely.

"I have to play a relaxed game," says Kovacs. "In the first place, it's no fun when you have to concentrate. In the second place, when I start to concentrate and think about my game, I forget how to play and can't win for losing. Anyway, when I think it hurts my head in the first place!"

Kovacs is the most vigorously disliked player on the tennis scene. The game's elder statesmen particularly resent him and his cock-eyed philosophy.

"He is a man who will beat champions, but will never be one," Titanic Tilden remarked recently. "He lacks the stability needed to achieve greatness. Also, his cultural and intellectual background is not one on which champions are built."

Informed that the Old Master had called him something of a vulgarian, Kovacs shrugged his shoulders and remarked:

"Tilden? Oh yes, I remember him now. Isn't he the fellow who spent so many years teaching Wilbur Coen all he knows so he would make a worthy successor to him as the world champion? I wonder what ever happened to poor Coen."

But the man who actually succeeded Tilden has faith in Kovacs, with reservations.

"Frankie is the only amateur in the country who has the qualifications of a truly great player, great like Tilden," observes H. Ellsworth Vines, the reformed tennis champ. "In fact, Kovacs has everything . . . except too often he fails to concentrate."

"Kovacs hits a ball harder than any other man in the game," Vines admits. "The only trouble is he starts clowning early in a match and, given the slightest encouragement, tries to top every gag with a better one. By the time the fifth set arrives, Frankie has forgotten all about tennis. Then he devotes his undivided attention to clowning and blows five-set matches to fourth-class

Continued on page 158

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Kovacs the Clown Will Win

Continued from pages 87-157

players who have no right being on the same court with him."

As if to vindicate Vines's opinion, Kovacs ended his tour of unbroken triumph through five Southern tournaments this spring by losing the next four. Hall Surface, a comparative nobody, routed him in straight sets in the Southern Florida semi-finals. Then Riggs wreaked double revenge, licking him in the fifth set at Fort Lauderdale and throttling him in straight sets at Pensacola.

The crowning insult came at Jacksonville when Gardner Larned, a sixteen-year-old unknown from Chicago, smothered Kovacs in three incredible sets.

A less resourceful genius would have been crushed by such a quadruple tragedy, but not Kovacs. At least it will sober him up, the tennis savants agreed, now he'll take the game seriously for a change.

The Mad Magyar did. He deliberately missed the ball by two feet in his next match but unhappily overestimated his follow-through and wound up hitting himself instead and knocking two teeth out of his head.

Those who had been laughing with the Happy Hungarian all winter now laughed at him. Tilden was right, the experts admitted, Kovacs was a clown, not a champion. And when he arrived at Oklahoma City in March to bid for the National Indoor Championship nobody took him seriously.

Riggs, the defending titleholder, was seeded Number One, McNeill, the National Outdoor Champion and hometown favorite, was seeded Number Two. And Kovacs was counted on only to furnish the comic relief.

The clown prince didn't disappoint the customers. He never does. After going through M. C. Hopper, the Oklahoma State Champion, in the first set at 6-1, Kovacs changed tactics. He also changed hands. A right-hander all his life, Frankie suddenly decided to play as well as think left-handed. He finished the match ambidextrously, switching the racquet from one fist to the other as the whim seized him. Kovacs enjoyed the circus so much he prolonged it to near dusk before winning, 11 to 9.

The stage was set for the kill in the semi-finals. Riggs, at the peak of his game, defending his last national title, was never more confident. He had whipped Kovacs twice running and now he was going to put the big fathead in his place again.

But the California cut-up was not in the mood to lose. He took the first set, 6-4. Then came the marathon, a set that lasted thirty-two tormenting games. Twice Riggs was within one point of victory, twice he had set point on his own serve but each time Kovacs weathered the storm and finally outlasted and outgamed the champion to win, 17-15.

That set broke Riggs's heart, left him so shattered in spirit and so fatigued he could hardly lift his bat when the third set started. And Kovacs, again the master, roared to a 6-4 victory to whip his old nemesis in straight sets.

The championship final was anti-climactic. Wayne Sabin, seeking to regain the title he held in 1939, had earned the right to play Riggs by eliminating McNeill in five sets. Never had Sabin played greater tennis, and the experts confidently expected him to beat Kovacs. But Kovacs was still in no mood to lose.

Anyone who saw Kovacs win the National Indoor title in straight sets—6-0, 6-4, 6-2—never again will sell him short in any tournament. He merely toyed with Sabin in a dazzling display of shotmaking equalled only by Tilden on his good days and Budge at his best.

For Frankie it was more than a title, his first National Championship; it was vindication for his philosophy of tennis. He had proved that he could have fun and still be a champion. Even he had begun to doubt it after that Florida slump but now he was positive he alone had been right all along.

"I still say you can't mix tennis and comedy," Maurice McLoughlin, first of the famed line of tennis titans to come out of California, growled in San Francisco when he heard of Kovacs' latest exploits. "Frank has the spark of genius but he will never realize on his possibilities. Tennis does not require showmanship but demands undivided concentration. That is Kovacs' bar sinister."

The Red Comet of a quarter of a century ago, now turned gray, has history on his side. No champion yet has combined tennis and comedy. That is, unless you include George Lott, perhaps the finest doubles player this country ever produced.

Lott tried to inject some humor into the deadly serious business of tennis and frequently succeeded. It was at a formal dinner tendered by the French Association in honor of the American Davis Cup team several years ago in Paris that his reputation as a wag was established.

Earlier in the evening George had smuggled a bunch of American Beauty roses to the table and, at the proper moment, bowed from the waist and handed the bouquet to M. Pierre Gillou, the distinguished host. The gallant Frenchman was profuse in his speech of appreciation, then buried his face deep in the cluster of roses to inhale their fragrance.

Suddenly M. Gillou's face grew purple and he let out a deafening sneeze. Lott, master practical joker, had sprinkled the posies generously with red pepper.

Kovacs' technique resembles the elaborate gags of Lott no more than the emotional tantrums of Tilden. Frankie's forte is light comedy.

There will come a tense moment in a critical match. One point may swing the duel. Frankie's opponent is sweating blood. Back and forth they volley, each trying to wear down the other's nerves. Suddenly Kovacs goes into what looks like an Indian dance. No, he's impersonating a contortionist. No, he has returned the ball, a beautiful shot for a placement—only he stroked it blindly, swinging the racquet around his back and smashing the ball between his knees!

This is the real Kovacs and that is his natural mood. He is posing only when he appears serious.

A born exhibitionist, he embraces many of the contradictions of extremists. Kovacs has never tasted fish, chicken, duck or steaks. Says he is a strict vegetarian, just like his father, and will not touch meat or fowl of any kind—with the exception of hot dogs, which he wolfs by the dozen.

He is one of the game's most astute students and has studied nearly every textbook written on tennis. Yet, off the court he hates to discuss the game and gabs by the hour about his golf, which isn't bad. On returning from his extensive tour of the Orient last year, the only thing he would talk about was how he trained and seconded Glen Lee against Ceferino Garcia. (P.S.—Garcia won in straight sets.)

The Happy Hungarian has not always been the darling of the galleries that he now is.

Three years ago, on his second trip East, he was ordered by the United States Lawn Tennis Association to divorce himself from his coach, adviser and closest friend, George Hudson, the Berkeley maestro who developed him into a top-flight player. Kovacs was forbidden from taking another lesson from Hudson or even from being seen with him.

Hudson, a stormy petrel who had been an outspoken critic of U. S. L. T. A. politics for several years, was sent into exile by those politics. Kovacs was pretty well broken up at the time. It was not easy to learn to snub the man whose house had been his second home and whose friendship and money he shared for several years.

But Hudson, one of the game's finest teachers, told his star pupil to carry on without him. Kovacs, convinced he could become national champion without his coach but not without the blessings of the U. S. L. T. A., turned his back on Hudson.

A month later, Frankie was kicked off the Davis Cup squad and sent home as a disciplinary measure for quitting after the first round of a Cincinnati tournament. Kovacs had forfeited on the pretext of an injured ankle but bobbed up the same week at fashionable Nassau, New York and competed there. The Tri-State Association barred him a year for that one.

Frankie's trick ankle actually has caved in on several occasions. He first strained it while playing in the National junior championships at Culver, Indiana, in 1937. It popped out again the following year and forced him out of the Missouri Valley championships. In 1939 it forced him to cancel his annual Eastern tour and, as a result, he lost his national ranking.

A year ago Kovacs was plagued with a painful case of elbow rheumatism so cramping his style it was physically impossible for him to make an overhead smash. But Frankie laughed his way out of it and ended 1940 as the third ranking men's player in the United States.

He may be a clown but he is a courageous clown. He may lack the power of concentration but he makes up for it in perseverance. Kovacs will never forget that he was defeated by Riggs seven times in a row, humiliated in straight sets in most of them, before he ultimately ended his three-year quest of victory last year and beat Bobby in the Meadow Club semi-finals at Southampton.

Yet, not once in those seven previous beatings had Kovacs ever admitted to himself that Riggs was his master.

This, then, is the man—all 6 feet 3¼ inches and 178 pounds of him—who is destined to bring the National Championship back to Sixtieth Street, Oakland, where it rested in 1937 and 1938 at the Budge home.

Tilden swears Frankie will never make it, says he lacks the heart and brain of a champion. That was true until the Ides of March. Kovacs had been favored to win the 1937 National junior championship. But he didn't reach the finals. He had been expected to go far in the 1938 Nationals. But Gene Mako swept him off the court in the fourth round. He was supposed to hit the jackpot last September at Forest Hills. But he sat that one out.

Tilden had been right. Kovacs was a man who could beat champions but never be one. But the Oklahoma City tournament changed all that. Kovacs conquered two National champions and became one for the first time himself, without sacrificing his sense of humor.

And, whether they like it or not, the McLoughlins, Tildens, Vines's and Budges must soon accept the Clown Prince of tennis as the king. That is a foregone conclusion because Frankie has everything, including McNeill's number, Riggs's goat and more strokes than the Harvard crew.

After winning the National singles title two or three years, Kovacs is certain to change his mind about never turning professional. He'll turn pro all right, revive the dying play-for-play game and clean up $50,000 or less on a couple tours with his old neighbor, Budge, whom he licks consistently in practice every winter.

Then Kovacs will marry a Hollywood movie star and live happily ever after, at least until his option is dropped. ##

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Elegant Erratum of M. Laquelle

Continued from page 34

apartment in one of the less frequented streets of Gabiaule-les-Ponts. He received me in his study, a room encumbered with books and papers. The walls were covered with charts touched up with water colors. Mortality curves followed serpentine trails across a precise arrangement of figures and names. Birth rates progressed in reptilian undulations across colored pillars representing the years. Matrimonial zigzags oscillated like a fever chart between parallel lines. And, at the bottom, was a blackboard covered with additions, subtractions, multiplications, divisions, equations carried out several degrees.

"Now you are in my laboratory!" said M. Laquelle, offering me a hand covered with chalk.

I almost envied him, living among these moving representations of human destiny. To whatever corner of the room my glance wandered, it was greeted by some monument to anonymous catastrophe or happiness, compressed, dryly figured, carefully checked. And my thoughts, already gliding along the train of revery induced by these figures, evoked the particular deaths that had raised the level of this or that penstroke, the remote epidemics that had enlarged the surface of that yellow square. And lost faces of strangers or friends pressed around me and superimposed themselves upon one another before me. This arithmetical elbowing by humanity had given M. Laquelle a serene philosophy and, inexplicably, a taste for good manners.

"Sit down, my dear friend," he said. "I am going to prepare tea."

I no longer remember exactly what words we exchanged during the course of that visit. But I still see M. Laquelle, wearing a dressing gown with wide sleeves and darting a finger at the charts attached to the wall:

"Everything is there! It all comes back to that! It's like one of those Japanese flowers, wound in upon themselves, whose petals have to be unfolded one by one."

"Are you not afraid of imitators?"

"If they limit themselves to copying me they are not worth bothering about, and I ignore them. If they progress beyond my own work, I can only be grateful to them."

Not long afterwards, the *Billet Republicain* began to publish a column of statistical forecasts analogous to that of the *Petit Bleu de Gabiaule-les-Ponts*. These tabulations were signed "Fortiche." I knew of this person, through having met him at the *Café de la Poste et des Etats-Unis*, where he went every day for his aperitifs and his digestive waters. He was a heavy-mannered, hearty good fellow with a pink and whiskered face and dark brown eyes. Neither his education nor his temperament fitted him for the task he had undertaken. And yet the Laquelle-Fortiche duel fired public opinion. The population of Gabiaule-les-Ponts divided itself into opposing camps. Each champion had his devoted supporters. Vengeful inscriptions appeared on walls and in public latrines: "Laquelle is a sausage!"—"To the stake with Fortiche!"

But Fortiche very quickly had to admit himself vanquished. M. Laquelle's predictions were always verified, while his own figures proved to be unfailingly erroneous. His partisans took umbrage at this. One day when I went into the *Café de la Poste et des Etats-Unis*, I heard Fortiche exclaim to a group of reporters:

"It's not astonishing that he always comes out right in his predictions of death. He *completes* them!"

The atrocious word was repeated around town. It was interpreted at first as only a witty gibe; but, imperceptibly, the phrase accomplished its work of undermining M. Laquelle's reputation. Even in the remarks of his friends I thought that I detected an embarrassment, a timidity, that alarmed me.

"You're not going to tell me you put any faith in that calumny?"

"No—no—of course not! Just the same, you'll have to admit it's odd that one never comes across an error in M. Laquelle's predictions—odd and disturbing. If he had only been mistaken at least once! But this insolent exactness warrants suspicion. Of course, he doesn't *operate*, himself. I have been told that there are criminal organizations that undertake to do that kind of job—who will *complete*, to use Fortiche's expression."

I was thunderstruck. Little by little, I felt a troubled atmosphere of suppressed contempt, repulsion and fear gather around my friend, as if he himself had been responsible for all of the deaths he had announced.

One evening in the Deroulede Square I overheard a mother scolding her little daughter, who was weeping:

"If you don't behave yourself M. Laquelle will put you on his list!"

So much for popularity! It required no longer than two months for the most celebrated man in Gabiaule-les-Ponts to become a leper at whose approach everyone fled. A family who occupied an apartment adjoining his precipitately moved out. One day I read on the door of his house the plain word, scribbled in chalk:

"Assassin!"

And, below it: "Laquelle, official provider to the Morgue!"

It was too much! I went to see M. Laquelle. I found him going through insulting letters with an indescribable expression of otherworldliness, of being happily crucified for a noble cause.

"They don't know what they are doing," he told me.

"Whether they know or not, this situation can't go on. These public rumors must be stopped! You must rehabilitate yourself! You must confound your enemies as quickly as possible!"

He shrugged his shoulders, nobly.

"I do not see how to do it."

"It's very simple, nevertheless. One mistake in your predictions would be enough. What upsets your readers is to see you always so exactly aware of what is about to happen. An error will restore all your prestige."

M. Laquelle raised his eyes toward the ceiling and spread his arms in a gesture of gentle helplessness. And from his lips fell these terrifying words:

"I am unable to make a mistake!"

"What do you mean? If, instead of calculating the number of deaths for next week, you invented, you tossed off some figure at hazard—"

"Fate would conform itself to that figure!"

I regarded him with stupefaction. His eyes shone, his lips trembled with emotion.

"Do you imagine, then, that I have not tried to make a mistake?" he asked, in a voice as if from beyond the grave. "I do nothing but that. I have never done anything but that. It is impossible, certainly, for me to indicate an absurd total of fifty deaths, for example, because my readers would detect the imposition at once. But any other figure, no matter how unreasonable it is, is immediately confirmed by the facts. An implacable fate pursues me. I can no longer escape my ability, my success—I am the prisoner of my own power. I no longer foresee—I command. Can you conceive, at this moment, all the horror of my existence?"

He flung himself onto a chair and put his skeleton-like hands over his contorted face.

"Alas!" he cried, in a trembling voice. "I should prefer to be weak and ignorant, like any one of you. I no longer want to feel in myself this evil lucidity. I want to become human again!"

The daylight was fading slowly from the room. On the walls the charts took on the appearance of monstrous faces wrinkled by violet lines and covered with a pox of numerals. In its corner M. Laquelle's personal totalizator thrust forth a tongue of white paper. On the blackboard the columns of additions resembled tombstones in a miniature cemetery. I felt a strange uneasiness.

"Listen," I murmured. "I must go. Will you—will you publish for the coming week a total that I give you myself? The demoniacal spell that holds you doesn't affect me—it means nothing to me. I will certainly be wrong!"

"Does one ever know?"

"It costs nothing to try!"

He smiled. "What is your figure?"

"One hundred and eighteen, for instance."

He wrote the figure in his notebook. And, as he put it down, he shook his head sadly.

The time would be up at midnight on the following Saturday. At eight o'clock that evening I was at the office of the *Petit Bleu de Gabiaule-les-Ponts*, where the totalizator announced, hour by hour, the deaths in the region.

"114-115. . ."

I was seated, tense with agony, in front of that inexorable apparatus. The reputation, the very future of M. Laquelle, were the stakes in that sinister race with death. I imagined him in his room, following the score as I was, hoping as I hoped for an error, praying.

At 11 p. m. the total number of deaths had mounted to 116. Two reporters near me exchanged predictions:

"There'll never be two deaths in an hour!"

"It's happened before!"

"Well, I think Laquelle has put his foot in it this time!"

"He's worse than you think—the old ape!"

"Fortiche has prophesied 117."

I could not bear that conversation. I got to my feet. I was about to leave, when a voice cried out:

"One hundred and seventeen!"

My legs weak under me, my breath constricted, I leaned against the wall and closed my eyes.

"May no one else die before midnight! May no one else die before midnight!" I repeated over and over again to myself. "Or, at least, two at once!"

No one else died at all. At five minutes to twelve the totalizator still indicated the figure 117. Overcome with joy, I seized my hat and my cane and made my way precipitately to M. Laquelle's. When I reached his house I bumped into Fortiche, who was just about to go in.

"Have you heard? He has made a mistake at last!" laughed the miserable fellow.

"Yes," I said, "but that has not been without harm."

He accompanied me up the stairs. The door of the apartment was open. We went into the study. A clock on the mantlepiece showed midnight. In its corner the totalizator had stopped at the number 117. Papers littered the floor. And the silence seemed to be inhabited by invisible menaces.

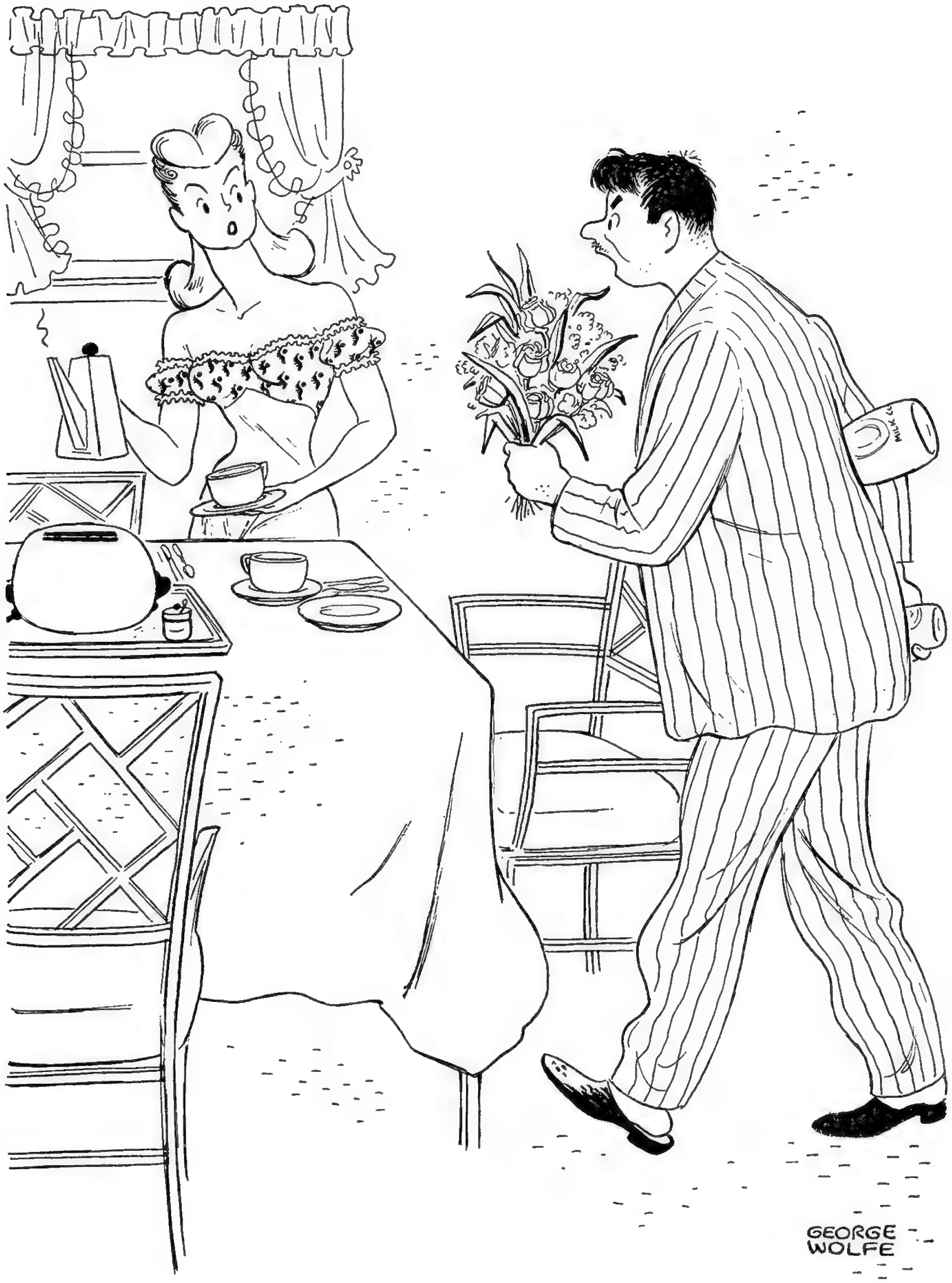
A shot resounded brusquely in our ears. We hurled ourselves toward the bedroom.

M. Laquelle lay extended across the bed, his collar unfastened, his face blanched, rivulets of blood trickling from his mouth and nose. The revolver lay where it had fallen on the carpet.

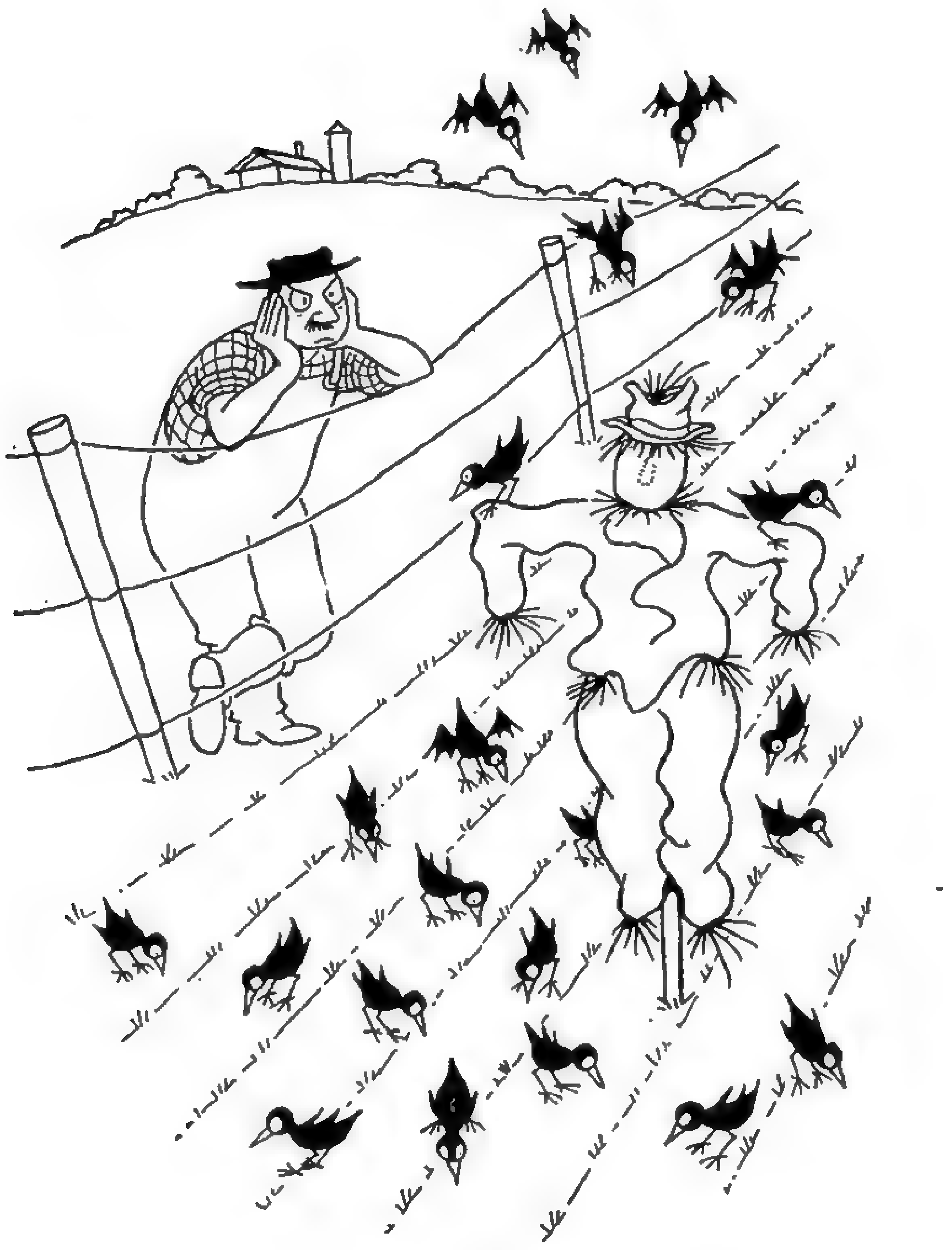
"Dead!" I cried. "Go and tell the police! Summon a doctor!"

Fortiche scratched his head.

"One hundred and eighteen!" he said, slowly. "Just the same, he made an elegant *erratum*—the fool!" #


MILK CO
GEORGE WOLFE

"Since when does he leave flowers with the milk?"



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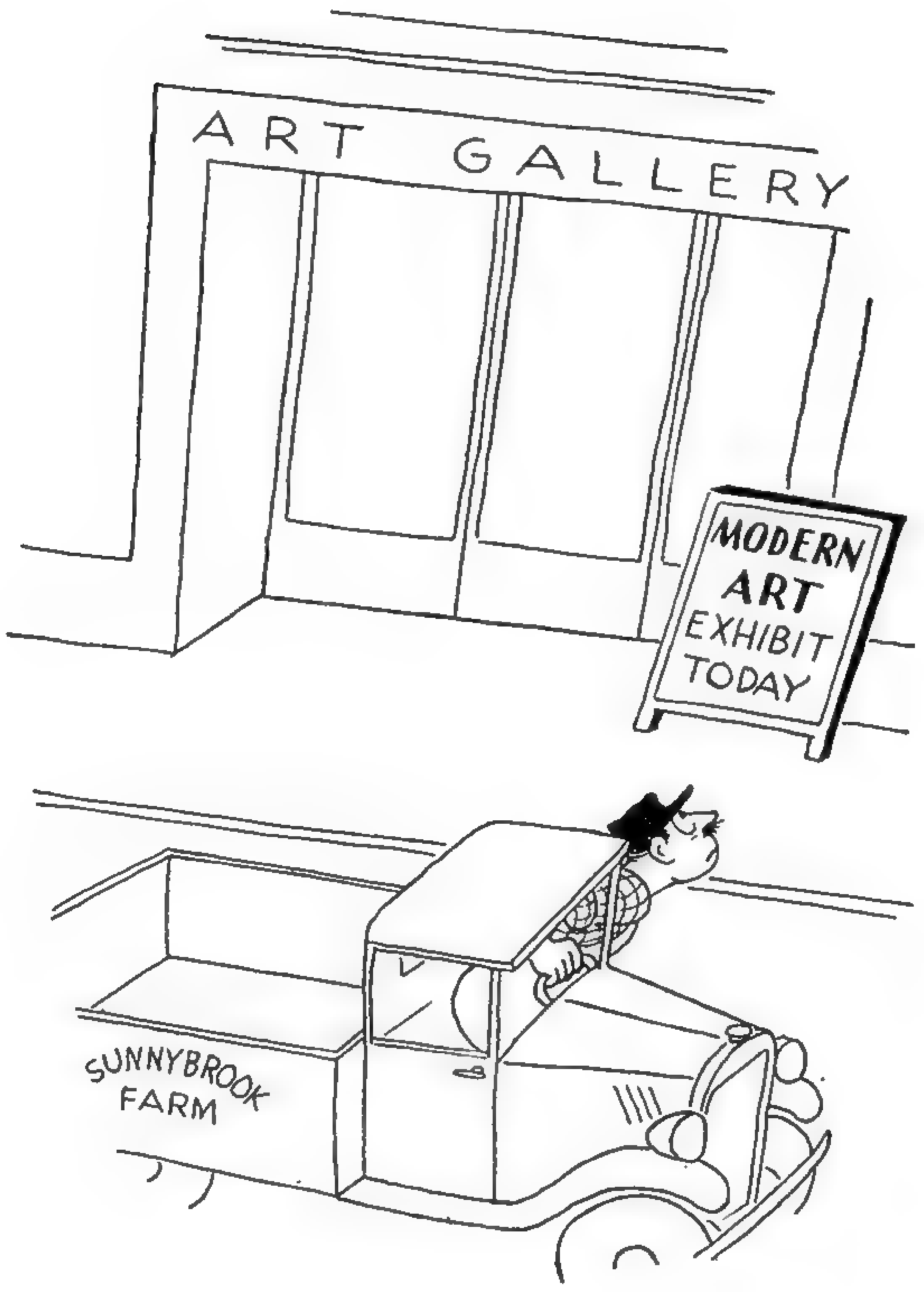
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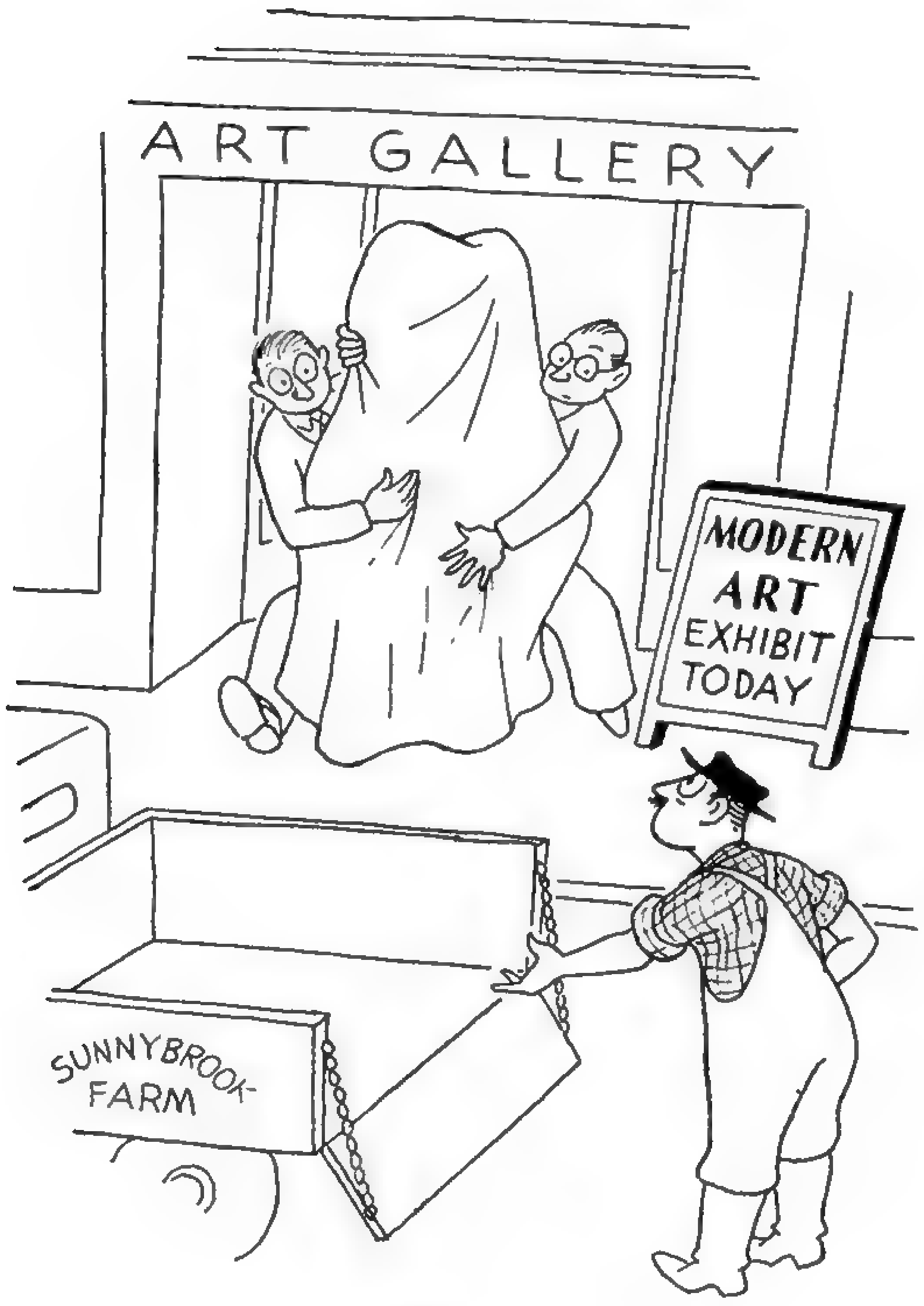
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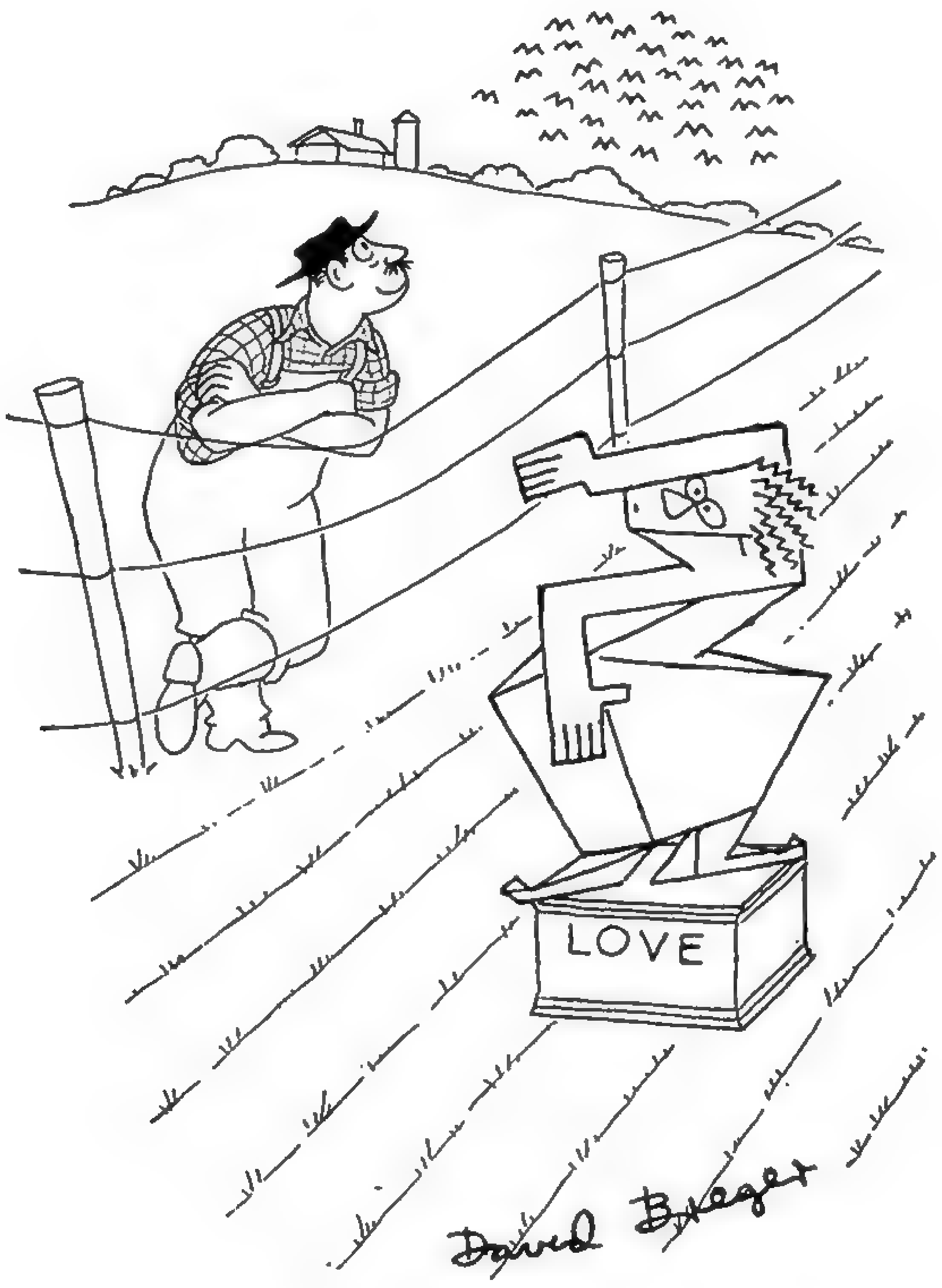
LOVE
David Breger

4

Stimulant Is Right

Continued from page 97

officer, the latter orders an M.P. stationed in front of the place to see that no soldiers enter it, and the ensuing folding and disappearance is generally pretty quick.

In other words, we have a superfine set of control machinery for the Drys to demolish—if we let them. Camp commanders are trusting us not to.

As for Uncle Sam in this great emergency, a return of legal Drought would leave him holding the bag for the billion and some dollars that federal, state, and local alcoholic revenues have been yielding annually. Which means that this item would somehow have to be elicited from the hide of the already plucked and shorn taxpayer. To make the extraction more painful there would be a general business nosedive, due to the sudden demise of vast interdependent industries amounting to billions galore. For alcohol isn't something which exists zoned off by itself—it is a potent stimulant to countless other businesses which in toto make up a vast chunk of the nation's prosperity.

Here are a few cool facts as told in figures reckoned up to this June, approximately seven and a half years since Repeal:

Wages and salaries paid to persons employed in the alcoholic beverage industries	$3,611,000,000
Purchases of American farm products for use as raw materials by the alcoholic beverage industries	727,300,000
(Apparently even farmers who vote Dry don't mind selling Wet.)	
Bottles purchased from glass industry	253,350,000
Barrels	91,600,000
Closures	76,500,000
Labels	25,650,000
Newspaper Advertising	139,350,000
Transportation	245,020,000
Total for these eight items	$5,169,770,000

Thrust into circulation, this has gravitated to the tills of merchants, to new cars, homes, landlords, insurance companies, savings banks, with some left over for recreation and travel. Yet it is only a part of the panorama of economic stimulation.

Take the Foam Front, for example. United Brewers Industrial Foundation reports $210,000,000 spent on construction and improvement of scientific suds plants since relegalization. Beer cans, first tried out as an innovation in 1935, have been bought from the can manufacturers to the tune of $75,000,000, thereby boosting the business of the tin plate and lacquer people. Boxes and cartons run to $50,000,000. State beer taxes and fees, amounting to $85,000,000 a year, have been poured into public education, aid to the blind and crippled, old age assistance, poor relief, and various other important welfare activities carried by each state's budget. Incidentally it's gladsome to know that beer produced by our brewers is sold in all canteens except those unluckily located in Dry states. In the latter the commanding officers are having trouble with what we mentioned before: bootleggers.

And you hotel patronizers, do you realize that if Prohibition had lasted much longer than it did, you'd be sleeping in trailers or pup tents, as they were just getting ready to turn some of our finest hostelries into garages? To be exact, eighty-three per cent of all the hotels in America were in bankruptcy. Their great dining rooms deserted. No name bands or orchestras. No floor shows of any description. But the bellboy could procure you a bottle of scorcher with a nicely counterfeited label, despite the futile efforts of the management to control its own personnel.

Well, the hotel industry isn't in that leaky boat now. In fact it has been so effectively rescued as to be able to do quite a bit of shopping annually according to my good friend Franklin Moore, President of the American Hotel Association, who has vouchsafed the following statistics: hams, 8,500,000 lbs.; bacon, 4,200,000 lbs.; fresh fish, 11,480,000 lbs.; meat not including poultry), 51,000,000 lbs.; sugar, 75,000,000 lbs.; butter, 46,000,000 lbs.; ketchup, 240,000 cases; oysters, 4,500,000 quarts; cooking fats, 4,700,000 lbs.; flour, 4,000,000 barrels; olives, 350,000 gallons (ah there, Martini!); white potatoes, 850,000 bushels; crackers, 2,100,000 lbs.; rice, 2,250,000 lbs.; eggs, 16,000,000 dozen; whole milk, 14,000,000 gallons; tea, 2,000,000 lbs.; coffee (greatly to the interest of Latin America), 41,000,000 lbs. In all, hotels spent last year $300,000,000 to serve approximately one billion meals to guests, and another 220,000,000 meals to employees. And the housekeeping department for over a million rooms bought: guest room soap, 1,200,000,000 cakes; cleaning compound soap, 76,000,000 lbs.; sheets, 480,000 dozen; blankets, 800,000; towels, 1,400,000 dozen; wall paper, 210,000,000 square feet; carpets and rugs, 5,200,000 square yards. No estimate is obtainable of the number of napkins, towels, *et cetera* which found new homes in the guise of souvenirs.

Hotels to the number of 16,000, representing a value of 3 billion dollars, last year paid a total of $58,000,000 in real estate taxes alone. For insurance of sundry kinds, $16,000,000. New air-conditioning equipment cost them $3,000,000. They spend $25,000,000 annually in advertising. Their 325,000 employees constitute one of the largest vocational groups in the United States, living and spending their money in the towns and cities where they earn it.

As for the patron's outlay during his visit, it is found that only 28 cents of his dollar goes to the hotel itself. 32 cents is garnered by department stores; taxis, etc., take 10 cents, theaters 10 cents, and outside restaurants 14 cents. Of mine host's 28-cent haul, exactly (say cost accountants Horwath & Horwath) one cent is profit. So you can see where the absence of a certain stimulant would leave everybody.

And that's no idle threat, either. For if the zealots' zoning scheme were greased through, a majority of the most famous hotels in America would be under the blight of the quarantine, with the sheriff's hammer just around the corner.

Nor is it hard to guess what would happen to restaurants—another great industry. Before Prohibition the nation boasted innumerable noted wining and dining establishments from coast to coast, but mighty few of them could stick it out once the hypocritical Camel became dictator, leading the corruption cavalcade of those open-palmy days. Now, besides the phenomenal survivors, we have a proud and impressive multitude of new establishments dotted throughout the states, the total investment in decoration, appointments and kitchen equipment running to a sum fit to ransom all the crowned heads of old-time Europe.

The men who run these places are restaurateurs of integrity and repute who obtained their licenses on the strength of their personal standing in their communities. Hosting is their career, their background, their future. Their contribution to our economic picture in terms of taxes, choice locations, numerous fees; glassware, china, silver, napery; lighting, entertainment; salaries of maîtres, captains and renowned chefs; bartenders, waiters, bus-boys; and last but not least the cellar and bar investment—all these add up to a very tidy amount, going into the coffers of the federal, state, and local governments and into general circulation.

Nefarious, isn't it, for such people to be carrying on their business within a few miles of where a camp has recently been set up! But the howling hell-cats have got it in for them, and even New York's august and stately Society of Restaurateurs is aghast at the threat to good living.

Which reminds me of another high spot in the picture—American wines. And is it getting higher and higher! Last year ninety million gallons joyously consumed, and this year, judging by the present outflow from the warehouses, it will be well over the hundred-million mark. The Wine Institute, with headquarters in California, numbers 500 producers in that state alone; and though 90 per cent of our vinous assets are west-coastal, there are important grape goings-on in Missouri, Ohio, New York (oh, very much so!), New Jersey, and the Southern Seaboard states. Quantity, however, isn't the main point of interest, thank heaven: the vintners are now vying with each other in quality. They are out for top honors on the gourmet's table, bouquet vs. bouquet. And they're able to do so because good strong money has got in back of them—real, long-pull capital which is determined that American viniculture shall be the foremost from now on, slowly building up reserves to hand down from generation to generation in the manner of the great wine houses of the Old World. And it will be too unless the shrill sistren succeed in sabotaging it.

Fortunately the distilling industry, crux of the whole alcoholic beverage configuration, has been in strong, responsible, and capable hands ever since the dawn of the present era of legality. And when I say fortunately I'm comparing the present highly organized setup with the sketchy and disorganized state of affairs before Prohibition. In those days the typical distiller was a small operator producing his "crop of whiskey" (as he called it) at the rate of 50 to 100 barrels a day. Having no consumer market, he sold it to a middleman who in turn sold it to rectifiers who mixed it with this and that and bottled it in bottles of indeterminate size, with no label statement as to proof. For that matter, the rectifier could also sell it by the barrel, which opened up temptation to the tavern keeper, with the result that the consumer was buying an uncertainty. And there was no accountability to anyone in particular. The Federal Government collected its excise, the individual state collected its license fees, and that was all. Hit or miss and devil take the hindmost.

Very, very different now! Control by the Federal Government and by 45 state boards is heartily welcomed, as anything which improves the status of liquor production and distribution enhances the security of the industry, which at the present time is composed of large corporations with widespread ownership by stockholders.

Today every distiller, every rectifier, every wholesaler, has to have a permit as well as a license, and the permit can be revoked at any time. No whiskey can be sold to the public in bulk—the consumer has to know the identity of the distiller or rectifier, indicated by a number embossed on the bottom of the bottle. Nor can a bottle manufacturer make liquor bottles for anyone who doesn't possess a distiller's or rectifier's license. In short, government and industry have already thoroughly zoned us against irresponsibility—despite the efforts of the Drys.

So, by glory, let's see that all this isn't overthrown. Let's make terribly sure that when the day comes for Johnny to stack his gun and return to civilian life, he won't find that there's no job for him because a new Prohibition has pushed the props from under prosperity. #

Relax

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COLOR: ☐ Sand ☐ Saddle Brown ☐ Air Blue
MODEL: ☐ Regular ☐ Long ☐ Short
Name..................................
Address...............................
City.....................State............

Oomph! . . . Sorry!

Continued from page 88

ness with the waitress. I told her about the waitress.

"I don't blame you for being late," she said. "I can't swim and all I can lift is about twenty pounds, and the closest I've ever been to a motorcycle, there was a cop on it and I was pinched. Was she pretty?"

"Fairly," I said, "but not much oomph."

"If you say that word again," Miss Sheridan said with deadly precision, "I'll poke you one on the nose. I used to play fullback on a girls' football team in Dallas, and my right name is Clara Lou, and whatever 'oomph' means, I hope I haven't any."

"But you have," I said.

"What does it mean?" she demanded.

"I don't know," I said. "But," I added, "you've got it, whatever it is. Plenty."

"How do you know?"

"Haven't I got eyes? I hope I know a little oomph when I see it."

"Stop it!" she said.

"Sorry," I said.

Miss Sheridan ordered another drink for Gwen and me, and after a while I noticed it was getting late, and I asked to use the phone and they showed me where it was and I went out and cancelled a dinner date I had. I told Miss Sheridan what I had done and she asked why.

"So I can stay longer," I said happily.

"That's what you think," she said. "I've got to leave in ten minutes. I'm dining out."

"You could call it off," I suggested.

"It's with George Brent," she said.

"Well, I cancelled mine."

"Not with George."

"I know, but just the same—"

"No! But I tell you what, you might come back tomorrow for lunch. I'm not working on the lot tomorrow, and maybe you could take a different road to get here, and we'd have more time to talk."

I said I would.

I went out and got into my car and drove around and came to a lunchroom and went in and ordered a hamburger. With a slice of raw.

* * *

When I got there next day, Jack Albin was sitting at the coffee table, across from Walter Davis, his assistant. Albin held a pair of jacks. He took the pot.

"Pull up a chair," he said. "This two-handed stuff's no fun."

"I'm out a dollar six bits," Davis said. "I'm sitting here a minute ago with kings back to back, and I'm a son of—"

"Where's Annie?" I said.

"Getting dressed," Jack said. "I got to shoot her out in the yard."

"What for?" I said. Albin is one of Hollywood's top press photographers.

"A cover, in color," he said.

I sat down and Jack dealt. I had a pair of fours but they didn't stand up and Davis collected on nines. The colored boy came in with a drink. Miss Sheridan came out dressed in a colorful sports outfit, and we all went out into the yard and Jack posed her against the gate, her arms outstretched, the sun flooding her, a touch of wind in her hair, and it was swell.

After that we had lunch, meat loaf with Spanish sauce, and Gwen was there and we sat around and talked, then Luis Rosado, a movie columnist, and Bob Sunderland, picture expert for *Hollywood Shopping News*, came in.

"Boy," Jack said, "now we can have a five-handed game."

Miss Sheridan went to change her clothes again and we started the game. I won at first but then I had terrible luck, twice Jack beat my queens, and I was three dollars loser when Davis dropped out to fix up the lights.

"Where this time?" he asked Jack.

"In the bedroom," Jack said. "On the bed. Newspaper shot. Give her the flowers."

We went on with the game while Davis fixed up the lights. Rosado won every pot, once with a ten-spot high. Davis came back and said all was ready. We went in, and Miss Sheridan was on the bed and she and Jack figured out the picture. Here is how they do it: First they plan the pose, then the subject closes her eyes and relaxes, and Jack gets his camera ready and he counts, "One, two, *three!*"; and when he says three he shoots, and Miss Sheridan, or whoever it is, opens her eyes and flashes into her pose so quickly that at first you miss it. People wonder how the movie players, for still pictures, can hold a vivacious, wide-eyed pose. They don't. They go into it and out of it in a split second. I never knew that before.

Miss Sheridan was reclining on the bed for this one, in a negligee, holding some orchids in a box.

They took her again in the living room sitting by her fireplace, before we could get back to the game. The colored boy brought another drink. We asked Gwen and Miss Sheridan if they wanted to get in the game. Gwen said she'd stay a few hands, but Miss Sheridan watched. Gwen was just topped every time and she lost all the change she had. She also didn't know much about the game. When one of us came up against her in a hand, you could see us counting the pot in advance.

When the sun got pretty low, Jack took Miss Sheridan in the yard again, a beautiful color shot against some bushes.

I lost $3.20 for the afternoon.

* * *

You got to hand it to Sheridan.

I don't know about the screen; I've never seen her on the screen.

Drape moccasin in rich brown Weatherite. Crepe sole.

Campus or no campus

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They said she was all right in *Torrid Zone* and I wanted to go see it, but I kept missing it. So I don't know much about this oomph business. In person you see mostly her eyes and teeth and her lovely, open, Texas smile. And her dark red hair. She swears a little. She's a big girl, but she seems even bigger than she is because of her free-swinging, open style. When she swears it sounds all right.

Maybe she has sex appeal, or what they call oomph in her case, I don't know, but most of the dames in Hollywood who go in for that sort of business usually are tight-faced items who can stand the lights without blinking, like these dolls that open their eyes when you lay them on their back. Sheridan is no tight-faced item, and she's still all Dallas, Texas, and Hollywood loves it and I guess the picture audiences do too.

I went over to the set of *Navy Blues* and saw her do a scene with Martha Raye the other day. While the set was being made ready, we sat around for a while. They were taking parts of entertainers in a waterfront café. Miss Sheridan wore a sort of Navy uniform, except that it didn't have any legs to the pants, and the jacket missed meeting the belt by four inches. Also, the jacket didn't have much front. She wore a gob's cap, though. She looked very nice, I thought.

After a while Director Lloyd Bacon came over and said, "Okay, kids." Miss Raye said quickly to Miss Sheridan, "Gee, you got a swell pair of pipes, Margie." She looked up at Mr. Bacon. "Can I say 'Marge'?" she asked. It comes more naturally, I think."

He said she could.

Then Miss Sheridan said, "So has a plumber, but he makes more money with his."

They got up and went over to the set. They rehearsed a couple of times. They came down a hall, with the café glimpsed in the background, and turned into the door of their dressing room.

"Gee," Miss Raye said, "you got a swell pair of pipes, Marge."

"So has a plumber," said Miss Sheridan, "but he makes more money with his."

After the shot I said good-bye. I looked at Miss Sheridan's pipes. "Don't go riding any motorcycles," I said.

She said she wouldn't. ⧺

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 85

Juan José Castro in Argentina, Guillermo Uribe-Holguin in Colombia, Segundo Luis Moreno in Ecuador, Theodoro Valcarel and Carlos Sánchez Málaga in Peru, Eduardo Fabini in Uruguay, and scores of other writers of music are not individual enough to raise one's blood-pressure. A few are excellent craftsmen.

Make no mistake! There is no dearth of music being composed in South America . . . from tangos and cariocas to ultra modern tone poems employing not only quarter-tones but eighth-, sixteenth-, and thirty-second-tones and other intervals of less than the conventional half-step. The difficulty is in studying this music. Virtually none of it is published; still less is recorded.

The true wealth of South American music is in its storehouse of folktunes and dances: the *pasillos* and *yaraví* of the Western Andes, the love songs and ritual supplication of the Araucanian Indians of Southern Chile, the *pericón* and *gato* of the Argentine pampas, the *samba and macumba* of Brazil, the *bambuco* of Colombia. Very few of them are to be heard in their pure or early form. Many were corrupted and banished with the coming of the Christian religion.

The rhythms and themes brought by the first European settlers were fused with the strong primitive expressions of the Indians, the whole being flavored later by the music of the transplanted African slaves. The admixture is strange . . . varied, and everywhere characterized by marked though subtle rhythmic accents. It furnishes a history of the South American races and peoples. Their achievements are tentative, unfinished. They have yet to reach economic and political maturity. Their music is equally tentative, experimental, groping.

For the tourist, the bit of native life easiest to sample is the Carnival or the reglious festivals of the Indians in the Andes. Best publicized, of course, is the Carnival of Rio. Nowhere else in a modern city can you so completely sense the joy of a simple, kind-hearted people and their real nature and temperament. Momus, the monarch of merry-making, presides: inhibitions disappear: the Cariocans are themselves. Carnival songs are never-ending and are accompanied by effective percussive variations on the *reco-reco*, *choalho*, *cüicas*, and *caxinha*. Many of them originate in the poorer districts and discuss some bit of philosophy or recent event of importance. It is the custom to bury Momus during the night of Shrove Tuesday. All the carnival groups gather and conduct a pompous funeral service for the illustrious departed to the sound of the *Te Deum*, interrupted every few minutes by the singing of thousands who break into the choruses of the tunes most popular in the preceding days.

The best of the Carnival songs have been recorded, and are good hot-weather music. Catalogues of various record companies have large selections of popular music; Victor has a special *Catálogo Internacional* featuring Spanish and Portuguese tunes.

For serious music fans, the discs made in Brazil for performance during the last New York World's Fair are exceptional. Should you

Continued on page 166

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Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from pages 85-165

want to hear representative samples of Latin-American music and judge for yourself, a partial collection compiled by Gilbert Chase of the Library of Congress and available at your local record shop includes:

Album of Brazilian Music: Festival of Villa-Lobos: Bachiana Brasiliera No. 1 for 8 celli; Nonetto for Chamber Orchestra and Chorus; Quatuor for Harp, Celesta, Flute, Saxaphone, and Women's Chorus; and songs. Elsie Houston, Brazilian Festival Orchestra, Schola Cantorum of New York, conducted by Burle Marx. Victor Album 773.

Allende, Pedro Humberto (Chile): Tonadas Chilenas. Lopez Buchardo, Carlos (Argentina): Bailecito. Troiani, G. (Argentina): Milonga. Played by Ricardo Viñes, pianist. Victor 4467.

A Program of Mexican Music: La Paloma Azul; Yaqui Music; Xochipli-Macuilxochitl; Huapango; Sones Mariachi; Los Cuatro Soles—Danza a Centeotl. Orchestra and chorus conducted by Carlos Chavez. Columbia Set M-414. (This was designed to give a cross-section of Mexican music, from ancient times to the present. The orchestra includes reconstructed instruments of the Aztec period.)

Carrillo, Julian (Mexico): Preludio a Cristobal Colon. 13th Sound Ensemble of Havana, conducted by Angel Reyes. Columbia P-69734-D. (The work of a modernist composer who employs instruments playing one-quarter-, one-eighth- and one-sixteenth-tones.)

Chavez, Carlos (Mexico): Sinfonia India; Sinfonia de Antigona; Chacona (Buxtehude, transcription). Victor Set 503.

Echaniz, José (Cuba): Cuban Rhapsody, for piano. Played by the composer. Columbia 142-M.

Fabini, Eduardo (Uruguay): Isle of the Ceibos, symphonic poem; The Country. Victor Symphony Orchestra conducted by Vladimir Shavitch. Victor Album G-21.

Gomes, Carlos (Brazil): "Gentile di cuore" and Ballata, from the opera "II Guarany." Bidu Sayao, soprano, with orchestra. Victor 11561. Overture to "II Guarany." Played by Creatore's Band. Victor 35935.

Lecuona, Ernesto (Cuba): Andalucia and Malaguena, played by Francisco P. Cortes, pianist. Columbia 379-M. Malaguena, played by Boston Pops Orchestra. Victor 4330.

Padilla, José (Mexico): Princesita, sung by Dino Borgioli, tenor. Columbia 224-M.

Ponce, Manuel (Mexico): Estrellita (Little Star) and Serenata Mexicana, sung by Nina Koshetz. Victor 4040. Estrellita, played by Frank Black and his String Ensemble. Columbia 240-M.

South American Chamber Music. Interpreted by Olga Averino (soprano), Alfredo St. Malo (violin), Fritz Magg (cello), Nicolas Slonimsky (piano). Columbia Set M-437. Contains the following: Broqua, Alfonso (Uruguay): El. Tango, voice and piano. Fernandez, Oscar Lorenzo (Brazil): Cancao do Mar and Samaritana da Floresta, voice and piano. Ficher, Jacobo (Argentina): Palabras a Mama, voice and piano. Mignone, Francisco (Brazil): Cancao Brasileira, voice and piano.

Pedrell, Carlos (Uruguay): Caballitos, voice and piano. Santa Cruz, Domingo (Chile): Arabesque, violin and piano. Sas, Andre (Peru): Cantos del Peru: Siembra, Keachampa. Violin and piano.

Uribe-Holguin, Guillermo (Colombia): Danza, violin. Trozo en el sentimiento popular, piano.

Villa-Lobos, Heitor: Brazilian Quartet No. 5, played by the Carioca String Quartet. Victor 11212-11213. Choros No. 5 (Alma Brasileira); O Ginete de Pierrozinho (from Carnaval das Crinancas); Farrapos (from Characteristic African Dances): Played by Maria Antonia de Castro, pianist. Columbia P-69601-D.

Pobresinha; Moreninha; Polichinelle (Three pieces from The Baby's Family, 1st Suite). Played by Arthur Rubinstein, pianist. Victor 7853.

Saudades das Selvas Brasileiras No. 2, played by George Copeland, pianist. Victor 2111.

Folk and Popular Music Albums

Argentine Tango Set No. 1. Francisco Canaro's Orquesta Tipica. Decca, 20490-20495.

Argentine Tango Set No. 2. Various Argentine orchestras. 6 discs. Decca, 20482-20487.

Brazilian Folk Music: Eh! Jurupanan (Coco), Berceuse, Oia o sapo. Sung by Elsie Houston (soprano), with Carlitos' Brazilian Orchestra. Gramophone K7075.

Brazilian Magic Song. Jongo. Sung by Elsie Houston. Liberty Music Shop L-232.

Calypsos (West Indies). Six songs by Wilmoth Houdini and his Royal Calypso Orchestra. Decca Set 78.

Carlos Cardel, Album of Argentine songs. With 4 guitars. Decca 20207-20210.

Carmen Miranda, "The South American Way." Decca Album 109.

Congas. Six congas played by various Cuban orchestras. Victor Set S29.

Diosa Costello, the Cuban singer in an album of rumbas and congas, with José Morand and his orchestra. Decca Album 147.

Folk Songs of the Americas. Sung by artists of ten countries. Victor P55.

Latin American Folk Lore, Vol. 1. Folk melodies representing Argentina, Peru, Brazil, Uruguay, Chile and Paraguay. Guitar solos played by Julio Martinez Oyanguren. Decca Set 174.

Latin American Folk Lore, Vol. 2. Folk melodies representing Venezuela, Ecuador, Colombia, Bolivia, Mexico and Cuba. Decca Set 186.

Lecuona, Ernesto: Eight Famous Melodies played by Decca Concert Orchestra. Decca Album 141.

Melodias Cubanas. Played by the Lecuona Cuban Boys Orchestra. Victor Set S35.

Mexican Folk Music, No. 1: Pina Madura; La Julia; El Qualite; El Ranchero; La Petranca; La Mujer de Chuchu. Recorded in Mexico by native artists. General Records, Set G-16.

Mexican Folk Music, No. 2: Jarabe Chiapes; Toto Coquito; La Chaponeca; Pajarillo Barranqueno; Zacatecas; Tu ya no soplas. Recorded in Mexico by native artists. General Records, Set G-17.

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Rumba and Conga Album. Lecuona Cuban Boys. Columbia 351-M to 356-M.

Sambas. Eight Brazilian dances played by various ensembles. Victor 82583 to 82586.

Sambas. Played by Maxime Bergere and his orchestra. Decca Album 148.

Spanish and Mexcian Folk Dances. Mexican Dance Orchestra conducted by Manuel S. Acuna. Decca Album 28.

Tangos Argentinos. Played by various Argentine orchestras. Victor Set S28.

Tangos Immortalizados. Sung by Carlos Gardel with orchestra. Victor Set S23.

Tangos, Vol. 2. Played by Nano Rodrigo and his orchestra. Decca Album 79.

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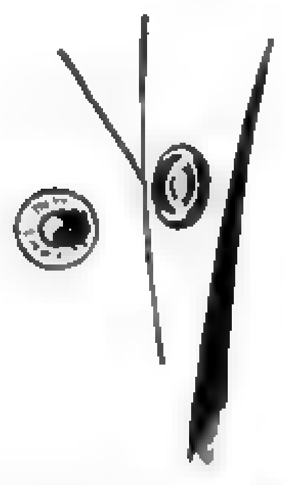

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The Great Devil Fish

Continued from page 53

talked excitedly and shouted foolish suggestions to the Captain, as landlubbers will, when at sea.

But Manta Birostris was through. Convinced that jumping had not shaken off his torturers, he had given up for the time and resumed his endless circling, still barely submerged.

When it became apparent that the danger had passed, near panic gradually slid into vociferous self confidence. Drinks were passed. Those who had been most frightened loudly explained how they had planned to save the situation.

Over cold beers, after docking, each told of what he had seen, and in telling, each made himself a hero. By morning it would have been hard to find one person, in a nearby city of over sixty thousand, who had not heard of the gigantic jumping ray.

Partly crippled and bewildered, yet entirely without rancor toward man, he had nevertheless, made a great start toward acquiring the bad reputation which was eventually to set man at plotting ways to kill him.

Long after darkness had shut down he continued his endless parading, trying always to flex his body and shake off the living strait-jacket. Once he jumped, and under the semi-tropic moon, the crew of an anchored shrimp boat saw the splash, and hearing the impact began elaborating the stories which they would add to those already told.

Just before daylight he took up a southerly course and followed it along the beach, staying in comparatively shallow water, just outside the booming surf line. Occasionally he would coast to a stop and for a time lay quietly.

Perhaps he was trying to fathom his trouble. Perhaps he realized summer was nearly gone and that he had a rendezvous, south of the Yucatán peninsula where the water is always warm and clear, with a lady Manta.

The latter is possible. While not made for calculus, his small brain was capable of such fundamental emotions as hunger, rage, a mild curiosity and the mating urge. Certainly he had never been accused of fear.

Just as certainly his mind was not on feeding. Twice he came upon immense schools of menhaden, and although they rated high on his list of favorite foods, he ignored them while they leaped swishing and milled in a panic to escape him.

Once a twelve-foot shark slithered close, hunting small sting-rays as they lay on the bottom. For a time it circled curiously, and then, as if suddenly realizing the ray's great size, dashed madly away.

A six-hundred-pound sawfish, alarmed by the huge shape passing over him, streaked from his bed in the slime. Swinging his terrible, many-toothed weapon like a scythe he scurried away, his shark tail stirring up a trail of mud.

Late afternoon found the immense ray just abreast a popular bathing beach and not over two miles out to sea. There he decided to try once more the effects of jumping.

Had he been trying to further an unearned reputation for being dangerous he could not have picked a better spot. At the first leap all bathers left the water. From car roofs, fenders and other vantage spots they stood and watched. At a distance he appeared a vicious ocean marauder leaping and falling upon smaller, and helpless, fish below.

Cars stopped until they jammed the beach. A great crowd gathered. Some made wild and wonderful guesses as to the brute's identity, but most had heard of the gigantic jumping ray. A few, with vivid imaginations, declared they saw pieces of flesh fly into the air, proving Manta Birostris a wanton killer.

Only one, Jim Anderson, a man who had done much big game fishing, scoffed at their hallucinations. "It's a giant ray or devil fish, all right, but it has no teeth for tearing. It lives on jellyfish, small fishes and maybe ocean vegetation."

His listeners jeered, declaring that "devil fish" meant octopus. Outnumbered, Jim held his peace. He knew that Manta Birostris earned the name centuries ago by its habit of lying just below the surface, with his wing tips turned up and projecting above the water, like a pair of horns.

That night two cities buzzed with stories of the tremendous jumping, killer ray. Stories which were to keep bathing beaches deserted for days. Sportsmen and others gathered and discussed possible means of ridding the Gulf of a new and terrible menace. Great harpoons were fashioned and killing lances, high-powered rifles and coils of rope assembled.

Entirely unaware of the wave of fear he was causing, and not knowing that a lust for his life was forming, Manta resumed his southerly course.

Some twenty miles farther down the beach, and about two miles out sea, a cluster of piling supported a platform. Once it had quivered and vibrated as great drills, driven by powerful machinery, bit their way down in search of oil. When no oil was discovered the machinery was removed.

Under federal law, the owners of the structure were required to keep a light burning there at night, until the whole thing could be torn down, removing a possible menace to small craft navigation. A watchman insured that the light was always burning.

It was nearly ten o'clock when the giant ray reached that point. A full moon was shining, and small waves slapped and gurgled around the pilings. Overhead a powerful

Continued on page 168

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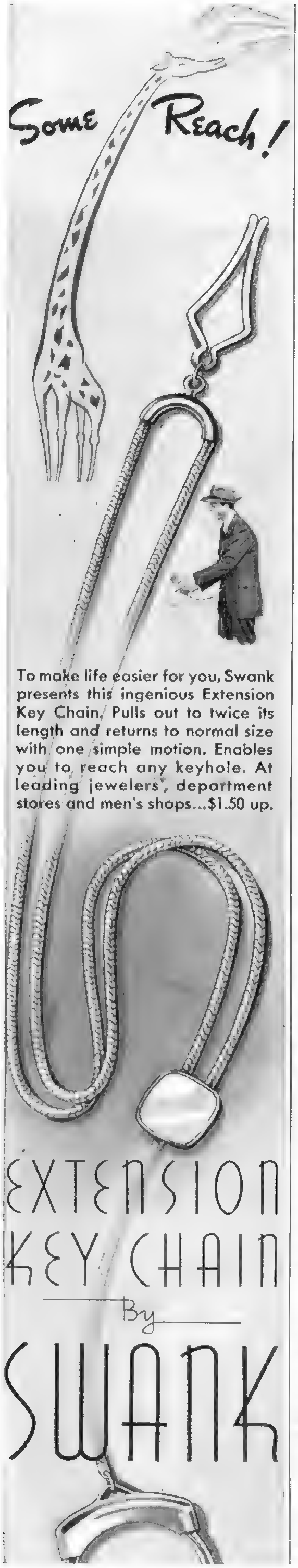

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The Great Devil Fish

Continued from pages 53-167

gasoline lantern cast a broad circle of light out over the water. Old Pete, the black and grizzled watchman, was fishing and a pile of gaff-top catfish attested his skill.

Slowly the great form circled the platform and in circling lightly brushed a clump of piling with one wing tip. With that contact an idea was born. Perhaps he did not think it over; it's much more likely his reaction was purely mechanical. In any event, he straightway began an attempt to scrape off his crippling load of barnacles.

Scratching a back which, with the wing spread included, measures nearly thirty feet, on a vertical piling, requires some mighty aquatic acrobatics. With his first attempt the water boiled to a foam. The platform creaked and shook as mighty wings churned.

Overhead old Pete sat rigid.

Defeated for the moment, Manta Birostris withdrew a few yards and rose to the surface, directly, as it happened, in the line of Pete's fear-stricken gaze.

The aged darky stared for a second, then as realization dawned, he screamed. "Eyes! Fo' feet apaht!"

Before he could move, the ray submerged and made another attempt. Again the water began to foam. Once more the platform creaked and shook. Then from the maelstrom below, a great black wing tip reached and slapped the piling a short yard below Pete's dangling feet. Manta was trying to stand on one wing and scratch his back.

Rolling away from the platform's corner, Pete scrambled to its very center. Falling flat on his face he began to pray loudly.

"Oh Lawd!" he beseeched. "It's dat giahnt jumpin' rayfish! He's cum fo' me! He's climbun raht up dat pilin'! Doan let 'im git me Lawd! Save dis po' ol' nigger, Oh Lawwwwwd!"

Beneath him the ray stopped as suddenly as he had begun. Turning abruptly he started back over the course which had brought him there. Back toward the Sabine jetties he hurried as though decided upon a course of action.

The beat of great wings increased as if urged by an invisible coxswain, until he fairly drove through the water. Had it been daylight his progress could have been followed by a surface swell.

Back on the platform Pete remained in a state of abject terror until daylight. When the boat arrived to take him off he was still babbling of how the ray looked up, and seeing him, attempted to climb the piling. That is what he actually believed had happened, and that was the story he was to tell until his death. He flatly refused to return to the platform.

All unconscious of the fear and panic he had caused, Manta maintained his course and speed. At about three in the morning he reached the place from which he had started; ten miles off the end of the Sabine jetties. There he banked perfectly in a wide, swooping, airplane turn, and changing his course headed toward shore.

For a few minutes he ploughed straight ahead. Then, as the moaning of the five-mile buoy became louder, he stilled the bird-shaped wings and coasted to a stop, much as a pelican glides in for a landing.

His great mouth opened. The short arms on both ends of the opening paddled furiously. To all appearances he was preparing to feed.

Actually he was pumping huge quantities of water through his gills, testing it with a marvelously acute combination sense of taste and smell. Almost at once he found what he had been hunting.

A rancid taint of burned oil, gasoline and dead fish came with the water. With it came a medley of sounds. The rasp and clatter of movable objects sliding about and the creak of an idle rudder. A shrimp trawler was anchored nearby.

It wasn't waiting for daylight and shrimp, however. A swivel chair had been screwed down in the stern. In it sat Jim Anderson, the big game fisherman, completely relaxed and almost asleep. A heavy rod carrying a large reel was wedged in the chair socket. From its tip a line trailed astern.

On a hatch amidships stretched the Captain. Below was a deckhand. They were shark fishing, and while awaiting a strike, each had drifted into that blissful state, between sleep and wakefulness.

The boat shuddered slightly, checked, and then with a pronounced list, hung motionless, exactly as though it had slid easily onto a soft mud bank. Instantly the clatter of loose gear stopped. For a second the absolute silence was startling.

As a man Jim and the Captain leaped to their feet and stared about for range lights and beacons. A glance showed that over thirty feet of water lay under them. "Now what in Hell do—" started Jim, but that question was never completed. Around them the water began to boil. A slow powerful vibration crept through the hull increasing in speed until it resembled the beat of a huge propeller.

Slowly, the heavy, forty-foot hull lifted slightly and the list increased. They seemed to lie in the exact center of a caldron of foam. Occasionally a great wing tip would glisten blackly alongside and a small deluge would cascade across the deck.

Manta Birostris was scratching his back!

The deck hand scrambled up from below and stared, open-mouthed. Well acquainted with Gulf stream life, they all knew what was beneath them and weighed their chances. The possibility of clinging to a capsized boat until daylight, or attempting a five-mile swim if it sank,

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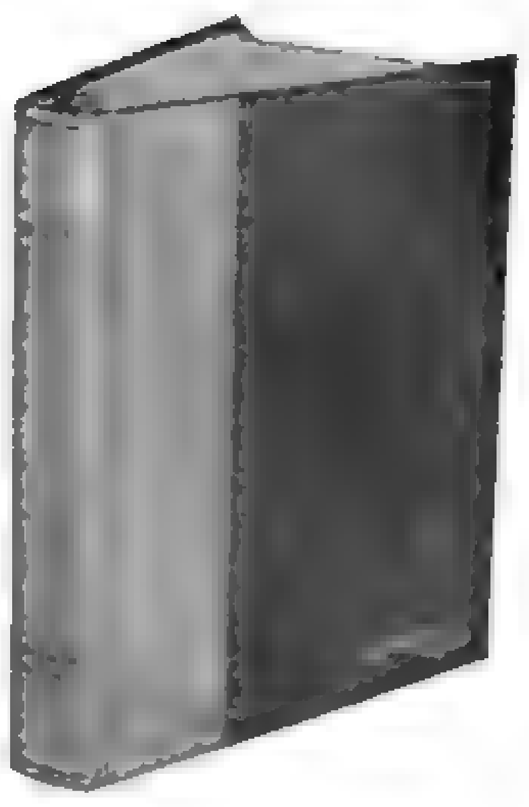

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flashed through their minds.

"Get th' anchor up!" the Captain shouted as he rushed for the pilot house.

"Wait!" screamed Jim. "Don't start that motor! Your propeller may foul him!"

With instant understanding the Captain halted and turned. "Right!" he answered, and rushed forward to help the deckhand with the anchor. Jim grabbed his rod and began reeling in his line.

Beneath them the water boiled and churned. The heavy hull lifted, teetered, and shook under the tremendous lift of the giant ray's enormous wings.

Abruptly it stilled just as the anchor bumped up the side and clanked aboard. The boat settled back to an even keel and started to resume its roll.

Leaving the deckhand to secure the anchor the Captain came back aft. "D'ya think it's gone?" he asked. Before Jim could speak Manta answered for him. Whirlpools appeared around the boat and burst into whitecaps as the ray strained upward.

Again black wings began to show and beat with increased violence. Once more the boat lifted and heeled slightly, this time to port. Both men ducked into the pilot house to avoid the water sloshing across the deck. For a moment they stared at one another tensely, then Jim laughed.

"I thought that ray had too damn much energy when I saw him down off th' beach," he said. "He's not mad at anyone. I'll bet my rod and reel against your coffee pot he's had something on his back, an' he's scraping it off right now."

The Captain pondered a second or two. "By God, I believe yuh right! If yuh are, he picked the best boat in these waters to scratch on." He was thinking of the length of heavy "T" iron which protected his wooden keel from damage when grounding.

Below them Manta Birostris shifted and scraped mightily, like a great hog against a fence post. Clusters of barnacles were torn loose, and with them, chunks of hide. Satisfied at last, he sank easily to the bottom and lay there, flexing his body, and swishing the great blacksnake whip of a tail in huge relief.

Gently the boat bobbed a few times and then resumed its even roll. The medley of shifting gear picked up its former tempo.

For a few minutes the three men stood quietly, then the Captain said, "Guess it's all over. Kick thet anchor overboard. We're all wet. I'll make a potta cawfee."

When the coffee was made and properly spiked, Jim held his cup aloft in the manner of all toastmakers. "Here's to you, Manta old boy," he said. "And if you'll take my advice you'll keep going. There's twenty boatloads of men out looking for your hide right now. By the end of this week there'll be twenty more."

As if in answer to his words there floated across the water the sound of a tremendous, "Smack!" then, "Smack! Smack!"

Manta was jumping again. Not in desperation this time, but in the sheer joy of once more being able to maneuver properly. He was following Jim's unheard advice. As he headed for the Yucatán peninsula, no master mariner could have plotted a straighter course.

His brain power might be small, but he knew that one does not keep a lady waiting, especially when she weighs a ton and a half. ###

From Campus to "Cub"

Continued from page 51

fugitive from a barbed wire fence. Jones shudders and calls the office.

The desk is uninterested. "Jones! Where the hell have you been? Forget the cat. Get up to the Municipal Building fast. There's a guy threatening to jump from the 22nd story."

Jones thinks longingly about a hamburg sandwich and some shuteye, then breaks into a Boy Scout pace. He can see the crowd pointing up. He doesn't stop to look. He gets into an elevator and gets out at twenty-two. Cops are milling up and down the floor, puzzled as only cops can be. One of them says, "We can't find nobody."

Jones rushes to a window and peers out along the ledge. He can't see anybody, and the crowd has stopped pointing. He races up and down the building, looking at all the ledges. Still he doesn't see anybody. The crowd goes home, and nobody knows anything about the jumper. Jones turns dead inside. He reaches for a nickel, wipes the perspiration from his forehead and calls the office. The desk says, "Why don't you go home?"

There are days like that in the newspaper business. In less than two weeks Jones knows all about them. He is dead-beat and discouraged and on his face is a look of grim, determined resolve. He walks into a bar and starts downing ryes straight. Courage flows back into his veins like elixir. Maybe there's still a chance to make good. He thumbs the press card in his pocket.

"Yeah," he says to the bar tender. "I'm a reporter. Talking with Betty Grable only this morning. Personal friend of mine. I says to her, 'Listen, honey . . .!"

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Why this heavy-pounding on

Continued on page 170

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From Campus to "Cub"

Continued from pages 51-169

the barred door of newspapers? Maybe it's the fault of our educational system. A city editor summed it up. "I ask the guy what he can do," he said, "and I always get the same answer, 'anything.' The trouble is 'anything' too often means 'nothing.' "

The movies have had something to do with it. To the Saturday night mezzanine section the American newspaperman is something of a legend, a modern buccaneer who roars off to a five-alarm fire at breakfast, solves a murder mystery at lunch and panics Myrna Loy at the Stork Club over cocktails. It ain't so. But, even deglamourized, it's a fascinating business. Ask the ink-stained wretches who have grown old on the copy desk. Or the feature writers who have divorced the game for lusher living. They all sigh, wistfully recalling days on the "Old *World*" and the Golden Age of Reporting.

Actually, your young American has a terrific yen to be in on the know—right on the ground floor. He wants to talk to presidents and politicians; he would just as soon buttonhole cabbies and stumble-bums. He wants to meet the Clippers at the port and go down to the ships in quarantine. He's curious as hell. A press card is an "open, Sesame" to life, and he'd like a crack at it.

To give him credit, the money has nothing to do with it. In New York, where newspaper wages are tops, a reporter starts in at around twenty-five dollars a week. Under guild classification—and most of the sheets are unionized—he'll get thirty-five dollars in a year, fifty dollars in three, and raises from there on commensurate with his ability. Re-write, copy desk and feature writers draw a sixty-five dollar minimum, while a good sports writer, foreign correspondent or political expert is rewarded in three figures. Ordinarily, the newspaper business is a fair living and no more than that.

How do the Johnnie Joneses get their jobs? Despite the gloomy denials of the office watch-dogs, they have an outside chance, but it requires ingenuity, courage, and as much brass as is found in an old-fashioned bed. It's a matter of "luck, pluck and pull" . . . luck, let's say, if the city editor has picked a long-shot at Aqueduct and is in a good humor; pluck, in those who battle and win; and pull, if there's a friend who's a friend of a big-shot who can make jobs to order. All these are possible.

Stan, for example, was going to be a reporter, come hell or high water. He'd even picked out the sheet of his choice. First time in, he got a brush-off that would have stopped One-Eye Connelly. It didn't deter him. Each morning, at 9 A. M., he walked in and announced he was reporting for work. Every hour, on the hour, he broached the secretary and asked for an interview with the publisher. Money was low, but Stan stuck. Exactly two and one half months later, he got the interview. By that time he'd whipped up a sales talk that sounded like a Roosevelt campaign speech. It sold the publisher.

Some of the gate-crashers have made newspaper history. The first step, of course, is to get by the reception clerk, a business that takes a bit of doing. At the *Journal-American* in New York, for example, the candidates used to come in by the back door, go up dark stairs and through the photo room. At the United Press, on 42nd Street, it's better to go up by elevator to the 13th floor and walk down one to see the city editor. It's that, or no dice—unless you have wangled an appointment. Easiest entrée to any desk is to drop in casually to see a staff man, if you know one. He'll introduce you.

Anne Morrill, for instance, is a "sacred cow"—that is, her Mother knew the managing editor. Clutching Anne tightly by the hand, Ma ballooned into the sanctity of the city room and demanded a job for her baby. The city editor nodded politely and refused, point-blank. That afternoon, Anne and Mother went to the World's Fair. That same afternoon a bomb exploded, killing two policemen and creating the biggest news of the summer. Anne was lucky enough to be on the spot and smart enough to capitalize on it. She sneaked by the police lines long before the first reporter hit the scene and got the bare facts of the story. Then she dialed the editor who had turned her down. "Okay," he said. "You're hired. Now give me what you've got." In her case, "pull" missed—"luck" succeeded.

Old Jim Kilgallen is a great newspaperman. He had a daughter, Dorothy, who didn't care much about school . . . She wanted to chase fire engines and write sob stories. By the time she was seventeen she had worn Jim to a frazzle begging for a knock-down to the *Journal* desk. Finally, to quiet her, Jim took her in. They gave Dorothy a trial to please Kilgallen. Her first story turned out to be a tear-jerking human-interest yarn on a little dog that won her an immediate by-line. Today she is the youngest woman columnist in America.

In his new book, *Low Man on a Totem Pole*, H. Allen Smith of the *New York World-Telegram* tells how he got into journalism. Smith was twelve years old at the time and eked out a thin living shining shoes. His sister was going with a reporter who was somewhat impressed with the magnificence of his position. Condescendingly he asked Smith if he would like to work on the paper. "Gosh, yes!" mouthed Smith. "Would I!" Shortly after he started reading proof at $3 a week. It happened that he could write, too. But that's the newspaper business. ###

May the Best White Man Win

Continued from page 56

give in. This story brings us to the national game of a democracy which believes that all men are created equal. Not equal in baseball, though. An ordinary citizen of these United States who sees a few games a season and reads the baseball news every day, does not have to know that Negroes exist, let alone that they play baseball. Our great newspapers never write up their games. As far as the Major Leagues are concerned, they don't exist. Nowhere is the color line drawn so sharply.

It wasn't always like that. About sixty years ago, when Negroes started playing baseball, they were welcome to play in white teams and all-colored teams played against all-white teams. The change came in 1887, instigated by A. C. Anson, the owner of the Chicago Cubs. Anson was a savage hater of Negroes who for years had done everything in his power to get them out of baseball. He finally succeeded in establishing a boycott. Since 1890 there have been no more mixed teams.

In the following years it became almost impossible for a Negro to get into the Big Leagues. Whenever it did happen, a masquerade was necessary. The most famous case is that of First Baseman Charlie Grant, whom McGraw hired for his Baltimore Orioles. Grant played as an Indian. The truth finally came out and McGraw had to let Grant go.

This *cause célèbre* wasn't the first, however. In 1895 a team had been formed by the waiters of the Hotel Argyle, in Babylon, Long Island. They claimed they were Cubans, and stuck to the story for years. They pretended they knew no English, and on the field they spoke an invented language of their own that no one, including themselves, understood.

Today, every fairly large American city has at least one Negro baseball club. Before the Depression there were far more of them, but many did not survive the hard years after the crash. The players don't lead an easy life. Most of their games are played at night—they can't draw a crowd in the daytime. In the season the foremost teams often play seven times a week in seven different cities. They travel in automobiles, and often the players arrive just a few minutes before game time, dead tired, their guts shaken out, and hungry. Even the best players rarely earn more than twelve hundred dollars a season. After the season they either have to find jobs, or they play baseball in Mexico, Puerto Rico or Cuba, or in one of the South American countries where baseball is popular—mainly Venezuela.

And here, when an American Big League team comes touring, the Negroes have a chance to prove that they are as good as their white countrymen.

For years the experts have been yelping their heads off because the tremendous reservoir of colored talent can't be used in Major League Baseball. The experts know the great colored players of the past and present: Joshua Gibson, David Brown, Satchel Paige, Joseph Williams, Ben Taylor, Leroy Grant, John Henry Lloyd, Homerun Johnson—and they know that these are the equals of Cobb, Wagner, Mathewson, Johnson and Ruth.

But the average American has never heard of them. For not even their names appear in the newspapers.

You won't find anything in the papers about Negro tennis, either. As a matter of fact, there isn't too much of it. There is an American Tennis Association with about 130 clubs and some 8,000 members—a very small number compared to the eight million white tennis players.

Within the American Tennis Association there are tournaments, competitions for trophies and men's and women's championships. Among the ace Negro players in recent years are Reginald Weir, Nathaniel Jackson, Franklyn Jackson and Lloyd Scott, and the girls, Flora Loma and Ora Washington (who was unbeatable for nearly ten years). All these players play hard, modern, aggressive tennis; all of them, if they were white, would place among the First Ten.

But in tennis the color line is a solid barrier. True, the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association sometimes cooperates with the American Tennis Association; but it would be unthinkable for a Negro to join a tennis club or to play in the National Championship. Therefore, he cannot develop his game beyond a certain limit. In tennis, more than most other sports, experience is absolutely vital—international experience, varied experience with the toughest competition. That is one of the reasons American tennis players are sent to Wimbledon and European tennis players come to Forest Hills.

In golf the situation is much the same. Naturally, there have never even been suggestions that Negroes be admitted to the elegant private golf clubs. These clubs in democratic America were guided by racial principles long before Hitler was ever heard of. In recent years the Negroes have established a number of their own golf clubs, and they have had increasing opportunities for playing on the public courses springing up everywhere. But where there is no competition, there is little chance for development.

A sport in which the Negro undeniably excels is basketball. Although this sport is confined mainly to high schools and colleges, he rarely has a chance to play except in the colored colleges. The courts of the Big Ten are closed to him, in spite of the fact that there have been such great colored basketball stars as Sidath Singh, George

Continued on page 172

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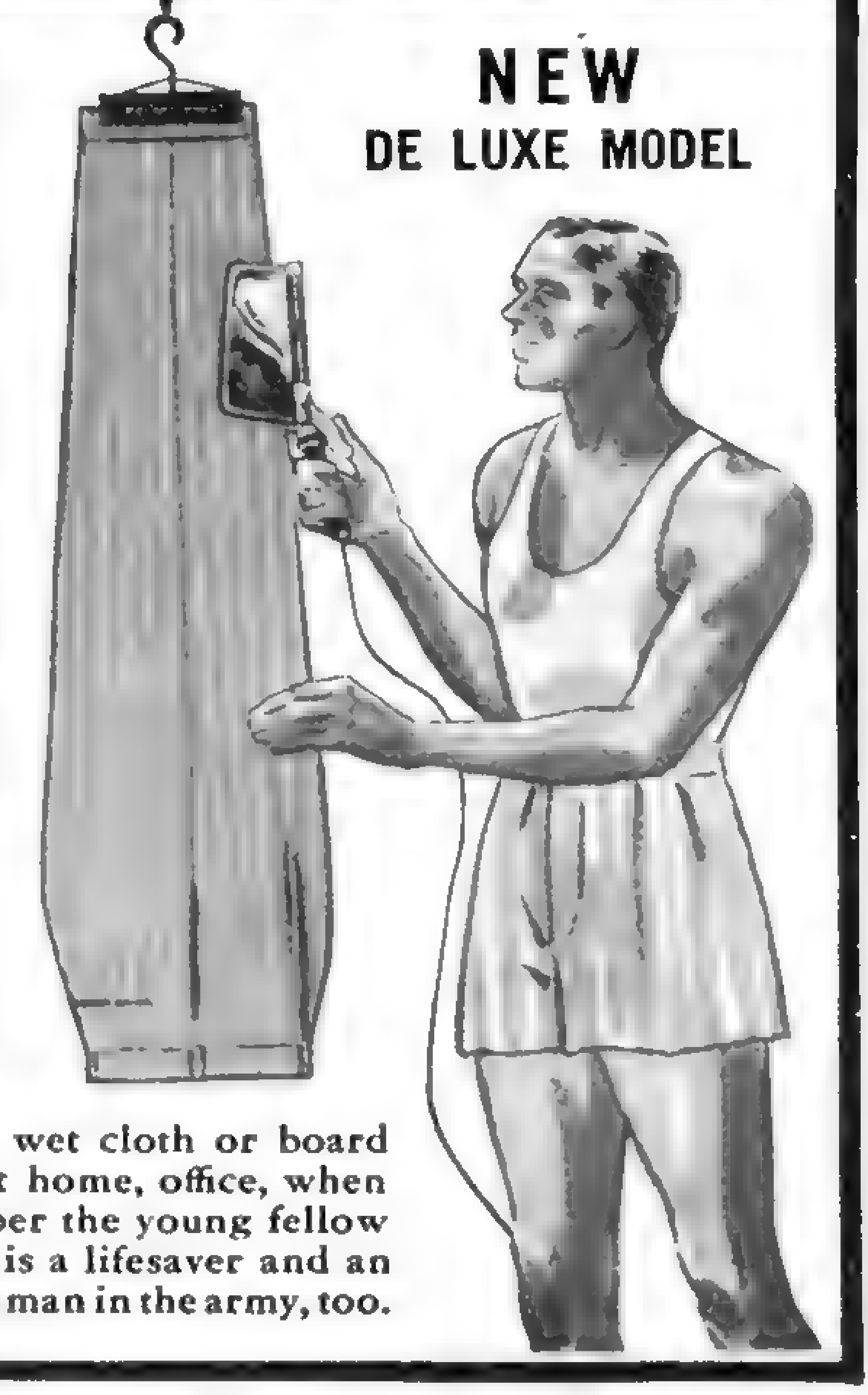

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May the Best White Man Win

Continued from pages 56-171

Gregory and William King.

Only one Negro has ever made a Varsity Crew . . . In fencing there do not seem to be any important Negroes . . . Aside from Major Taylor, there have been no great Negro bike riders . . . In swimming, also, there is little of importance, which seems strange considering how great the Negroes are in track and field. The reason is obvious; the Negro has almost no pools to swim in, and no competition, since Whites do not swim against Negroes. The A.A.U. organizes swimming meets for Negroes—but these are exclusively for Negroes.

The existence of the color line in most sports naturally proves nothing about the possible achievements of Negroes in these sports. That is, the fact that colored tennis players are not permitted to play in Forest Hills and that colored swimmers may not enter the American Championships does not imply that if given a chance they would be as prominent in these sports as they are in track and field or in boxing.

It is quite possible that they might do badly in many sports. Every race has its own special gifts and weaknesses, particularly in sports. Certainly it is not by chance that Negro sprinters are in a class by themselves, that the Finns practically monopolize distance running, and that the French and Belgians are such magnificent bike riders. Probably the Negroes, too, have certain weaknesses in sports. But that can't be proved as long as the Negroes are not allowed to participate.

Here the color line becomes a paradox. Instead of disqualifying a race for sport, it creates a legend of invincibility even where the race might not be invincible.

The color line is doubly unfair because it doesn't really exist. I mean that nowhere is the color line written into rules or conditions of admission. Probably, if it were, that would be considered unconstitutional by the courts, for it would be depriving American citizens of their rights. In all sports the color line is no more than a silent boycott—a gentleman's agreement, if you will.

But there is another color line which does more harm than any paragraph or silent boycott could. This line is drawn before the Negro ever enters sports.

A competition is sporting only when the athletes start under the same conditions. A runner with a high fever, for example, would never be allowed to enter a race. This example will serve as well as any other, since it indicates that we cannot consider sports in a vacuum. To hold a race it is not enough to have two runners on the starting line; they must both be in fairly normal form. Form depends on health; on training, which means opportunities to train; on reserves of strength, which means proper nourishment; and on a clear head, which means reasonable freedom from worry.

We cannot consider sports in a vacuum. A game is part of the life of the man who plays it.

Even if the Negro in America had absolutely equal rights, he would still start out with a handicap. This handicap is the inferiority complex, the persecution complex he has inherited from slavery.

So much for the mental side. As to physical condition—an athlete must eat. Hunger doesn't strengthen the body. The colored population of the United States work for wages which decree hunger for whole families. To build a strong body, fresh air is needed. Many of the Negroes have to live in slums. They have proportionally three times as much tuberculosis and syphilis as the whites.

The building up of the body should begin early in childhood, in the elementary and high schools. In the North, the colored children have the same opportunities as the whites. The Southern States, however, allow only one-half to one-third as much for the education of a Negro child as they do for the education of a white child. The result: overcrowded classes, flimsy buildings, and no modern sports facilities. Only a very few Negro high schools in the South have the prescribed physical education courses.

This is the real color line in American sports.

And how about money? The money one has or doesn't have—and most Negroes don't have money. No money for riding, tennis playing, ice skating, or polo.

But, of course, even if they did have money, the Negroes would not be admitted to these sports. For these sports depend largely on social contacts. And they are practiced largely to keep up such social contacts, and later to profit by them. (Tennis stars become insurance salesmen.)

For the Negro, it is a vicious circle. He cannot engage in these sports because he doesn't have the contacts. And he can't have the contacts because he doesn't engage in the sports.

Granted, the case of the colored tennis or polo player is an extreme. But just because it's so extreme, it glaringly exposes the diabolic logic behind this vicious circle. The Negro does not have social contacts because he cannot engage in certain sports—and he is not permitted to engage in these sports because that would be the equivalent of gaining social contacts.

And so he is kept out. And the color line is kept up. It is no longer a problem of sports. One thing is certain: it cannot be claimed that sport creates comradeship (except within a small existing clique) or breaks down barriers. It doesn't break down barriers; it builds them up.

Let us leave the question of tennis and polo players. What about amateur boxing, basketball and football? If sport created comradeship, if it broke down barriers, then mixed teams would stick together; on trips the white players would insist that their colored fellows be lodged in the same hotel, and so on. But colored players are left behind—because hotel rooms cannot be obtained for them. They are excluded from sport because they are excluded from hotels.

There are people who say that sport, with its clear, sober, statistical approach, will be the first to destroy prejudices. Probably to a certain extent that will prove true. A Joe Louis, who is bread and butter to a whole entourage of whites, is handled with kid gloves. And where there are sensible, modern-minded men in charge, conditions will improve. We have mentioned Harvard University. And we should mention the A.A.U., which not so long ago transferred the track and field championship from the South to Nebraska because the colored athletes would not have been allowed to participate in the South. There are other examples of such opposition to prejudice, but they are few and far between.

There are the sports reporters. All of the best sports journalists in this country, without exception, are fighting for equal rights for the Negro in sports. But colored journalists are pessimistic. One of them told me a little story that illustrates the present status of the Negro in sports perhaps better than any long article might.

This story happened in Ocean City, New Jersey. The scene was a public playground, where the final rounds of the National Marble Championship were being played. A thirteen-year-old Negro boy from Chicago, Leonard Tynes, was to play against a white child from Alabama. But the match never took place. Behind the scenes wires were pulled—after all, a white boy from Alabama couldn't be expected to play marbles with a Negro child! Finally it was fixed so that little Leonard had to play against Andrew Tanana of Pennsylvania, who was the outstanding favorite. The clever instigators of this arrangement assumed that he would eliminate the Negro child. But it didn't work out that way. Little Leonard beat Tanana and then went on to beat all his other opponents, some white and some colored, and to become, finally, the United States Champion.

And these United States still have not fallen apart, in spite of the disgrace of a thirteen-year-old Negro Marble Champion. ⊕

Rubber, Reason, and Rot

Continued from page 73

of the B. F. Goodrich *Vulcalock* process.

Now comes the irony of business; the strange twist which so often leads self interest into the high places of science: Dr. H. E. Fritz, in charge of sales for rubber-lined equipment, realized that competition was in the offing, and that if he had to have competition, he would just as lief have it from himself—like the competition in the last historically recorded German election.

Forthwith, he went to the president of the company and said, with sublime nonchalance, "I would like the B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company to invent all the possible ways of adhering rubber to metal—and to patent them."

Meanwhile, Dr. Semon's reputation for research and theoretical and applied chemistry had reached Akron. He was invited to cross the continent and monopolize the marriages between metal and rubber. This was 1926.

Semon piled his wife and two children into a 1917 model T Ford and putt-putted across the continent, blowing a tire at every crossroad.

As soon as he had run up the necessary number of patents relating to bonding agents on the Vulcalock adding machine, Semon started to work on the problem of prolonging the youth of tires. He wanted to pull a Ponce de Leon in rubber.

* * *

Up to 1926, the two outstanding contributions had been made by Charles Goodyear and by George Oenslager. Goodyear had discovered vulcanization, the process which converts the soft, spongy, unstable, polymorphous rubber into something semi-solid, stable, permanently elastic, and dependable—like a baby's pacifier, or a simple automobile tire. Vulcanization was simply the combination of rubber with sulfur under conditions of heat and pressure to give a tough, elastic product, protected from the softening effects of heat and the brittling effects of cold.

But this process of vulcanization took time and only the better grades of wild rubber responded to the treatment. George Oenslager, the dashing young instructor from Harvard, whom Arthur Marks had brought to Akron, in 1906 discovered that certain organic materials, if added to rubber, would speed up the vulcanization from a period of hours to a matter of minutes. But rubber still would spoil or rot in the presence of oxygen.

Then in 1924, two more laborers in this same Goodrich vineyard, Harold Gray and Herbert Winkleman, came forward with the first non-accelerating age resisters which provided protection for rubber products, particularly tires, against oxidation.

The crux of the problem was this: the age resisters, hot on the job of resisting age, would soon be used up. The old question then arose: who would take care of the caretaker's daughter, while the caretaker was out taking care?

In 1926, Dr. Semon took off his

Continued on page 174

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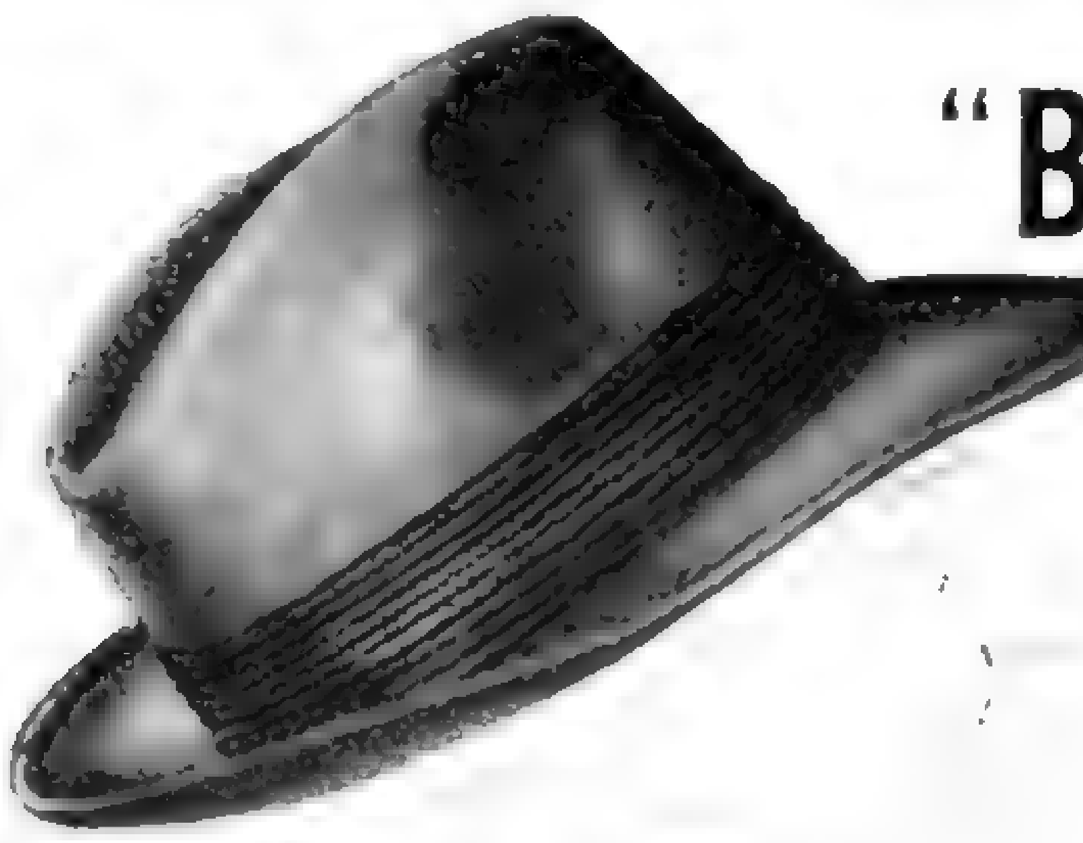

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Rubber, Reason, and Rot

Continued from pages 73-173

coat. The result was another discovery, *Duramin*, which takes the rap for the age resister, while the age resister is taking the rap for the rubber, and the rubber is taking you for a ride. The vicious circle seems to end here, for Duramin, somehow, like air, anger, sex, never gets used up.

Practically all tires, today, contain Duramin. That is why there is scarcely any real tire trouble anymore, except on your car—which apparently didn't get its full share of Duramin, while being born.

Now, on the long road to synthetic rubber, we come to *Koroseal*, which turned about means "sealed against corrosion" and is in no way to be confused with varicocele or enlarged veins. One of Dr. Semon's most significant on-the-road discoveries, Koroseal is a white powder which looks and feels like cornstarch. Its technical name is Poly-Vinyl-Chloride. Combined with another substance which shall be known in these literary columns only as a "plasticizer," it forms one of the most inert materials ever to be seen in this dynamic world. Available in any form from soup to solid, transparent or opaque, and in every color of the visible spectrum, it pays no heed to acid, oil, sunlight, moisture, age, heat, cold, or the penetrating blandishments of Miss Paulette Goddard.

For these reasons, if no other, all the Koroseal that can be produced is going into National Defense. Koroseal, which is prepared from coke, salt, and limestone, was a by-product of Dr. Semon's search for new bonding materials to adhere rubber to metal. It simply turned up, one day, and bounced.

* * *

In this search, two significant and pivotal words in modern science are important: (1) *butadiene*, and (2) *polymerization*. At the risk of becoming both discursive and technical, the story must wander, for a moment, into the hard, cold light of the laboratory:

Butadiene is Dr. Semon's alpha and omega. His *fons et origo*, his *meum* and *teum*. Butadiene is most conveniently and cheaply prepared by "cracking" petroleum. When petroleum is passed through a red hot tube, it breaks down into a mixture of gases. And from this mixture, by a type of prestidigitation familiar to all high school students of chemistry, butadiene gas is separated and earmarked.

By compression and refrigeration, butadiene can be liquefied, looking in its final stage, very much like gasoline. Now, the *dénouement*: if you mix liquefied butadiene with a soapy solution made from certain agricultural products and other ingredients and stir it under pressure, you get an entirely new product, synthetic latex—a milky liquid which is to all intents and purposes the same as that which so softly flows from our old friend *Hevea braziliensis*.

The second thaumaturgic word now comes into play: polymerization. Polymerization is the building of gigantic complex molecules from hundreds of thousands of small molecules—and Dr. Semon's development of synthetic latex involves the building up or polymerization of the complex latex molecule from the molecules so generously provided by butadiene etc.

Somehow, it is all very reminiscent of the cowslip wine concocted by the Other Professor, in Lewis Carroll's *Sylvie and Bruno*. "Drink this," you will recall the Other Professor's saying to Bruno, "and you'll be quite another man."

And you will conjure back Bruno's too-conclusive question: "Who will I be?"

But, to get back: Synthetic latex acts like ordinary latex, and ordinary latex acts like milk. If you add acid to milk, the milk will curdle and you will get a solid, a curd—or a pot cheese, to the housewife. If you add acid to natural latex, you will also get a curd, solid rubber; and if you add acid to synthetic latex, again, you will get a curd, this time, synthetic rubber. In the last case, the yield is about 2½ pounds of rubber per gallon of synthetic latex.

Synthetic rubber has practically all the virtues of natural rubber; and in addition, like Koroseal, offers greater resistance to oil, oxidation and heat. It is almost indispensable, today, to the manufacture of self-sealing, bulletproof gas tanks for war planes; non-deteriorating gasoline supply lines in the same planes; flexible gasoline hose tubes for filling station pumps; grinding and cutting wheels; oilproof fabrics for machine shops; oilproof diaphragms and oilproof sponge rubber for machine use. And, obviously, there is the automobile tire field.

Synthetic rubber tires have to compete, today, with natural rubber; and as the price under today's conditions is considerably more than that of tires made from the still-available natural rubber, use of tires made with American synthetic rubber is relatively limited. Dr. Semon's development, which has been named Ameripol because it is a polymer of American materials, has been utilized in tires made by the B. F. Goodrich Company which sell for approximately one-third more than the Goodrich Life Saver Silvertown. Despite the higher cost, several thousand motorists and several hundred corporations have equipped cars and light trucks with these *ersatz* doughnuts.

* * *

The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey has two synthetic rubber processes in production. One is the German *Buna* process, which utilizes limestone and coal. The

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other is a secret process of its own, still carefully guarded, producing a product called *Butyl.*

For the last three years, Nazi Germany has enforced 100 per cent import duty on crude rubber, and has used the funds thus collected to subsidize home buna production. At the start of the present war, one third of Germany's rubber requirements was supplied by buna. It was planned to extend this production quota to two thirds by the middle of 1940, and to make Germany entirely independent of natural rubber shortly thereafter. Whether or not this project ever was completed, or whether or not some stray R. A. F. bomb did its manly British duty is not known outside of Greater Germany—unless Herr Hess has spilled his beans in a moment of unlikely confidence.

The buna process, in outline, is this: (1) limestone and coal are combined to produce calcium carbide; (2) calcium carbide is combined with water to produce acetylene gas; (3) acetylene gas is broken down to produce butadiene. From butadiene, go back to Dr. Semon and proceed as before.

The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, by an ingenious exchange of patents, acquired the rights to use the buna process in this country, and has a plant under construction at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, which is scheduled to turn out 10,000 pounds of buna a day. The Firestone Tire and Rubber Company has, in turn, been licensed by Standard Oil to start production on buna.

* * *

The third synthetic rubber project in this country is backed by DuPont. Working from a process developed by the late Dr. Julius A. Nieuwland, a Notre Dame priest, (whose first discovery was called, quaintly enough, "divinyl" acetylene) DuPont chemists worked with coal, limestone, and salt, and produced chloroprene, a first cousin of butadiene, and converted this into synthetic rubber —which was given the trade name of neoprene. Neoprene was put on the market as far back as 1932 and is being turned out, today, at the rate of 550,000 pounds a month.

The general properties of neoprene are those of Goodrich's Ameripol. The great problem today, however, is to find the cheapest and most practical way of turning out synthetic rubber in large quantities. Whether the answer lies in coal or oil, is for the future to say.

* * *

Here are the raw facts about rubber: last year we consumed 648,500 long tons, of which 500,000 tons went into tires and tubes —the rest into hot water bottles, garden hose, water pistols, C.O.D. stamps, and their ilk.

This year, thanks to the defense program, we are consuming at the rate of 800,000 tons per year, but whether the OPM chiefs will permit this rate to continue is something remaining to be seen. Our reserves on hand will last only six to eight months; and no one can tell when the supply boats from the Far East will dock in Hamburg, Yokohama, or Davy Jones's Locker—instead of our own optimistic ports. There is, in short, what the philologists call "a crisis."

The Army, with its congenital lack of imagination, is said to be clamoring for a curtailment of consumption. It would take the pacifiers out of babies' mouths; and limit driving to odd Wednesdays, Shrove Tuesdays, and All Hallow's E'en.

But the answer obviously lies in synthetics. This is as plain as *Mein Kampf.*

A few months ago, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation appropriated $5,000,000 for the construction of four synthetic rubber factories. The new plants will be leased, respectively, to B. F. Goodrich, Firestone, Goodyear, and U. S. Rubber. Each will have an annual capacity of 2,500 long tons (with expansive possibilities up to 10,000 tons).

Now do some lightning arithmetic: four plants producing 2,500 tons each will yield a total of 10,000 tons (or 40,000 tons at maximum expansion).

We need 800,000 tons.

If you like to see big figures roll before your eyes, look at these statistics: our automobile industry is turning out, this year, a bonanza crop of 5,200,000 units. 27,000,000 private cars are already skylarking along our roads. 4,600,000 trucks are busy, day and night, jamming the roads and forcing you and me into nearby ditches and cow pastures. The Army has placed orders for 250,000 trucks, some 140,000 of which have already been delivered.

The confusing pile of digits represents the largest, most spectacular, and most vital motorcade that has ever yet ridden on the highways of a heaving civilization.

And this takes us plumb to the toll gate of an impasse: How are these machines going to get around? It is scarcely possible that they will share an outworn set of shoes and ride one another piggy-back.

There is much rot, today, in the thinking about rubber. Much double talk, evasion, and confusion. It is something like the "explanation" in the old children's story: "Once a coincidence," you remember, "was taking a walk with a little accident, and they met an explanation—a very old explanation—so old that it was doubled up, and looked more like a conundrum. . ."

Our defense rubber program needs more in the way of dynamics than the program of the famous Snark, who "frequently breakfasts at five o'clock tea, and dines on the following day." And its flavor must be better than that of the Snark, which was "meagre and hollow, but crisp; like a coat that is rather too tight in the waist, with a flavor of Willo'-the-Wisp." ###

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 75

a reviewer might find a point of attack that would at least provoke an argument.' Where, may I ask, is a point of attack to be found because a play is cleverly phrased? And this from your friend in an article on the drama in general: 'The naturalistic or the realistic play form that has dominated our theatre for sixty or seventy years was in itself a revolution when it came into existence. After the stage had passed through decades of romantic claptrap, Emile Zola, working under the influence of the new science, wrote a naturalistic drama entitled *Thérèse Raquin* in 1873, and the fat was in the fire.' Zola wrote *Thérèse Raquin* in novel form in 1867 and the dramatic version, which Mr. Atkinson refers to as having first thrown the fat into the fire in 1873, was preceded in 1866 by Ibsen's *Brand*."

"I think I'll have an Old-Fashioned," I said.

"Turn again to your friend Burns Mantle. Writes Mr. Mantle: 'In the case of *Quiet Please*, in which the attractive Jane Wyatt represented a Hollywood idol who consoled herself with a handsome garage man to be even with a cheating husband, the play would have been materially strengthened with a huge public if this lady had lived up to the popular idea of what a screen heroine should be.' What of the even huger public that fills the movie theatres and thrills to its female Hollywood idols similarly not living up to what Mr. Mantle peculiarly imagines is the popular idea of what a screen heroine should be? What, indeed, of the same idols' ex-officio living up?"

"I think I'll have another Old-Fashioned," I said.

"Then there is your friend John Anderson, of the *Journal-American*. Says he: 'In O'Neill's early days he was neglected by the commercial theatre.' Mainly O'Neill's one-acters and shorter plays were neglected. Some of his earliest full-length plays were certainly not neglected by the commercial theatre and were put on by such producers as George C. Tyler, John D. Williams and Arthur Hopkins. If his *The First Man* was neglected by the commercial theatre, the commercial theatre showed uncommonly good critical sense."

"I think I'll have a whiskey and soda," I said.

"In his criticism of the farcical *Charley's Aunt*," mused Mr. McRausvogel, "your friend Mr. Lockridge of the *Sun*, observed: 'Mr. Ferrer's furious ogling of Kitty and Amy must surely go further, and funnier, than the polite customs of 1892 would have sanctioned. Did they thumb noses openly in those days, do you suppose?' Doesn't, for that matter and for example, Mr. Hunnicutt's furious ogling of the society woman in *The Time Of Your Life* surely go further, and funnier, than the polite customs of 1941 sanction? Did they thumb noses openly in 1892? They certainly did from the evidence provided in such exhibits of the period as *The Junior Partner, Lord Chumley, A Straight Tip, A Parlor Match*, etc."

"I think I'll have another whiskey and soda," I said.

"I am afraid I have to take up your friend Mr. Atkinson again," went on Mr. McRausvogel. "Writes Mr. Atkinson: 'As her own director, Miss Franken has staged *Claudia* with an agreeable pace and beguiling informality, although she has not been able to give much counsel in the art of acting. Miss McGuire still needs a little help there. But for enchantment that is always lively and never cloying she gives a splendid performance of a part that would be irritating if it were played by a dull actress.' If poor Miss McGuire or anyone else can figure out how she gives that splendid performance and yet at the same time still needs help, I'll apologize to your friend."

"I think I'll have another whiskey and soda," I said.

"On another occasion this same friend of yours has written: 'How, then, can a man so unevenly balanced as Mr. Saroyan write plays that stir audiences?' How, then, could a man so unevenly balanced as Strindberg, or d'Annunzio, or Wedekind, or even Paul Armstrong write plays that stirred audiences?"

"I think I'll have a double whiskey and soda," I said.

"Animadverting sourly on the just mentioned Saroyan's *The Time Of Your Life*, your friend Mr. Mantle pontificated: 'If only they (the characters) had been deployed in the development and projection of a holding and dramatic story such as the theatre, I believe, demands . . . etc.' So far as the theatre's demand goes, the play ran for two solid seasons in New York and on the road."

"I think I'll have a brandy," I said.

"Let's go back to your friend John Mason Brown," continued Mr. McRausvogel. "Says Mr. Brown: 'As for Juliet . . . she seldom thinks a thought a girl of fourteen might not think without straining her brain. Listen to her in the famous potion scene and her spiritual insignificance as a tragic heroine becomes clear. Though faced with the possibility of death, not once does she have anything to say about life or dying such as Hamlet or Cleopatra manages to get said.' Since when has it been necessary (Mr. McRausvogel here wiped his nose) for a tragic heroine to be something of an intellectual? Poor Ibsen! Poor Hauptmann! The poor Greeks long before them! Since when (Mr. McRausvogel here wiped his nose again) is a girl of fourteen expected to think like a woman of twenty-six? Since when is it to be

Continued on page 178

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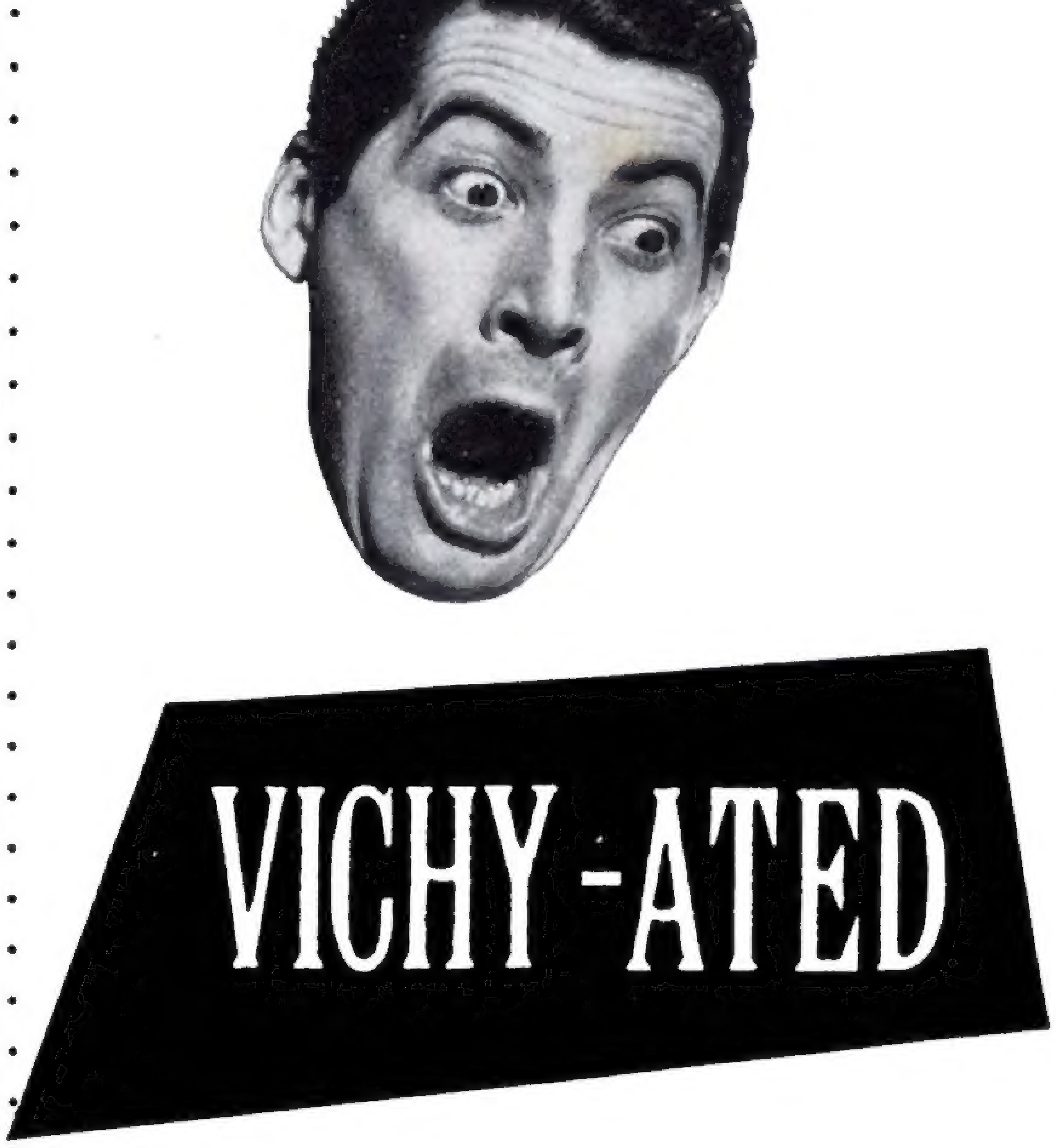

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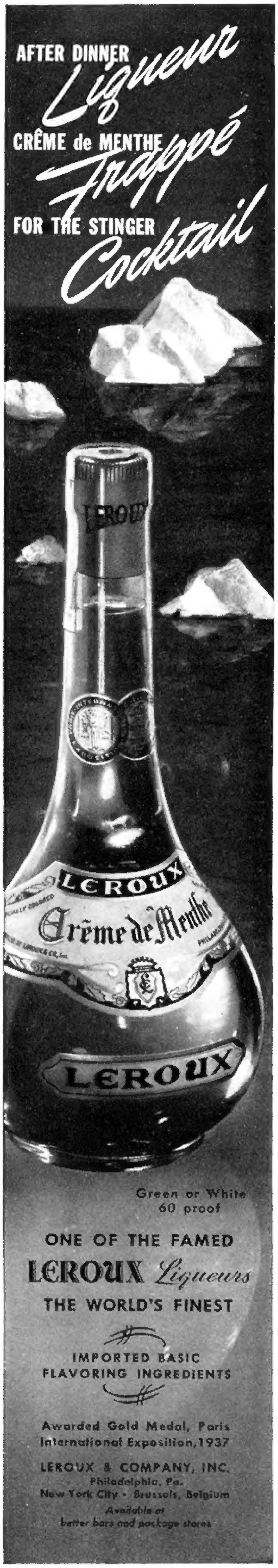

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 75-177

demanded of such a girl that she speak of life and death in terms of a Wittenberg scholar or a queen of Egypt? Since when (Mr. McRausvogel here picked his nose) has passionate love made anyone a philosopher?"

"I think I'll have a cointreau," I said.

"Then take your friend Louis Kronenberger, of *PM*. He writes: 'The drama of one generation becomes the melodrama of the next.' Mooey-mooey! The drama of one generation becomes the comedy of the next—and the farce of the still next."

"I think I'll have a vodka," I said.

"I wouldn't bring in your friend Virgil Thomson, of the *Herald Tribune*, because he is a music not a drama critic," pursued Mr. McRausvogel, "but in taking it upon himself to review Marc Blitzstein's *No For An Answer* and writing as he did he comes within my scrutiny. Wrote Mr. Thomson: 'The drunken scene—and nothing is so difficult to play convincingly as alcoholism—seemed to me a pretty fine piece of acting on the part of Lloyd Gough.' Alcoholism, as your friend expresses it, is one of the easiest things in the actor's whole arsenal to play convincingly. The stage is a constant record of good drunks, both male and female. It is a rare actor who fails at the business. I don't want to tire you with a lengthy catalogue, but I could recall to you all kinds of actors and actresses, both good and bad, who in the last twenty years have made a top impression in the roles of drunks. It is the way the drunk role is written more than the way it is acted that counts."

"I think I'll have a vodka," I said.

"I come to your friend Joseph Wood Krutch, of the *Nation*," droned my vis-à-vis. "Mr. Krutch writes: '*Beggar On Horseback*, based on a German book.' It wasn't based on a book at all; it was an adaptation of a German play by Paul Apel called *Hans Sonnenstösser's Hellenfahrt*. Again, your friend writes: 'The use of the persistent beat of a tomtom . . . is the first of the unusual devices for which O'Neill became famous.' Unusual? It was used long before O'Neill in plays by Conan Doyle (*Fires of Fate*) and Austin Strong (*The Drums Of Oude*)."

"I think I'll have a vodka, with a dash of gin," I said.

"Go back to your friend Mr. Mantle," Mr. McRausvogel persisted. "Mr. Mantle, in criticizing *Gabrielle*, seemed to believe that Thomas Mann's *Tristan*, on which it was based, is a novel. It happens to be no novel but a short story. He also writes concerning Saroyan's *The Time Of Your Life*: 'When his play was finished he turned it over to professional drama builders and discovered that they were not in entire agreement with him. After all, said they, there has to be some sort of story, some continuity of interest, else there can be no building of either conflict or suspense, and hence nothing to feed the story hunger and normal curiosity of an audience. So they tore his script apart and put it together again. Eddie Dowling, Lawrence Langner and Theresa Helburn did that.' Bunkum! The play, except for some details of staging directed by Mr. Dowling, was finally presented the way Saroyan originally wrote it. What changes other hands had suggested were abruptly discarded by both Dowling and Saroyan."

"I think I'll have a vodka, with a jigger of rum on the side," I said.

"Now for your friend Sidney B. Whipple, of the *World-Telegram*," heckled Mr. McRausvogel. "Applauding the Critics' Circle's final prize award to Lillian Hellman's *Watch On The Rhine* over Saroyan's *The Beautiful People*, thus your Mr. Sidney B. Whipple: 'It is perhaps significant that this cleavage in opinion sharply divided the practical, common sense, down-to-earth daily newspaper reviewers, who insist that there must be some relationship of drama to reality, from the critics who sit in beautiful ivory towers . . . The adherents of *Watch On The Rhine* were those who have to live in the world as it is. The supporters of *The Beautiful People* live in a lovely dream world of their own creation and perhaps should be psychoanalyzed.' May I ask you, my dear Mr. Nathan, if these newspaper reviewers, who insist that there must be some relationship of drama to reality, had been confronted in the matter of a prize award by *Watch On The Rhine* on the one hand and a new *Midsummer Night's Dream* on the other—may I ask you, my dear Mr. Nathan, how the damned fools would have felt themselves committed to vote?"

"I think I'll have another vodka, with a jigger of rum on the side," I said.

Mr. McRausvogel glared at me. "I don't think you have paid the slightest attention to all I have been saying," he bawled. "And, what's more, I don't think you're such a hot critic yourself!"

"I think I'll have a double vodka, with a jigger of absinthe on the side," I said.

Mr. McRausvogel eyed me narrowly. "There's just one thing I'd like to know," he remarked.

"I think I'll have an absinthe with a lot of Bourbon shaken up in it," I said.

"*How*," demanded Mr. McRausvogel, "if you haven't paid the slightest attention to what I was saying, did you write this article?"

"I didn't," I said.

"I think I'll have seventeen vodkas, with eighteen absinthes on the side!" yelled Mr. McRausvogel. ⧺

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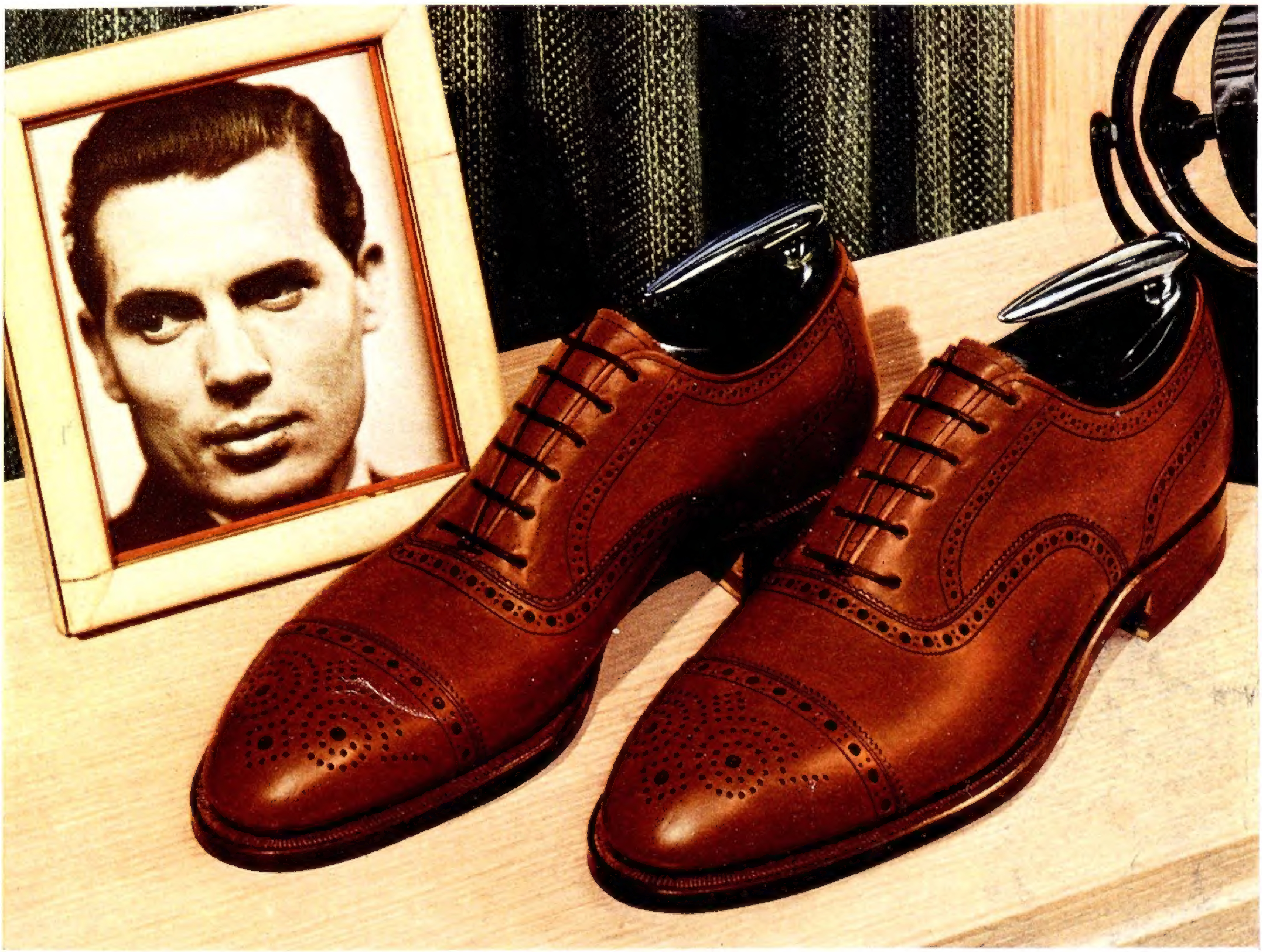

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Roblee has been building a name you can trust just for fellows like you: men who are now ready to "grade-up" their personal appearance and get into the shoe class where they belong.

Look for the red-and-blue Roblee sign. Roblee quality costs you only

$^{\$}5 - {}^{\$}5^{\underline{50}}$ *to* $^{\$}6^{\underline{85}}$

(Some special materials slightly higher)

UNITED MEN'S DIVISION, BROWN SHOE COMPANY, Manufacturers, St. Louis

Roblee
SHOES FOR MEN

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"High Priced? You bet!"
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
LUCKY STRIKE

"This lighter, milder leaf costs plenty—but Luckies pay the price to get it!" says Otis Rucker, tobacco auctioneer of Kinston, N. C.

The enjoyment you get *out* of your cigarette depends on the kind of tobacco that goes *into* it.

So why not smoke a cigarette you *know* contains finer tobaccos . . . especially when you can do so at no greater cost to yourself?

All through Tobaccoland, Luckies pay higher prices to bring you the milder, better-tasting leaf. Independent tobacco experts know this is true.

It's no wonder these men—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—prefer Luckies themselves, by a margin of 2 to 1 over all other brands combined.

Luckies' finer tobaccos will make a world of difference in your own smoking enjoyment.

Try them for yourself, and see!

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

● *Actual color photograph—Otis Rucker inspects a fine, light tobacco leaf, before aging.*

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